

BLACKWOOD'S
Edinburgh
MAGAZINE.

VOL. CXV.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1874.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

AND

T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

1874.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.



No. DCCV.

03/3
1/74 —

JULY 1874.

VOL. CXVI.

CONTENTS.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.—PART VII.,	1
FAMILY JEWELS,	21
ALICE LORRAINE: A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.—PART V.,	42
TWO CITIES—TWO BOOKS,	72
QUID SIT ORANDUM,	92
BRACKENBURY'S NARRATIVE OF THE ASHANTI WAR,	96

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET,
AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications must be addressed.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCV.

JULY 1874.

VOL. CXVI.

THE STORY OF VALENTINE;

AND HIS BROTHER.

PART VII.—CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER this curious meeting, Val paid several visits to the little corner house; so many, indeed, that his tutor interfered, as he had a perfect right to do, and reproached him warmly for his love of low society, and for choosing companions who must inevitably do him harm. Mr Grinder was quite right in this, and I hope the tutors of all our boys would do exactly the same in such a case; but Val, I am afraid, did not behave so respectfully as he ought, and indeed was insubordinate and scarcely gentlemanly, Mr Grinder complained. The young tutor, who had been an Eton boy himself not so very long before, had inadvertently spoken of poor Dick as a "Breast-eal." Now I am not sufficiently instructed to know what special ignominy, if any, is conveyed by this designation; but Val flamed up, as he did on rare occasions, his fury and indignation being all the greater that he usually managed to restrain himself. He spoke to Mr Grinder as a pupil ought not to

have done.* He informed him that if he knew Dick he never would speak of him in such terms; and if he did not know him, he had no right to speak at all, not being in the least aware of the injustice he was doing. There was a pretty business altogether between the high-spirited impetuous boy and the young man who had been too lately a boy himself to have much patience with the other. Mr Grinder all but "complained of" Val—an awful proceeding, terminating in the block, and sudden execution in ordinary cases—a small matter enough with most boys, but sufficiently appalling to those who had attained such a position as Val's, high up in school; and intolerable to his impetuous temperament. This terrible step was averted by the interposition of mediators, by the soft words of old Mr Grinder, who was Val's "dame," and other friends. But Mr Grinder wrote a letter to Ross-craig on the subject, which gave Lady Eskside more distress and

VOL. CXVI.—NO. DCCV.

• *Edinburgh Public Library*
Acq. No. 11188 Date 28.4.76

trouble than anything which had happened to her for a long time. If she had got her will, her husband would have gone up instantly to inquire into the matter, and it is possible that the identity of Dick and his mother might have been discovered at once, and some future complications spared. The old lady wrung her hands and wept salt tears over the idea that "his mother's blood" was asserting itself thus, and that her son Richard's story might be about to be repeated again, but with worse and deeper shades of misery. Lord Eskside, however, who had been so much disturbed by dangers which affected her very lightly, was not at all moved by this. He demurred completely to the idea of going to Eton, but agreed that Val himself should be written to, and explanations asked. Val wrote a very magnificent letter in reply, as fine a production as ever sixteen (but he was seventeen by this time) put forth. He related with dignity how he had encountered a friendly boy on the river's side who helped him when his boat swamped—how he had discovered that he was an admirable fellow, supporting his old mother, and in want of work—how he had exerted himself to procure work for this deserving stranger, and how he had gone to his house two or three times to see how he was getting on. "I have been lending him books," wrote Val, "and doing what I could to help him to get on. His master, who took him on my recommendation, and Lichen's (you know Lichen? the captain of the boats) says he never had such a good man in his place; and I have thought it was my duty to help him on. If you and grand-mamma think I ought not to do so," Valentine concluded majestically, "I confess I shall be very sorry; for Brown is one of the best

fellows that ever was born." Lady Eskside wept when she read this letter—tears of joy, and pride, and happy remorse at having thought badly of her boy. She wrote him such a letter as moved even Val's boyish insensibility, with a ten-pound note in it, with which she intrusted him to buy something for his *protégé*. "It is like your sweet nature to try to help him," she said; "and oh, Val, my darling, I am so ashamed of myself for having a momentary fear!" Mr Grinder had a somewhat cold response from Lord Eskside, but not so trenchant as my lady would have wished it. "We are very much obliged to you for your care," said the old lord; "but I think Valentine has given such good reasons for his conduct that we must not be hard upon him. Of course nothing of this sort should be allowed to go too far." Thus Val was victorious; but I am glad to have to tell of him that as soon as he was sure of this, he went off directly and begged Mr Grinder's pardon. "I had no right, sir, to speak to you so," said the boy. They were better friends ever after, I believe; and for a long time Lady Eskside was not troubled with any terrors about Val's "mother's blood!"

All this time Dick "got on" so, that it became a wonder to see him. He had finished Val's carving long ago, and presented it to his gracious patron, declining with many blushes the "five bob" which he had been promised. Before he was eighteen, he had grown, in virtue of his absolute trustworthiness, to be the first and most important ministrant at the "rafts." Everybody knew him, everybody liked him. So far as young squires and lordlings constitute that desirable thing, Dick lived in the very best society; his manners ought to have been good, for they were moulded on the manners

of our flower of English youth. I am not very sure myself that he owed so much to this (for Eton boys, so far as I have seen, have a quite extraordinary resemblance to other boys) as to his naturally sweet and genial temper, his honest and generous humbleness and unselfishness. Dick Brown was the very last person Dick thought of, whatever he might happen to be doing—and this is the rarest of all qualities in youth. Then he was so happy in having his way, and “a house,” and in overcoming his mother’s fancy for constant movement, that his work was delightful to him. It was hard work, and entailed a very long strain of his powers—too long, perhaps, for a growing boy—but yet it was pleasant, and united a kind of busy play with continuous exertion. All summer long he was on the river-side, the busiest of lads or men, in noiseless boating-shoes, and with a dress which continually improved till Dick became the nattiest as well as the handiest of his kind. He had a horror of everything that was ugly and dirty: when the others lounged about in their hour’s rest, while their young clients were at school, Dick would be hot about something;—painting and rubbing the old boats, scraping the oars, bringing cleanness, and order, and that bold kind of decoration which belongs to boat-building, to the resuscitation of old gigs and “tubs” which had seemed good for nothing. He would even look after the flowers in the little strip of garden, and sow the seeds, and trim the border, while he waited, if there happened to be no old boats to cobble. He was happy when the sun shone upon nothing but orderliness and (as he felt it) beauty. In his own rooms this quality of mind was still more apparent. I have said that he and his mother lived with Spar-

tan simplicity. This enabled him to do a great deal more with his wages than his more luxurious companions. First, comforts, and then superfluities—elegances, if we may use the word—began to flow into the room. The elegances, perhaps, were not very elegant at first, but his taste improved at the most rapid rate. When he had nothing better to do, he would go and take counsel with Fullady the wood-carver, and get lessons from him, helping now and then at a piece of work, to the astonishment of his master. In the evening he carved small pieces of furniture, with which he decorated his dwelling. In winter he was initiated into the mysteries of boat-building, and worked at this trade with absolute devotion and real enjoyment. In short, Dick’s opinion was that nobody so happy as himself had ever lived—his work was as good as play, and better, he said; and he was paid for doing what it gave him the greatest pleasure to do—a perennial joke with the gentle fellow. In all this prosperity Dick never forgot his first patron. When Val rowed, Dick ran by the bank shouting till he was hoarse. When Val was preferred to be one of the sublime Eight, who are as gods among men, he went almost out of his wits with pride and joy. “W’ll win now, sure enough, at Henley!” he said to his mother, with unconscious appropriation of the possessive pronoun. But when Dick heard of the squabble between Val and his tutor, his good sense showed at once. He took his young patron a step aside, taking off his hat with almost an exaggeration of respect—“Don’t come to our house again, sir,” he said; “the gentleman is in the right. You are very kind to be so free with me, to talk and make me almost a friend; but it wouldn’t do if every Eton gentleman were to make friends with

the fellows on the water-side—the gentleman's in the right."

"My people don't think so, Brown," cried Val; "look here, what has been sent me to get you something," and he showed his ten-pound note.

Dick's eyes flashed with eager pleasure, not for the money, though even that was no small matter. "I don't understand," he added, after a moment, shaking his head. "I don't think they'd like it either, if they knew. You must have been giving too good an account, sir, of mother and me."

Val only laughed, and crashed the crisp bank-note into the pocket of his trousers. "I mean to spend it for you on Monday, when I am going to town on leave," he said. He was going to see Miss Percival, his grandmother's friend. And, in fact, he did buy Dick a number of things, which seemed to his youthful fancy appropriate in the circumstances. He bought him some books, a few of those standard works which Val knew ought to be in everybody's library, though he did not much trouble them himself; and a capital box of tools, and drawing materials, for Dick had displayed some faculty that way. Both the boys were as happy as possible—the one in bestowing, the other in receiving, this gift. Lady Eskside's present gave them both the deepest pleasure, though she was so far from knowing who was the recipient of her bounty. "Brown," said Val, solemnly, after they had enjoyed the delight of going over every separate article, and examining and admiring it—"Brown, you mind what I am going to say. You must rise in the world; you have made a great deal of progress already, and you must make still more. Heaps of fellows not half so good as you have got to be rich, and raised themselves by their exertions. You must improve

your mind; and you must take the good of every advantage that offers, and rise in the world."

"I'll try, sir," said Dick, with the cheeriest laugh. He was ready to have promised to scale the skies, if Val had recommended it. He arranged his books carefully in a little bookcase he had made, which was far handsomer than the old one which had received the yellow volumes—overflowings of Val's puerile library. I am not sure that Macaulay and Gibbon instructed him much more than the 'Headless Horseman' had done. His was not a mind which was much affected by literature; he cared more for doing than for reading, and liked his box of tools better than his library. Musing over his work, he revolved many things in his head, and got to have very just views about many matters in which his education had been a blank; but he did not get his ideas out of books. That was not a method congenial to him, though he would have acknowledged with respect that it was most probably the right way. But anyhow, Val had done his duty by his *protégé*. He had put into his hands the means of rising in the world, and he had suggested this ambition. Whatever might happen hereafter, he had done his best.

And Dick's mother continued contented also, which was a perpetual wonder to him. She weathered through the winter, though Dick often watched her narrowly, fearing a return to her old vagrant way. When Val's boat disappeared from the river with all the others, she was indeed restless for a little while; but it was, as it happened, just about that time when Val took to visiting the little corner house, and these visits kept her in a visionary absorption, always afraid, yet always glad, when he came. In spring she was again somewhat alarming to

her son, moving so restlessly in the small space they had, and looking out so wistfully from the window, that he trembled to hear some suggestion of fresh wandering. All that she asked, however, was, When did the boats go up for the first time? a question which Dick answered promptly.

"On the 1st of March, mother. I wish it was come," cried Dick, with animation.

"And so do I," she said, with musing eyes fixed on the river; then alarmed, perhaps, lest he should question her, she added hastily, "It is cheery to see the boats."

"So it is," said Dick, "especially for you, mother, who go out so seldom. You should take a walk along the banks; it's cheerful always. I don't think you half know how pretty it is."

She shook her head. "I am not one for walks," she said, with a half-smile—"not for pleasure, Dick. Since I've given up our long tramps, I don't feel to care for moving. I'm getting old, I think."

"Old!" said Dick, cheerily; "it will be time enough to think of that in twenty years."

"Twenty years is a terrible long time," she said, with a little shiver; "I hope I'll be dead and gone long before that."

"I wish you wouldn't speak so, mother."

"Ah, but it's true. My life ain't much good to any one," she said. "I am not let to live in my own way, and I can't live in any other. If God would take me, it would be for the best. Then I might have another chance."

"Mother, you break my heart," cried Dick, with a face full of anxiety, throwing away his tools, and coming up to her. "Do you mean that it is I that won't let you live your own way?"

"I don't blame nobody but my-

self—no; you've been a good boy—a very good boy—to me," she cried; "better, a long way, than I've been to you."

"Mother," said the lad, laying his hand on her shoulder, his face flushing with emotion, "if it's hard upon you like this—if you want to start off again——"

"No, I don't, I don't," she said with suppressed passion; then falling back into her old dreamy tone—"So the boats go up on the 1st of March? and that's Monday. To see 'em makes the river cheery. I'm a little down with the winter and all; but as soon as I see 'em, I'll be all right."

"Please God, mother," said pious Dick, going back to his carving. He was satisfied, but yet he was startled. For, after all, why should she care so much about the boats?

This 1st of March inaugurated Val's last summer on the river—at least, on this part of the river, for he had still Oxford and its triumphs in prospect. That "summer half" was his last in Eton, and naturally he made the most of it. Val had, as people say, "done very well" at school. He was not a brilliant success, but still he had done very well, and his name in the school list gave his grandparents great pleasure. Lord Eskside kept a copy of that little *brochure* on his library table, and would finger it half-consciously many a time when some county magnate was interviewing the old lord. Val's name appeared in it like this: * Ross, (5) γ. Now this was not anything like the stars and ribbons of the name next above his, which was B * Robinson, (19) α; for I do not mean to pretend that he was very studious, or had much chance of being in the Select for the Newcastle Scholarship (indeed he missed this distinction, though he went in for it gallantly, without being, however, much dis-

appointed by his failure). To be sure, I have it all my own way in recording what Val did at Eton, since nobody is likely nowadays, without hard labour in the way of looking up old lists, to be in a position to contradict me. But he had the privilege of writing his letters upon paper bearing the mystic monogram of Pop.—i.e., he was a member of *Eton Society*, which was a sure test of his popularity ; and he was privileged in consequence to walk about with a cane, and to take part in debates on very abstruse subjects (I am not quite sure which privilege is thought the most important), and received full recognition as “a swell,”—a title which, I am happy to say, bears no vulgar interpretation at Eton, as meaning either rank or riches. And he was a very sublime sight to see on the 4th of June, the great Eton holiday, both in the morning, when he appeared in school in court dress—breeches and black silk stockings—and delivered one of those “Speeches” with which Eton upon that day delights such members of the fashionable world as can spare a summer morning out of the important business of the season ; and in the evening, when he turned out in still more gorgeous array, stroke of the best boat on the river, and a greater personage than it is easy for a grown-up and sober-minded imagination to conceive.

It happened that this particular year Mr Pringle was in London upon some business or other, and had brought his daughter Violet with him to see the world. Vi was seventeen, and being an only daughter, and the chief delight of her parents’ hearts, and pride of her brothers’, big and little, was already “out,” though many people shook their heads at Mrs Pringle’s precipitancy in producing her daughter. Violet’s hair was somewhat darker now that it

was turned up, but showed the pale golden hue of her childhood still in the locks which, when the wind blew upon her, would shake themselves out in little rings over her ears and round her pretty forehead. Her eyes were as dark and liquid as they had been when she was a child, with a wistful look in them, which was somewhat surprising, considering how entirely happy a life she had led from her earliest breath, surrounded with special love and fondness ; but so it was, account for it who will. Those eyes that shone out of her happy youthful face were surely conscious of some trouble, which, as it did not exist in the present, must be to come, and which, with every pretty look, she besought and entreated you to ward off from her, to help her through. But a happy little maiden was Vi, looking through those pretty eyes, surprised and sweet, at London—tripping everywhere by her proud father’s side, with her hand on his arm, looking at the fine pictures, looking at the fine people and the fine horses in the Park, and going over the sights as innocent country people do when such a happy chance as a child to take about happens to them. Some one suggested to Mr Pringle the fact of the Eton celebration during this pleasant course of dissipation, and Vi’s eyes lighted up with a sweet glow of pleasure beyond words when it was finally decided that they were to go. They went to “Speeches” in the morning—that august ceremonial—and heard Val speak, and a great many more. Violet confined her interest to the modern languages which she understood ; but Mr Pringle felt it incumbent upon him to look amused at the jokes in Greek, which, I fear, the poor gentleman in reality knew little more about than Vi did. But the crowning glory of the morning was that Val in his “speaking

clothes" (and very speaking, very telling articles they were, in Violet's eyes at least) walked with them, bareheaded, with the sun shining on his dark curls, the same bold brown boy who had carried off the little girl from the Ilewan six years before, though by this time much more obsequious to Vi. He showed himself most willing and ready all day to be the cicerone of "his cousins;" and when in the evening, Violet, holding fast by her father's arm, her heart beating high with pleasures past and pleasures to come, walked down to the rafts in company with Val in the aquatic splendours of his boating costume—straw hat wreathed with flowers, blue jacket and white trousers—the girl would have been very much unlike other girls if she had not been dazzled by this versatile hero, grand in academic magnificence in the morning, and resplendent now in the uniform of the river. "I am so sorry I can't take you out myself," said Val, "for of course I must go with my boat; but I have a man here, the best of fellows, who will row you up to Surly. Here, Brown," he cried, "get out the nicest gig you have, and come yourself—there's a good fellow. I want my cousins to see everything. Oh, I'll speak to Harry, and make it all right. I want you, and nobody else," he added, looking with friendly eyes at his *protégé*. I don't think Mr Pringle heard this address, but looking round suddenly, he saw a young man standing by Valentine whose appearance made his heart jump. "Good God!" he cried instinctively, staring at him. Dick had grown and developed in these years. He had lost altogether the slouch of the tramp, and was, if not so handsome as Val, trim and well made, with a chest expanded by constant exercise, and his head erect with the constant habit of attention. He

was dressed in one of Val's own coats, and no longer looked like a lad on the rafts. For those who did not look closely, he might have been taken for one of Val's school-fellows, so entirely had he fallen into the ways and manners of "the gentlemen." He was as fair as Val was dark, about the same height, and though not like Val, was so like another face which Mr Pringle knew, that his heart made a jump into his mouth with wonder and terror. Perhaps he might not have remarked this likeness but for the strange association of the two lads, standing side by side as they were, and evidently on the most friendly terms. "Who is that?" cried Mr Pringle, staring with wide-open eyes.

"It is the best fellow in the world," cried Val, laughing, as Dick sprang aside to arrange the cushions in a boat which lay alongside the raft. "He'll take you up to Surly faster than any one else on the river."

"But, Valentine—it is very kind of him," said Vi, hesitating—"but you did not introduce him to us—"

"Oh, he's not a gentleman," said Val, lightly; "that is to say," he added, seeing Dick within reach, with a hasty blush, "he's as good in himself as any one I know; but he ain't one of the fellows, Vi; he works at the rafts—his name is Brown. Now, do you think you can steer? You used to, on the water at home."

"Oh yes," said Violet, with modest confidence. Val stood and looked after them as the boat glided away up the crowded river; then he stalked along through the admiring crowd, feeling as a man *nauf* be permitted to feel who holds the foremost rank on a day of *fête* and universal enjoyment.

"To him each lady's look was lent,
On him each courtier's eye was bent."

To be sure there were a great many others almost as exalted as Val; and only the initiated knew that he rowed in the Eight, and was captain of the Victory,—the best boat on the river. He stalked along to his boat, over the delicious turf of the Brocas, in the afternoon sunshine, threading his way through throngs of ladies in pretty dresses, and hundreds of white-waistcoated Etonians. How proud the small boys who knew him were, after receiving a nod from the demigod as he passed, to discourse loudly to gracious mother or eager sister, Val's style and title! "That's Ross at my game's—he's in the Eight—he won the school sculling last summer half; and we think we'll get the House Fours, now he's captain. He's an awfully jolly fellow when you know him," crowed the small boys, feeling themselves exalted in the grandeur of this acquaintance; and the pretty sisters looked after Val, a certain awe mingling with their admiration; while Philistines and strangers, unaccompanied by even a small boy, felt nobodies, as became them. Then came the start up the river. Never was a prettier sight than this ceremonial. The river all golden with afternoon glory; the great trees on the Brocas expanding their huge boughs in the soft air, against the sky; the banks all lined with animated, bright-coloured clouds; the stream alive with attendant boats; and the great noble pile of the castle looking down serene from its height upon the children and subjects at its royal feet, making merry under its great and calm protection. It is George III.'s birthday—poor, obstinate, kindly old soul!—and this is how a lingering fragrance of kindness grows into a sort of fame. They say he was paternally fond and proud of the boys, who thus yearly, without knowing it, celebrate him still.

Dick took his boat with Val's cousins in it up the river, and waited there among the willows, opposite the beautiful elms of the Brocas, till the "Boats" went past in gay procession. He pointed out Val's boat and Val's person to Violet with a pleasure as great as her own. "It is the best boat on the river, and he is one of the best oars," cried Dick, his honest fair face glowing with pleasure. "We all think his house must win the House Fours—they didn't last year, for Mr Lichen was still here, and he's heavier than Mr Ross; but Grinder's will have it this time." Dick's face so brightened with generous delight, and acquired an expression so individual and characteristic, that Mr Pringle began to breathe freely, and to say to himself that fancy had led him astray.

"Do you belong to this place?" he asked, when they started again to follow the boats up the river in the midst of a gay flotilla, looking Dick very steadily, almost severely, in the face.

"Not by birth, sir," said Dick. "Indeed, I don't belong anywhere; but I'm settled here, I hope, for good."

"But you don't mean to say you are a boatman?" said Mr Pringle; "you don't look like it. It must be a very precarious life."

"I am head man at the rafts," said Dick—"thanks to Mr Ross, who got me taken on when I was a lad"—(he was eighteen then, but maturity comes early among the poor), "and we're boat-builders to our trade. You should see some of the boats we turn out, sir, if you care for such things."

"But I suppose, my man, you have had a better education than is usual?" said Mr Pringle, looking so gravely at him that Dick thought he must disapprove of such vanities. "You don't speak in the

least like the other lads about here."

"I suppose it's being so much with the gentlemen," said Dick, with a smile. "I am no better than the other lads. Mr Ross has given me books—and things."

"Mr Ross must have been very kind to you," said Mr Pringle, with vague suspicions which he could not define—"he must have known you before?"

"Hasn't he just been kind to me!" said Dick, a flush coming to his fair face; "an angel couldn't have been kinder! No, I never saw him till two years ago; but lucky for me, he took a fancy to me—and I, if I may make so bold as to say so, to him."

"Mr Brown," said Violet, looking at him with a kind of heavenly dew in her dark eyes—for to call such effusion of happiness tears would be a word out of place—"I am afraid, if we are going through the lock, I shall not be able to steer."

This was not the least what she wanted to say. What she wanted to say was, I can see you are a dear, dear, good fellow, and I love you for being so fond of Val; and how Dick should have attained to a glimmering of understanding, and known that this was what she meant, I cannot tell—but he did. Such things happen now and then even in this stupid everyday world.

"Never mind, miss," he said cheerfully, looking back at her with his sunshiny blue eyes, "I can manage. Hold your strings fast, that you may not lose them: the steerage is never much use in a lock; and if you're nervous, there's the Sergeant, who is a great friend of Mr Ross's, will pull us through."

The lock was swarming with boats, and Violet, not to say her father, who was not quite sure about this mode of progression, looked up with hope and admiration at the

erect figure of the Sergeant, brave and fine in his waterman's dress with his silver buttons, and medals of a fiercer service adorning his blue coat. The Sergeant had shed his blood for his country before he came to superintend the swimming of the favoured ones on the Thames. His exploits in the water and those of his pupils are lost to the general public, from the unfortunate fact that English prejudice objects to trammel the limbs of its *natureurs* by any garments. But literature lifts its head in unsuspected places, and the gentle reader will be pleased to learn that the Sergeant's Book on Swimming will soon make the name, which I decline to deliver to premature applauses, known over all the world. He looked to Violet, who was somewhat frightened by the crowds of boats, like an arch-angel in silver buttons, as he caught the boat with his long pole, and guided them safely through.

I cannot, however, describe in detail all the pretty particulars of the scene, which excited and delighted Violet more than words can tell. Her father was infinitely less interested than usual in her pleasures, having something else in his mind, which he kept turning over and over in his busy brain, while he led her round the supper-table of the boys at Surly, or held her fast during the fireworks at the end of the evening. Was this the other? If it was the other, what motive could the Eskside people have to hide him, to keep him in an inferior station? Did Val know? and if Val knew, how could he be so rash as to present to his natural adversary, a boy who had in every feature Dick Ross's face? Mr Pringle was bewildered with these thoughts. Now and then, when Dick's face brightened into expressiveness, he said to himself that it was all nonsense, that he was crazy

on this point, and that any fair lad who appeared by Val's side would immediately look like Richard in his prejudiced eyes. Altogether he was more uncomfortable than I can describe, and heartily glad when the show was over. He took Val by the arm when he came to say good-bye to them, and drew him aside for a moment.

"Does your grandfather know of your intimacy with this lad?" he asked, with the morose tone which his voice naturally took when he was excited.

"Yes, of course they do," said Val, indignant. "I never hid anything from them—why should I?"

"Who is he, then? I think I have a right to know," said Mr Pringle.

"A right to know! I don't understand you," said Val, beginning to feel the fiery blood tingling in his veins; but he thought of Vi, and restrained himself.

"He is Brown," he said, with a laugh; "that's all I know about him. You're welcome to know as

much as I do; though as for right, I can't tell who has the right. You can ask the men at the rafts, who have just the same means of information as I."

While this conversation was going on, Violet had spoken softly to Dick. "Mr Brown," she said, being naturally respectful of all strangers, "I am so glad of what you told us about Mr Ross."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Dick; "you could not be more glad to hear than I am to tell. I should like to let every one know that though he's only a boy, he's been the making of me."

But—I beg your pardon—are you older than a boy said Vi.

Dick laughed. "When you have to work for your living, you're a man before you know," he said, with a certain oracular wisdom that sank deeply into Vi's mind. But the next moment her father called her somewhat sharply, and she awoke with a sigh to the consciousness that this wonderful day was over, and that she must go away.

CHAPTER XX.

This was Val's last summer at Eton; he went away with deep regret, as all well-conditioned boys do, and was petted and made much of at home in the interval between his school and his university life. Lady Eskside, who had once carried little Val with her, with care so anxious, was proud and happy beyond description now when Val accompanied her anywhere with that air of *savoir faire* and intimate knowledge of the world which distinguishes his kind. He had already a circle much enlarged from hers, and knew people whom even the Dowager Duchess, who was more in the world than Lady Eskside, could not pretend

to know. He was a head taller than good-natured Lord Hightowers, and a thousand times handsomer and better bred. "But not the least like his father," said her Grace, with pointed particularity. "Not so like as he was," said Lady Eskside, not unprepared for this attack; "but I can still see the resemblance—though the difference of complexion is bewildering to those who don't know both faces so well as I do," she added, with a smile. To be sure, no one else could know the two faces as well as she did. Val was extremely well received in the county, and considered, young as he was, an acquisition to general society; and was

asked far and wide to garden-parties, which were beginning to come into fashion, and to the few dances which occurred now and then. He had to go, too, to various entertainments given by the new people in Lord Eskside's feus. During Val's boyhood, the feus which the old lord and his factor laid out so carefully had been built upon, to the advantage of the shopkeepers in Lasswade for one thing; and a row of, on the whole, rather handsome houses, in solid white stone, somewhat urban in architecture for the locality, and built to resist wind and storm for centuries, rose on the crown of the green bank which overlooked the road, and were to be seen from the terrace at Rosseraig. There were two ladies in them who gave parties,—one the wife of a retired physician, the other a well-connected widow. Val had to dance at both houses, for the very good reason that the widow was well connected, which made it impossible to refuse her; while the other house had a vote, more important still. "It is your business to make yourself agreeable to everybody, Val," said Lord Eskside, feeling, as he looked at the boy's long limbs and broad shoulders, that the time was approaching in which his ambition should at last be gratified, and a Ross be elected for the county, notwithstanding all obstacles. Within the next four or five years a general election was inevitable; and it was one of the old lord's private prayers that it might not come until Val was eligible. He did all he could to communicate to him that interest in politics which every young man of good family, according to Lord Eskside, should be reared in. Val had been rather inattentive on this point: he held, in an orthodox manner, those conventional and not very intelligent Tory principles

which belong to Eton; but he had not thought much about the subject, if truth must be told, and was rather amused than impressed by Lord Eskside's eloquence. "All right, grandpapa," he would say, with that warm general assent of youth which is so trying to the eager instructor. He was quite ready to accept both position and opinions, but he did not care enough about them to take the trouble of forming any decision for himself.

But he went to Mrs Rintoul's party, and made himself very agreeable; and not only the retired doctor himself, but what was perhaps more important, his daughters—from Miss Rintoul of five-and-thirty to the little one of sixteen—were ready as one woman to adopt his cause, and wear his colours when the time came. "What does it matter between them, papa?" said Miss Rintoul, who was very strong-minded. "Tory or Radical; what does it matter? They are all conservative in office, and destructive out of it. If I had a vote—and at my age it's a disgrace to England that I haven't—I should stand by friends and neighbours. That's a better rule than your old-fashioned Tory and Whig. A good man is the one thing needful; over whom, if necessary, one can exert intelligent influence," said this amiable woman. I do not think her papa, who was better aware how very impossible it is to influence any human creature, was entirely of her opinion; but he informed Willie Maitland that probably on the whole, if no candidate exactly of his own way of thinking appeared in the field, he would not hesitate to support Mr Ross, if he carried out, as there was every reason to expect, the promise of his youth. Thus Val, in gay unconsciousness, was made to begin his canvassing before he was nineteen, and while still the episode of the

university lay between him and public life. Lord Eskside invited a large party for the 1st of September, and the house continued full up to the time of Val's departure for Oxford ; and besides this party of guests at home, there was such a succession of entertainments given at Rosscraig as had not been known before for many years,—not since Val's father was on his promotion, like Val. Mary Percival was one of the party during this time, aiding Lady Eskside to receive her guests and do the honours of her house. She came when it was definitely ascertained that Richard was not coming, as his parents wished. He wrote that he was deeply occupied, and that in the present state of Italian politics it was impossible that he could leave his post—a letter over which Lady Eskside sighed ; but as Mary came to make up the deficiency, there was something gained to atone for this loss.

Mary, however, never would commit herself to that enthusiasm for Val which his grandmother felt was her boy's due. She liked him very well, she said—oh, very well : he was a nice boy ; she was very glad he had done so well at school, and she hoped he would take a good place at Oxford ; but I leave the reader to judge whether this mild approbation was likely to satisfy the old people, who by this time—husband as well as wife—were, as the servants said, altogether “wrapt up” in Val. Mary offended her friend still more by the perverse interest she took in the Pringle family, and her many visits to the Hewan, where Val was delighted to accompany her as often as she chose to go. Violet was “in residence,” as he said, at the cottage, living a somewhat lonely life there, though the others of the family came and went, spending a day or a night as

they could manage it. I do not know if any thought of “falling in love” had ever come into Valentine's boyish head ; but there was a delicate link of affection and interest between Violet and himself which affected him he could not quite tell how. As for poor little Vi, I fear her young imagination had gone further than Valentine's. It was not love in her case, perhaps, any more than in his ; but it was fancy, which at seventeen is almost as strong. I think this was the primary reason of Mary's frequent visits to the Hewan. She saw what was going on in the girl's young head and heart ; and with that intense recollection of the circumstances which decided her own fate which such gentlewomen, thrown out of the common path of life, often have, she had conceived an almost exaggerated anxiety for the fate of Vi, which seemed to be shaping itself after the model of her own.

“I wish my dear old lady would not spoil that boy so,” she said one September morning, when she had walked alone through the woods to the Hewan. Her pretty *particular* grey gown (for Mary was not without something of that precise order which it is usual to call old-maidishness, about her dress) was marked here and there with a little spot from the damp ferns and grass, which she rubbed with her handkerchief as she spoke, and which suddenly brought back to Violet's memory that one day of “playing truant” which had been about the sweetest of her life. Mary had perceived that Violet gave a quick look for the other figure which generally followed, and that there was a droop of disappointment about her, when she perceived that her visitor was alone. “I wish she would not spoil that boy so. He is not a bad boy——”

“Is it possible you can mean

Val?" said Violet, with dignity, erecting her small head.

"Yes, indeed, my dear, it is quite possible; I do mean Val. He is a good boy enough, if you would not all spoil him with adulation—as if he were something quite extraordinary, and no one had ever seen his like before."

"You do not like Val, Miss Percival—you never did; but he likes you, and always walks with you when you will let him."

"Ah, that is when I am coming here," said Mary, with a momentary compunction. Then perceiving a pleased glow diffuse itself over Vi's face, she added, quickly, "I mean, he likes to go with me when it pleases himself; but if I were to ask any little sacrifice of his will from him, you would see how he would look. He is one of the most self-willed boys I know."

Violet did not make any answer. She patted her foot upon the carpet, and the corners of her little mouth were drawn down. She would have frowned had she known how; as it was, she averted her face in wrath and dismay.

"Violet, my dear, I take a great interest in you," said Mary. "When I look at you, I sometimes think I see myself at your age. I don't like to think that you may grow up to make a demigod of Val—or indeed of any other."

"Miss Percival!—I! Oh, how dare you!—how can you say so!" cried Violet, springing to her feet, her face crimson, her eyes shining. "I! make a—anything of Val! Oh, how can you be so unkind, you grown-up people! Must a girl never speak to a boy unless he is her brother? And Val has been just like my brother. I think of him—as I think of Sandy."

"Oh, you little story-teller!" cried Mary, laughing in spite of herself, as Violet's indignant voice

faltered into uncertainty; "but, Vi, I am not going to scold—don't be afraid. I am going to tell you for your good what happened to me. I don't like doing it," she said, with a blush that almost neutralised the difference of age between herself and the girl who listened to her; "but I think it may be for your good, dear. Violet, when I was your age there was some one—whom I was constantly in the habit of seeing, as you might be of seeing Val. There was never any—flirtation or nonsense between us. How shall I say it, Violet?—for I don't care to speak of such things any more than you would. I liked him, as I thought, as you do, like a brother; and he was always kept before me—never any one but Richard. After a while he went out into the world, and there did something which separated us for ever! oh, not anything wrong, Vi—not a crime, or even vice—but something which showed me that I, and all I was, such as I was, was nothing in the world to him—that nothing was of value to him but his own caprice. I never got over it, Violet. You see me now growing old, unmarried; and of course I never shall marry now, nor have young ones round me like your mother——"

"Oh dear, Miss Percival," cried Violet, with tears in her eyes, "who cares for being married? What has that to do with it? Is it not far finer, far grander, to live like you, for ever constant to your first love? Is not that the best of all?" cried the little enthusiast, flushing with visionary passion. Mary caught her by her pretty shoulders, shook her and kissed her, and laughed, and let one or two tears drop, a tribute, half to her own, half to the child's excitement.

"You little goose!" she cried. "Vi, I saw him after, years after—such a man to waste one's life for!—a

poor petty *dilettante*, more fond of a bit of china than of child or wife, or love or honour. Ah, Vi, you don't understand me! but to think I might have been the mother of a child like you, but for that poor creature of a man!"

"Oh, don't, don't!" cried Vi, putting her hands to her ears; "I will not listen to you, now. If you loved him," said the girl, hesitating and blushing at the word, "you never, never could speak of him like that."

"I never—never could have been deceived in him,—is that what you mean? Vi, I hope you will never follow my example."

"Hullo!" cried another voice of some one coming in at the door, which stood open all day long, as cottage doors do—"is there any one in—is Mary here? Are you in, Vi?" and Val's head, glowing with a run up the brace, bright with life and mirth, and something which looked very much like boyish innocence and pleasure, looked in suddenly at the parlour door. Val was struck by consternation when he saw the agitated looks which both endeavoured to hide. "What's the row?" he asked, coming in with his hat in his hand. "You look as if you had been crying. What have you been doing, Mary, to Vi?"

"Scolding her," said Miss Percival, laughing. "I hope you have no objection, Val."

"But I have great objections; nobody shall bother Violet and make her cry, if I can help it. She never did anything in her life to deserve scolding. Vi," cried Val, turning to her suddenly, "do you remember the day we played truant? If Mary hadn't been here, I meant to carry you off again into the woods."

Violet looked up first at him and then at Mary: the first glance was full of delight and tender grati-

tude, the other was indignant and defiant. "Is this the boy you have been slandering?" Vi's eyes said, as plain as eyes could speak, to her elder friend. Miss Percival rose and made the gentleman a curtsy.

"If Mary is much in your way, she will go; but as Vi is a young lady now, perhaps Mary's presence would be rather an advantage than otherwise. I put myself at your orders, young people, for the woods, or wherever you like."

"Well," said Val, with the composure of his age, "perhaps it might be as well if you would come too. Run to the larder, Violet, and look if there's a pie. I'll go and coax Jean for the old basket—the very old basket that we had on that wonderful day. Quick! and your cloak, Vi." He rushed away from them like a whirlwind; and soon after, while the two ladies were still looking at each other in doubt whether he should be humoured or not, Jean's voice was heard approaching round the corner from her nest.

"Pie! Set you up with dainty dishes! Na, Mr Valentine, you'll get nae pie from me, though you have the grace to come and ask for it this time; but I'll make you some sandwiches, if ye like, for you've a tongue like the very deil himself. Oh ay—go away with your phrases. If you were wanting onything you would take little heed o' your good Jean, your old friend."

"Listen," said Mary to Vi.

"No that ye're an ill laddie, when a's said. You're not one of the mim-mouthed ones, like your father before you; but I wouldna say but you were more to be lippened to, with all your noise and your nonsense. There, go away with you. I'll do the best I can, and you'll take care of missie. Here's your basket till ye, ye wild lad."

Vi had grasped Mary's arm in return when old Joan continued; but being pitiful, the girl in her happiness would not say anything to increase what she felt must be the pain of the woman by her side. Vi had divined easily enough that it was Valentine's father of whom Mary spoke; and the child pitied the woman, who was old enough to be her mother. Ah, had it but been Valentine! He never would disappoint any one—never turn into a *dilettante*, loving china better than child or wife. She kissed Mary in a little outburst of pity—pity so angelic that Violet almost longed to change places with her, that she might see and prove for herself how different Valentine was. As for Mary, she made herself responsible for this mad expedition with a great confusion and mingling of feelings. She went, she said to herself, to prevent harm; but some strange mixture of a visionary maternity, and of a fellow-feeling quite incompatible with her mature age, was in her mind at the same time. She said to herself, with a sigh, as she went down the slope, that she might have been the boy's mother, and let her heart soften to him, as she had never done before; though I think this same thought it was which had made her feel a little instinctive enmity to him, because he was not her son but another woman's. How lightly the boy and girl tripped along over the woodland paths, waiting for her at every corner, chattering their happy nonsense, filling the sweet, mellow, waving woods with their laughter! They pushed down to the river, though the walk was somewhat longer than Mary cared for, and brought her to the glade in which the two runaways had eaten their dinner, and where Vi had been found asleep on Val's shoulder. "It looks exactly as it did then, but how different we are!" cried

Violet, on the warm, green bank, where her shoes and stockings had been put to dry. Mary sat down on the sunny grass, and watched them as they poked into all the corners they remembered, and called to them with maternal tremblings, when the boy once more led the girl across the stepping-stones to the great boulder, by the side of which Esk foamed and flashed. She asked herself, was it possible that this bold brown boy would ever turn to be like his father? and tried to recollect whether Richard had ever been so kind, so considerate of any one's comfort, as Val was of Vi's. Was it perhaps possible that, instead of her own failure, this romance, so prettily begun, might come to such a climax of happiness as romances all feign to end in? Mary, I fear, though she was so sensible, became slightly foolish as she sat under the big bank, and looked at the two in the middle of the stream together, Esk roaring by over his rocks, and making the words with which she called them back, quite inaudible. How handsome Val looked, and how pretty and poetic his little companion! The bank of wood opposite was all tinted with autumn colour, rich and warm. It was a picture which any painter would have loved, and it went to Mary's heart.

"But you are too big, Val, to play at the babies in the Wood nowadays," said old Lady Eskside, with a little wrinkle in her brow, when she heard of the freak; "and I wonder the Pringles leave that poor little thing by herself at the Hewan, sometimes for days together. They say it's for her health; but I think it would be much better for her health if she were under her mother's eye."

"But you must remember that I was with them," said Mary, "repre-

senting her mother, or a middle-aged supervision at least."

"My dear," said Lady Eskside, half angry, half smiling, as she shook her finger at her favourite, "I have my doubts that you are just a romantic gowk; though you might know better."

"Yes, I might know better—if

experience could teach," said Mary; but experience so seldom teaches, notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary! And Mary could not but reflect that Lady Eskside had not frowned, but smiled, upon her own delusion. Perhaps in such cases parental frowns are safer than smiles.

CHAPTER XXI.

There was a great dinner at Ross-craig before Val went to Oxford: as much fuss made about him, the neighbours began to say, as was made for his father who came home so seldom, and had distinguished himself in diplomacy, and turned out to be a man of whom the county could be proud; whereas Val was but an untried boy going to college, of whom no one could as yet say how he would turn out. Mr Pringle was invited to this great ceremonial, partly by way of defiance to show him how popular the heir was, and partly (for the two sentiments are not incapable of conjunction) out of kindness, as recognising his relationship. He came, and he listened to the remarks, couched in mysterious terms, yet comprehensible enough, which were made as to Val's future connection with the county, in grim silence. After dinner, when the ladies had retired, and as the wine began to circulate, these allusions grew broader, and at length Mr Pringle managed to make out very plainly that old Lord Eskside was already electioneering, though his candidate was but eighteen, and for the moment there was very little chance of a new election. Val, careless of the effect he was intended to produce, and quite unconscious of his grandfather's motives, was letting loose freely his boyish opinions, all marked, as we have said, with the Eton mark,

which may be described as Conservative in the gross, with no very clear idea what the word means in detail, but a charming determination to stick to it, right or wrong. Lord Eskside smiled benignly upon these effusions, and so did most of his guests. "He has the root of the matter in him," said the old lord, addressing Sir John, who was as anxious as himself to have "a good man" elected for the county, but who had no son, grandson, or nephew of his own; and Sir John nodded back in genial sympathy. Mr Pringle, however, as was natural, being on the opposite side from the Rosses in everything, was also on the other side in politics, and maintained an eloquent silence during this part of the entertainment. He bided his time, and when there came a lull in the conversation (a thing that will happen occasionally), he made such an interpolation as showed that his silence arose from no want of inclination to speak.

"Your sentiments are most elevated, Valentine," he said, "but your practice is democratical to an extent I should scarcely have looked for from your father's son. I hope your friend the boatman at Eton is flourishing—the one you introduced to my daughter and me?"

"A boatman at Eton," said the old lord, bending his brows, "introduced to Violet? You are dreaming,

Pringle. I hope Val knows better than that."

"Indeed I think it shows very fine feelings on Valentine's part—this was one of nature's noblemen, I gathered from what he said."

"Nature's fiddlestick!" exclaimed Lord Eskside, and the Tory gentlemen pricked up their ears. There was scarcely one of them who did not recollect, or find himself on the eve of recollecting, at that moment, that Val's mother was "not a lady," and that blood would out.

"I introduced him to you as a boatman, sir," said Val, "not as anything else; though as for noblemen, Brown is worth twenty such as I have known with handles to their names. We get to estimate people by their real value at Eton, not by their accidental rank," said the youth splendidly, at which Mr Pringle cried an ironical "Hear, hear!"

"Gently, gently, my young friend," said Sir John. "Rank is a great power in this world, and not to be lightly spoken of: it does not become you to talk lightly of it; and it does not agree with your fine Tory principles, of which I warmly approve."

"What have Tory principles to do with it?" said Val. "A fellow may be rowdy or a snob though he is a lord; and in that case at Eton, sir, whatever may happen at other places, we give him the cold shoulder. I don't mean to set up Eton for an example," said Val, gravely, at which there was a general roar.

"Bravo, bravo, my young Tory!" cried the Duke himself, no less a person, who on that night honoured Lord Eskside's table. "In that respect, if you are right, Eton is an example, let any one who pleases take the other side."

"If Wales had been at Eton, and had been rowdy, we'd have sent him to Coventry as soon as look at

him," said Lord Hightowers, smoothing an infantile down on his upper lip.

"A very fine sentiment; but I don't know if the antagonistic principle would work," said Mr Pringle. "I am a Liberal, as everybody knows; but I don't care about admitting boatmen to my intimacy, however much I may condemn an unworthy peer."

"Did Brown intrude upon you?" said Valentine, bewildered; "was he impudent? did he do anything he oughtn't to? Though I could almost as soon believe that I had behaved like a cad myself, if you say so I'll go down directly and kick the fellow." And poor Valentine, flushed and excited, half rose from his seat.

"Bwown!" said Lord Hightowers from the other side of the table. "Beg your pardon, but you're mistaken; you must be mistaken. Bwown! best fellow that ever lived. Awfully sorry he's not a gentleman; but for a cad—no, not a cad—a common sort of working fellow, he's the nicest fellow I ever saw. (Couldn't have been impudent—not possible. It aint in him, eh, Ross? or else I'd go and kick him too with pleasure," said the young aristocrat calmly.

Between the fire of these two pairs of young eyes, Mr Pringle was somewhat taken aback.

"Oh, he was not impudent; on the contrary, a well-informed nice young fellow. My only wonder was, that young gentlemen of your anti-democratical principles should make a bosom friend of a man of the people—that's all. For my part, I think it does you infinite credit," said Mr Pringle, blandly. "I hope you have been having good sport at Castleton, Lord Hightowers. You ought to have come out to my little moor at Dalrulzian, Val. I don't know when the boys have had better bags."

And thus the conversation fell back into its ordinary channels ; indeed it had done so before this moment, the battle about Brown having quickly failed to interest the other members of the party. Lord Eskside sat bending his brows and straining his mind to hear, but as he had the gracious converse of a Duke to attend to, he could not actually forsake that potentate to make out the chatter of the boys with his adversary. Thus Mr Pringle fired his first successful shot at Val. The Tory gentlemen forgot the story, but they remembered to have heard something or other of a love of low company on the part of Valentine Ross, " which, considering that nobody ever knew who his mother was, was perhaps not to be wondered at," some of the good people said. When Lady Eskside heard of it, she was so much excited by the malice of the suggestion, and expressed her feelings so forcibly, that Val blazed up into one of his violent sudden passions, and was rushing out to show Mr Pringle himself what was thought of his conduct, when his grandfather caught him and arrested him. " Do you want to make fools of us all with your intemperate conduct, sir," cried the old lord, fire flashing from under his heavy brows. " It is only a child that resents a slight like this—a man must put up with a great deal and make no sign. ' Let the galled jade wince ; my withers are unwrung.' That is the sort of sentiment that becomes us." I don't know if this good advice would have mollified Val but for the sudden appearance just then at one of the windows which opened on the terrace, of Violet in her blue gown, whose innocent eyes turned to them with a look which seemed to say, " Don't, oh don't, for my sake ! " Of course Violet knew nothing about it, and meant nothing

by her looks. It was the expression habitual to her, that was all ; but as the old man and the young, one hot with fury, the other calming down his rage, perceived the pretty figure outside, the old lord dropped, as if it burned him, his hold on Val's arm, and Val himself stopped short, and, so to speak, lowered his weapons. " Is my lady in, please ? " said Violet through the glass—which was all she had wanted to ask—with those sweet imploring looks. They opened the window for her eagerly, and she stepped in like something dropped out of the sky, in her blue gown, carrying her native colour with her. After this Val could not quite make out what it was that he had against Mr Pringle, until Violet in her innocence brought the subject up.

" Mamma was scolding papa for something—something about Valentine," said Violet. " I did not hear what it was."

" Indeed your papa seems to have spoken in far from a nice spirit, my dear, though I don't like to say it to you," said Lady Eskside. " What was it about, Val ? some boatman whom he called your bosom friend ?"

" Oh ! " cried Violet, clasping her hands together, " it must have been that Mr Brown. Papa used to talk of him for long and long after."

" And did *you* think, Violet," said the old lady, severely. " that any boy made him his bosom friend ?"

" Oh, Lady Eskside ! he was so nice and so grateful to Val. I took such a fancy to him," cried Vi, with a blush and a smile, " because he was so grateful. He said Mr Ross had done everything for him. Bosom friend ! He looked—I don't think I ever saw a man look so before. Women do sometimes," said Violet, with precocious comprehension, " as if he would have liked to be hurt or done some harm to for Val's sake."

"It is the boy I told you about, grandma," said Val—"the one that Grinder made himself disagreeable about ; as if a fellow couldn't try to be of use to any other fellow without being had up. He rowed them up the river on the 4th of June. He aint my bosom friend," he added, laughing ; "but I'd rather have him to stand by me in a crowd than any one I know—so that Mr Pringle was right."

"But he did not mean it so ; it was ill-meant, it was ill-meant !" cried Lady Eskside. Violet looked at them both with entreating eyes.

"Papa may have said something wrong, but I am sure he did not mean it," said Vi, with the dew coming to her pretty eyes. Lady Eskside shook her head ; but as for Val, his anger had stolen away out of his heart like the moisture on the grass when the sun comes out ; but the sun at the moment had an azure radiance shining out of a blue gown.

Then Val went off to the University with a warm sense of his approaching manhood, and a new independence of feeling. He went to Balliol naturally, as the college of his country, and there fell into the hands of Mr Gerald Grinder, who had condescended to be his private tutor long ago, just before he attained to the glories of his fellowship. Boys were thus passed up along the line among the Grinder family, which had an excellent connection, and thrived well. Val was not clever enough nor studious enough to furnish the ambitious heads of his college with a future first-class man ; but as he had one great and well-established quality, they received him with more than ordinary satisfaction ; for even at Balliol, has not the most sublime of colleges a certain respect for its place on the river ? I have heard of such a thing as a Boating scholarship, the nominal examination for

which is made very light indeed to famous oars ; but anyhow, Val, though perhaps a very stiff matriculation paper might have flooded him, got in upon comparatively easy terms. I will not say much about his successes, nor even insist on the fact that Oxford was an easy winner on the river that triumphant day when Lichen rowed stroke and Val bow in the University boat, and all the small Etonians roared so under their big hats, that it was a mercy none of them exploded. Val did well, though not brilliantly, in his University career, as he had done at Eton. He had a little difficulty now and then with his hasty temper, but otherwise came to no harm ; and thus, holding his own in intellectual matters, and doing more than hold his own in other points that rank quite as high in Oxford as in the rest of the academical world, made his way to his majority. I believe it crossed Lord Eskside's mind now and then to think that in Parliament it was very soon forgotten whether a man had been bow or even stroke of the Varsity boat ; and that it could count for little in political life, and for less than nothing with the sober constituency of a Scotch county ; but then, as all the youth of England, and all the instructors of that youth, set much store by the distinction, even the anxious parent (not to say grandfather) is mollified. "What good will all that nonsense do him ?" the old lord would growl, curling his shaggy eyebrows, as he read in the papers, even the most intellectual, a discussion of Val's sinews and breadth of chest and "form" before the great race was rowed. "At least it cannot do him any harm," said my lady, always and instantly on the defensive ; "and I don't see why you should grudge our boy the honour that other folks' boys would give their heads for."

"Other folks' boys may be foolish if they like—I am concerned only for 'my own,'" said Lord Eskside ; "what does the county care for his bowing or his stroke? it's a kind of honour that will stand little wear and tear, however much you may think of it, my lady." But to tell the truth, I don't think my lady in her soul did think very much of it, except in so far that it was her principle to stand up for most things that pleased Val.

In the mean time, however, the departure of Val from Eton had produced a much more striking effect upon some nameless persons than even on any of his other friends. Dick missed him with unfeigned and unconcealed regret. He insisted upon carrying his bag to the station for him, notwithstanding the cab which conveyed Val's other effects ; and went home again in very depressed spirits, after having bidden him good-bye. But Dick's depression was nothing to that with which his mother sat gazing blankly over the river, with that look in her eyes which had for some time departed from them—that air of looking for something which she could not find, which had made her face so remarkable. She had never quite lost it, it is true ; but the hope which used to light up her eyes of seeing, however far off, that one boat which she never failed to recognise shooting up or down the stream, had softened her expression wonderfully, and brought her back, as it were, to the things surrounding her. Val, though she saw so little of him, was as an anchor of her heart to the boy's mother. In the consciousness that he was near, that she should hear his name, see the shadow of him sitting across the brightness of the river, or that even when he was absent, a few weeks would bring back those dim and forlorn delights

to her, kept the wild heart satisfied. This strange visionary absorption in the boy she had given up did not lessen her attachment to the boy she retained—the good Dick, who had always been so good a son to her. She thought that she had totally given up Val ; and certainly she never hoped, nor even desired, any more of him than she had from her window. Indeed, in her dim perpetual ponderings on this subject, the poor soul had come to feel that it could be no comfort, but much the reverse, to Val, to find out that she was his mother. Had any hope of the possibility of revealing herself to him ever been in her mind, it would have disappeared after their first interview. After that she had always kept in the background on the occasions when he came to see Dick, and had received his "Good morning, Mrs Brown," without anything but a curtsy—without objecting to the name, as she had done on their first meeting. No, alas ! a gentleman like that, with all the consciousness about him of a position so different,—with that indescribable air of belonging to the highest class which the poor tramp-woman recognised at once, remembering her brief and strange contact with it in that episode of her existence which had been so incomprehensible at the time, but which had gradually unveiled and dis-entangled itself through hours and years of brooding thought ; a gentleman like that to have a mother like herself revealed to him—a mother from the road, from the fairs and racecourses ! She almost cried out with fright when she thought of the possibility, and made a vow to herself that never, never would she expose Valentine to this horror and shame. No ! she had made her bed, and she must lie upon it.

But when he went away, the visionary support which had sustain-

and her visionary nature—the something out of herself which had kept her wild heart satisfied—failed all at once. It was as if a blank had suddenly been spread before the eyes that were always looking for what they could find no more. She never spoke of it—never wept, nor made any demonstration of the change; but she flagged in her life and her spirit all at once. Her work, which she had got through with an order and swiftness strangely at variance with all the habits which her outdoor life might have been supposed to form, began to drag, and be a weariness to her. She had no longer the inducement to get it over, to be free for the enjoyment of her window. Sometimes she would sit drearily down in the midst of it, with her face turned to the stream by a forlorn habit, and thus Dick would find her sometimes when he came in to dinner. “You are not well, mother,” the lad said, anxiously. “Oh yes, quite well—the likes of me is never ill—till we die,” she would say, with a dreamy smile. “You have too much work, mother,” said Dick; “I can’t have you working so hard—have a girl to help you: we’ve got enough money to afford it, now I’m head man.” “Do you think I’ve gone useless, then?” she would ask, with some indignation, rousing herself; and thus these little controversies always terminated. Dick watched her, with a wonder growing in his mind. She was very restless during the autumn, but when the dark days of winter came, relapsed into a half-stupor quiet. Even when Val was at Eton, he had of course been invisible on the river during the winter. “The spring will be the pull,” Dick said to himself, wondering, with an anguish which it would be difficult to describe, whether it was his duty to pull up the stakes of this homely habi-

tation, which he had fixed as he thought so securely for himself, and to abandon his work and his living, and the esteem of his neighbours, to resume for her sake the wanderings which he loathed; could it be his duty? A poor lad, reared at the cost of visible privations by a very poor mother, has a better idea of the effort and of the sacrifice made for him than a young man of a higher class for whom even more bitter struggles may have been. Dick knew what it must have cost the poor tramp-woman to bring him up as she had done, securing him bread always, keeping him from evil communications, even having him taught a little in his childhood. For a tramp to have her child taught to read, and write involves as much as Eton and Oxford would to another; and Dick was as much above the level of his old companions in education as a university prizeman is above the common mass; and he knew what it must have cost her, therein having an advantage over many boys, who never realise what they have cost their parents till these parents are beyond all reach of gratitude. Was it, then, his duty to give up everything—his own life—and open the doors of her prison-house to this woman to whom he owed his life? Such questions come before many of us in this world, and have to be solved one way or other. Our own life, independence, and use; or the happiness of those who have guarded and reared us, though without giving up their all to us, as we are called upon to do for them. Perhaps it is a question which women have to decide upon more often than men. Dick thrust it away from him as long as he could, trying not to think of it, and watching his mother with an anxiety beyond words, as the days lengthened, and the spring freshness came back, and the Brocas

elms got their first wash of green. Sometimes he saw her give an unconscious gasp as if for breath, as though the confined air of the room stifled her. Sometimes he found her half bent out of the open window, with her rapt eyes gazing, not at the river, but away over the distant fields. She got paler and thinner every day before his eyes ; and he owed everything (he thought) to her, and what was he to do ?

What the sacrifice would have been to Dick, I dare not calculate. In these three years he had become known to everybody about, and was universally liked and trusted. He was his master's right-hand man. He had begun to know what comfort was, what it was to have a little money, (delightful sensation !) what it was to get on in the world. The tramp-boys about the roads, and the new lads who were taken on at the rafts, attracted his sympathy, but it was the sympathy of a person on a totally different level—who had indeed been as they were, but who had long gone over their heads, and was of a class and of habits totally different. Had Lord Hightowers been called upon to divest himself of his title, and become simple John Seton in an engineer's shop, the humiliation would not have been comparable to that which Dick would have endured had he been compelled to degrade himself into a vagrant, a frequenter of fairs and races. Indeed I think Lord Hightowers would rather have liked the change, having a mechanical turn,—while to Dick the thought was death. It made him sick and faint to think of the possibility. But, on the other hand, was he to let his mother pine and die like a caged eagle ? or let her go away from him, to bear all the inevitable privations alone ?

One day the subject was finally forced upon his consideration in

such a way that he could not disregard it. When he went home to his early dinner, she was gone. Everything was arranged for him with more care than usual, his meal left by the fire, his table laid, and the landlady informed him that his mother had left word she would not be back till night. Dick did not run wildly off in search of her, as some people would have done. He had to look after his work, whatever happened. He swallowed his dinner hastily, a prey to miserable thoughts. It had come then at last, this misfortune which he had so long foreseen ! Could he let her wander off alone to die of cold and weariness behind some hedge ? After the three years' repose, her change of habits, and the declining strength which he could not deceive himself about, how could she bear those privations alone ? No, it was impossible. Dick reviewed the whole situation bitterly enough, poor fellow. He knew what everybody would say : how it was the vagrant blood breaking out in him again ; how it was, once a tramp always a tramp ; how it was a pity, but well, on the whole, that he had done nothing wild and lawless before he left. And some would regret him, Dick thought, brushing his hand across his eyes—"the gentlemen" generally, among whom he had many fast friends. Dick decided that he would do nothing rash. He would not give up his situation, and give notice of leaving to the landlady, till he had first had a talk with his mother : but he "tidied" the room after his solitary dinner with a forlorn sense of the general breaking up of all his comforts—and went to his afternoon's work with a heavy heart.

It was quite late when she came home. He could hear by her steps upon the stair that she was almost too tired to drag one foot after an-

other, as he ran to open the door for her. Poor soul! she came in carrying a basket of primroses, which she held out to him with a pathetic smile. "Take them, Dick; I've been far to get 'em, and you used to be fond of them when you were little," she said, dropping wearily into the nearest seat. She was pale, and had been crying, he could see; and her abstract eyes looked at him humbly, beseechingly, like the eyes of a dumb creature, which can express a vague anguish but cannot explain.

"Was it for *them* you went, mother?" cried Dick, with momentary relief: but this was turned into deeper distress when she shook her head, and burst out into a low moaning and crying that was pitiful to hear.

"No," she said,—"no, no, it wasn't for them; it was to try my strength; and I can't do it, Dick—I can't do it, no more, never no more. The strength has gone out of me. I'm dying for free air and the road—but I can't do it, no more, no more!"

Poor Dick went and knelt down by her side, and took her hand into his. He was glad, and conscience-stricken, and full of pity for her, and understanding of her trouble. "Hush, mother! hush!" he said; "don't cry. You're weakly after the long winter, as I've seen you before——"

"No, lad, no," she cried, rocking herself in her chair; "no, I'll never be able for it again—no more, no more

Dick never ~~said~~ said a word of the tumult in his own mind: he tried to comfort her, prophesying—though heaven knows how much against his own interests!—that she would soon feel stronger, and coaxed her to eat and drink, and at length prevailed upon her to go to bed. Now that they had become comparatively rich, she had the little room behind which had once been Dick's, and he was promoted to a larger chamber up-stairs. He sat up there, poor fellow, as long as he could keep awake, wondering what he must do. Could it be that he was glad that his mother was less strong? or was it his duty to lose no time farther, but to take her away by easy stages to the open air that was necessary for her, and the fields that she loved? Dick's heart contracted, and bitter tears welled up into his eyes. But he felt that he must think of himself no longer, only of her. That was the one thing self-evident, which required no reasoning to make clear.

The next day a letter came from Valentine Ross, the first sign of his existence all this time, which changed entirely the current of affairs.

FAMILY JEWELS.

WHAT lover of poetry, whose studies have made him familiar with the singers of the older day, can fail to find interest in tracing scenes, characters, and similes which have now become the common property of poets, to their often dim and distant origin? The course of such an explorer is at times like his who seeks in a mountainous district for the well-spring of a river. It is an easy task to follow its upward course to where the broad stream issues from some fair, large lake; but whence did that lake itself derive its waters? They flow into it down many a mountain vale; and the largest brooks are themselves the outlets of smaller lakes which lie far up on the bosoms of the surrounding hills. In like manner, we may trace with little trouble the tale of some wronged and deserted Mariana of modern times to its true origin in the story of the hapless Queen of Carthage; but when we come to inquire whence Virgil himself derived the notion of his Iulo's fortunes, the answer is more complex. We are commonly referred to the *Odyssey*, where, in truth, we find Calypso detaining Ulysses, and watering her island-rocks with angry tears at his departure. But the power and the passion, the anguish and the suicide, of which Homer sang not, whence came they to the Mantuan bard? We find hints of them in the epic, and still more in the dramatic, *Medea*; we catch glimpses of them in the '*Deianeira*' of Sophocles; could the lost treasures of the tragedy of '*Hellas*' be recovered to us, farther sources yet might be unveiled. So far, however, we can track with some success the bright waters of the lower lake to those

higher homes where they mirror mountain-ash and rock in their deep, still bosoms. But the climber who rests awhile by the lonely tarn knows that its waters, too, have a higher fount, and that, if he can scale the overhanging crags, he shall find it somewhere bubbling up among the ferns and heather far above him. Even so, the heroines of the Greek plays were not the dramatists' own invention; they themselves received from tradition the story which they shaped so grandly; and in the wanderings of Ulysses, as told by the minstrels who preceded Homer, there was probably a place for the bright-haired Calypso in her cedar-scented cavern. Yet could we summon those early bards before us, and listen to their artless strain, should we think less of Homer than we do now? In like manner, is Virgil other than a great poet because he owes debts, even in one of the two finest books of the *Æneid*, to his gifted predecessors? Is he not rather (following the analogy which guided our choice of our title) to be commended, like one who, having inherited from different lines of ancestry several precious stones (they, too, the gift of nature to their first possessors, not the work of man), should set them in one rich necklace, and enhance their value many times by engraving each with a clear-cut and nobly-shaped intaglio? It is otherwise, of course, where the poet adds nothing of his own but the setting. No one would give the praise of invention to Dryden for his '*Palamon and Arcite*' (a version of the '*Knight's Tale*' into modern English), or to Tennyson for his '*Elaine*' and '*Passing of Arthur*' (translations from the prose

of the 'Morte d'Arthur' into verse), or deny their inferiority on the score of inventive genius* to Chaucer; and to that nameless poet who is known to us by the prose of 'Sir Thomas Mallory.' But the genius, new-set by Dryden and by Tennyson, have delighted hundreds who would never have searched for them in their first receptacles. A beautiful style, a musical verse, have charms for all lovers of poetry; and, where the higher gifts of the creative imagination are wanting, cannot be employed better than in adorning what it has produced of old. Not such, however, are the relations between Virgil and Homer. Even where the former copies the latter most closely in details, he yet transfuses into them a new spirit from the sense which pervades his great poem of the vast coming fortunes of Rome. Thus, the main idea of his sixth book is unquestionably borrowed from Homer. The journey of Æneas among the dead seems at first sight a mere reproduction of the same awful visit of Ulysses. Were it no more than this, its exquisite verse, its marvellous matchings* of sound with sense, would suffice to establish its writer's position as one of the greatest poets of the second order. But, on a closer inspection, two points of difference emerge. Virgil's descent into Hades is dignified by a far stronger ethnic feeling than Homer's, awing the listener's mind by its representation of the essential and everlasting distinction between right and wrong, between good and

evil. And again, its supernatural horrors are justified, as Homer's could not be, by the purpose* for which they are exhibited. Ulysses only seeks to learn his own fortunes from the soothsayer Teiresias; the prophecy of Anchises to Æneas is big with the future fates of Rome. There, too, we find (no doubt a dangerous example to succeeding poets) the most beautiful of references in an epic to contemporary events. Of all the wreaths which have been twined for an untimely bier, where is there one which equals this introduction of the early-lost Marcellus beside his renowned ancestor at the end of the grand procession of Roman worthies?—

"Here spake Æneas,—for he saw there
walked
By him a youth of beauty rare, in arms
Bright flashing, yet sad-browed, with
downcast eyes,—
'Who, father, thus attends that hero's
steps?
Son, or late offspring of his mighty line?
What hum of courtiers round! how like
in look!
Yet round his head black Night floats
with sad shade.'
With rising tears began Anchises then:
'Son, search not the great mourning of
thy race;
Him shall the fates but show to earth,
not suffer
To stay there. Ye had thought the
Roman line
Too mighty, gods! this gift retained its
own.
How loud those groans the Field to Mars'
great city
Shall send! yea, Tiber, what funereal
pomp
Shalt thou behold when by his new-raised
mound
Thou glidest! Never boy of Ilian race
Shall lift a Latin grandsire's hopes as he:

* How entirely Tennyson (with all his other poetic gifts) is wanting in this great endowment, is conclusively proved by his 'Last Tournament.' The colour of his picture, with its brown autumnal hues, is admirable; but what a composition as regards the central figure! Many a previous idyl has told of Arthur's greatness; now at last we are promised a sight of it. In all the pomp of war the king rides forth with his attendant chivalry; and this is all that the poet can devise for him by way of exploit,—to look on while his drunken adversary falls off his horse by accident, to watch his castle fired by his own disobedient troops, and then quietly ride home

Nor Romulus' earth so boast of other
nursing.

Alas, his piety ! alas his faith,
Fit for an elder time ! his hand in war
Unconquered ! for unsathed could none
have met

His sword, whether on foot he charged
the foe,

Or spurred his foaming courser's flanks.

Oh, boy,

So to be wept ! if fate could be annulled
Thou too wert a Marcellus. From full
hands

Pour forth your lilies : mine be darker
flowers

To strew, heaping such gifts, (what else is
left !)

The empty honours of my grandson's
shade."

A gem indeed ! And yet, of all the treasures in the muse's casket, the most easily imitated in paste, the quickest set in gaudy tinsel. Alas for the shameless flatteries of worthless scions of the house of Este by Ariosto and by Tasso which bear a superficial resemblance to this great passage ; and for numberless other instances of a poet's readiness

"To heap the shrine of luxury or pride,
With incense kindled from the muse's
flame !"

Let us turn to a far nobler result of the sixth book of the *Æneid*, the very grandest ever produced by any poem, to Dante's 'Divine Comedy.' The great Italian, at whose mighty voice "dead poetry rose" from her grave fairer and more vigorous than before, sedulously represents the first part of his magnificent work as the offshoot of the descent of *Æneas* into Hades, while his references to the *Æneid* are frequent in its two other divisions. He has expressively marked his obligations to Virgil, by representing him as the guide whose steps he follows through the nether glooms ; and there is scarcely a striking description, or even line, in Virgil's sixth book of which we do not find the counterpart, or the expansion, in the 'Divine Comedy.'

But everything there is new, stamped by the presence of a greater genius, animated by a diviner fire—a fire kindled from that altar in the heavens from which the pagan poet could light no torch ; the oldest materials—the shapes of an outworn mythology—are combined into new forms and endowed with a new life ; so that Dante, the frankest among poets in acknowledging his obligations to the past, stands forth as the most original of writers : in a word, by a miracle not to be paralleled among the achievements of art, the precious antique gem bequeathed to modern times by Homer and by Virgil, has received from their great successor's hand a new intaglio, which can be scanned and admired without interfering with our delight in its earlier engraving—a mystic and spiritual emblem which has brought forth a latent brightness, never seen before, from the stone which, through it, is now hallowed and honoured like that which of old glittered in the centre of the high priest's breastplate.

But not to dwell longer on this greatest but best-known instance of a transmitted poetic glory, let us survey for a moment one of the results in English poetry of the journey of Ulysses to the Cimmerian regions. What fruit it has borne in Milton's pages we will leave our readers to investigate for themselves ; but we shall scarcely err in supposing that they are not so familiar with its effect on Spenser. The second book of 'The Faery Queen' derives its name from the virtue of Temperance. Taking that quality in its largest sense, Spenser, in its seventh canto, conducts his hero, Sir Guyon, into the cave of Mammon, that he may have an opportunity of showing himself temperate as to the love of gold as well as the love of pleasure, and of seeing through and despising all the snares of covetousness. The

way into Mammon's secret treasure-houses leads men (by a fine allegory) close past the gates of hell. The company which surrounds those gates recalls Virgil's—

“Mala mentis
Gaudia; mortiferumque adverso in
limine Bellum
Ferrique Eumenidum thalami, et Dis-
cordia demens.
Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis;”
for Spenser tells us that—

“By that Way's side there sat infernal
Pain,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous
Strife,
The one in hand an iron whip did strain,
The other brandished a bloody knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, and both
did threaten life.

XXII.

On th' other side, in one consort there
sate
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Despite,
Disloyal Treason and heart-burning
Hate:
But gnawing Jealousy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite;
And trembling Fear still to and fro did
fly,
And found no place where safe he
shroud him might;
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkness lie,
And Shame his ugly face did hide from
living eye.

XXIII.

And over them sad Horror, with grim
hue,
Did always soar, beating his iron wings;
And after him owls and night-ravens
flew,
The hateful messengers of heavy things.”

But Spenser has altered the position of the “ultrices Curæ” and “consanguineus Leti Sopor” of the elder poet to suit his own allegory, placing the former (embodied as one, not many) as the appropriate warder of the door of Pluto instead of Pluto. Mammon leads Guyon past the first dread shapes, and then—

“At last him to a little door he
brought,

That to the Gate of Hell, which gaped
wide,
Was next adjoining, ne them parted
ought:
Betwixt them both was but a little
stride
That did the House of Riches from Hell-
Mouth divide.

XXV.

Before the door sat self-consuming
Care;
Day and night keeping wary watch and
ward,
For fear lest Force and Fraud should
unaware
Break in and spoil the treasure there in
guard.
No would he suffer Sleep once thither-
ward
Approach, albe his drowsy den were
next;
For next to Death is Sleep to be com-
pared,
Therefore his House is unto his an-
nex:
Here Sleep, there Riches, and Hell-Gate
them both betwixt.”

They enter, and find themselves in vast caverns hewn out of gold, full of chests and coffers holding the wrought metal; which, further on in its earlier stage, busy fiends are preparing to add to the store by purifying from dross in large furnaces. But the golden floor is strewn with dead men's bones, the bright roof dimmed and overhung with spider's webs; and a grisly fiend walks behind the knight, ready to seize him if he is tempted by any of Mammon's glittering baits; and amid those boundless stores of wealth all is darkness, uncertainty, and danger; for, as to Æneas and the Sibyl,

“View of cheerful day
Did never in that house itself display;
But a faint shadow of uncertain light,
Such as a lamp whose life doth fade
away,
Or as the moon,* clothed with cloudy
night,
Doth shew to him that walks in fear and
sad alight.”

* “Quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna
Est iter in silvis, ubi celum condidit umbrâ
Juppiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem.”

Guyon resists the deadly attractions of the hoarded gold: he is likewise proof against the subtler charms of ambition personified as

"A woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royalty;"

of whom Spenser, with a yet more skilful use of alliteration, says—

"Her face right wondrous fair did seem
to be,
That her broad beauty's beam great
brightness throw
Thro' the dim shade, that all men might
it see."

She is the daughter of Mammon, who offers her in marriage to Sir Guyon, and, on his refusal, alleging his "troth yplight" to "other lady," leads him to the "Garden of Proserpina," to tempt him with some of the golden apples which have wrought so much strife on earth. But the tree on which they grow stretches its branches far indeed, for they dip into the black river Cocytus; and the sight of souls tormented therein would have moved one even less prudent than Spenser's hero to reject them. The two selected out of many for detailed description, just before Guyon's victorious return to upper air, are Tantalus and Pontius Pilate. By the former of these Spenser binds his view of the infernal regions to Homer's, of whose only three criminals the Phrygian king occupies the central place, and whose description of the torments of Tantalus, cast by Mr Worsley into two of his beautiful Spenserian stanzas, may throw light on the mind of the reader of Spenser's own four. But the image of the Roman governor is a grand and original conception, though possibly influenced by some of Dante's pictures of punishment, and must be received as a successful effort of Spenser's to supply an omission on the part of the great Italian at which men have often

wondered, and which no man, so far as we know, has satisfactorily explained. These are Spenser's powerful stanzas:—

LXI.

"He looked a little further, and espied
Another wretch, whose carcase deep
was dreut
Within the river, which the same did
lude;
But both his hands, most filthy seculent,
Above the water were on high extont,
And fained to wash themselves incessantly;
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fouler seemed to the eye,
So lost his labour vain and idle industry.

LXII.

The knight, him calling, asked who he
was,
Who lifting up his head him answered
thus,
'I Pilate am, the falsest judge, alas!
And most unjust, that by unrighteous
And wicked doom to Jews dispitious,
Delivered up the Lord of Life to die,
And did acquit a murderer felonous;
The whiles my hands I washed in
purity,
The whiles my soul was soiled with foul
iniquity.'

Nor is Spenser indebted to Virgil only in the second division of his beautiful poem. Its third part (the Book of Chastity) owes much more to the Mantuan bard, since its most pleasing character, that of Britomart, is evidently derived from his Camilla. Of the great Italian copies of that enchanting model, by Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso, it is the first heroine of the two former, Bradamante, not their second, Marphisa (still less the Clorinda of the 'Jerusalem Delivered'), whom Spenser's sweet British princess recalls to us. Her pure and feminine dignity, combined with her faithful devotion to the yet unseen Arthegal, lift the character of Britomart into a higher sphere of romance than that in which her Italian prototype abides; but, like the haughty Amazons of the two

'Orlando,' her career is too successful to evoke the pathetic interest aroused in the reader's mind by the death of the Volscian maid. Combined by Virgil, in all probability, from the old traditions of Italy, blended with traits from that death of Penthesilea of which a lost Cyclic poet sang, the Camilla strikes every reader as one of the most touching episodes of the *Æneid*. We afterwards see the jewel which there first flashed upon us sparkle under later poets' touch, with far different surroundings, amid the chivalry of "Charlemain and all his peerage," and that yet nobler knightly company concerning whom Sidney listened while Spenser sang. But it is in the hands of Tasso that the gem shines with its purest lustre, emitting an unearthly light on the pale white brow whereon the baptismal waters glisten, as Clorinda—her life-blood ebbing from the wound made by her hapless lover's unwitting hand—resigns her newborn soul to its Creator and Sanctifier, and, signing Tancred's pardon, sinks into her death-sleep.* Here in one small instance the Christian faith has enabled Tasso, though of inferior genius, to outdo Virgil as decidedly as Dante has done, in part by the same means, on a far larger scale.

Our next example will illustrate literally the "progress of Poesy" from Hellas to Italy and from Italy to England; and, requiring for its clear setting forth the investigation of authors less widely read than Virgil is, may haply detain us somewhat longer than the foregoing. We would ask our readers to accompany us on a perilous voyage to the Hall of Circe and to the Gardens of Armida. May we go and return unscathed, protected by the appropriate talisman!

To begin then, as we ought, with the father of poetry, we find scat-

tered up and down in the *Odyssey* most of the traits which Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser have afterwards combined into their pictures of a knight and his enchantress: the idea of a brave man detained from active service by one supernatural being, and liberated through the intervention of another, in Ulysses long kept hid by Calypso, and released by her at the command of Hermes; again, the story of a powerful sorceress, whose spells turn men into beasts, frustrated by a mightier counter-charm, and constrained to restore her victims to their natural shapes, in the victory won by Ulysses over Circe through the heaven-sent herb Moly; not to speak of the Sirens and of Scylla and Charybdis blended by Spenser with the tale of Circe for the sake of the moral lesson. The things of which Homer gives only hints for his successors to amplify, are, as we might expect, the personal charms of his enchantresses and the loveliness of the garden-bowers in which they dwell. On them he is even less diffuse than in his brief description of the orchards of King Alcinous, which we quote from Worsley's charming translation, that our readers may mentally contrast it with the elaborate enumerations of later times:—

"There in full prime the orchard trees
grow tall,
Sweet fig, pomegranate, apple fruited
fair,
Pear and the healthful olive. Each and
all
Both summer droughts and chills of
winter spare;
All the year round they flourish. Some
the air
Of Zephyr warms to life, some doth
mature.
Apple grows old on apple, pear on pear,
Fig follows fig, vintage doth vintage
lure;
Thus the rich revolution doth for aye en-
dure.

* "L'assa la bella donna e par che dorma."

XVIII.

With well-sunned floor for drying,
 there is seen
 The vineyard. Here the grapes they
 cull, there tread
 Here falls the blossom from the clus-
 ters green,
 There the first blushings by the sun are
 shed.
 Last, flowers for ever sadless—bed by
 bed ;
 Two streams : one waters the whole
 garden fair ;
 One through the courtyard, near the
 house is led ;
 Whereto with pitchers all the folk re-
 pair.
 All these the god-sent gifts to King Alci-
 nous were.” —Book vii.

Here the flowers only receive one
 line, and in the two books which
 are our more especial concern, they
 are only once mentioned. Homer
 tells us of Circe's gold and silver
 plate, her purple and fine linen, of
 her

“Silver-studded chair,
 Rich, dædal, covered with a crimson
 pall ;”

but of her bower of bliss he says
 nothing. Calypso's is a vine-clad
 cave, embosomed in trees, which
 extorts the admiration of even
 Hercules himself ; but it is despatched
 by Homer in comparatively few
 words :—

“There dwelt the fair-haired nymph,
 and her he found
 Within. Bright flames that on the
 hearth did play,
 Fragrance of burning cedar breathed
 around
 And fume of incense wafted every way.
 There her melodious voice the live-
 long day,
 Timing the golden shuttle, rose and
 fell.
 And round the cave a leafy wood there
 lay
 Where green trees waved o'er many a
 shady dell,
 Alder and poplar black and cypress sweet
 of smell.”

* Tasso's—

“Qual raggio in onda, le scintilla un riso,
 Negli umidi occhi tremulo e lascivo.”

—from which Spenser copied this, is here far surpassed.

Thither the long-winged birds retired
 to sleep,
 Falcon and owl and sea-crow loud of
 tongue,
 Who plies her business in the watery
 deep ;
 And round the hollow cave her tendrils
 flung
 A healthy vine, with purpling clusters
 hung ;
 And fountains four, in even order set,
 Near one another, from the stone out
 sprung,
 Streaming four ways their crystal-
 showery jet
 Through meads of parsley soft and
 breathing violet.” —Book v.

Calypso's beauty is left to be con-
 jectured from the epithet in the
 first of these two stanzas, and from
 the unwilling confession of Ulysses ;

“Well may Penelope in form and brow
 And stature seem inferior far to thee,
 For she is mortal and immortal thou ;”

—while Circe stands at the “bright
 gates of her mansion marble-walled,”
 a “dread goddess, gleaming-haired,”
 to be painted by each reader for
 himself, as to colour and features.
 Far more distinct is Spenser's por-
 trait of Acrasia, the Circe of the
 ‘Faery Queen ;’ and yet she is a com-
 paratively inconsiderable form in his
 long gallery of beauties,—needed
 by him as she is for one canto
 only. He depicts to us her ala-
 baster skin, and also most poetical-
 ly how—

“Her fair eyes sweet smiling in
 delight,
 Moistened their fiery beams, with
 which she thrilled
 Frail hearts, yet quenched not ; like
 starry light,
 Which sparkling on the silent waves does
 seem more bright.” *

Ariosto is much more minute still ;
 and gives us a complete inventory
 of the charms of his Alcina, which

"surpassed those of her ladies as does the sun the stars." He begins with her graceful form, her long fair hair "as gold resplendent," and the roses and lilies of her cheeks. Then we have her "glad forehead" of smooth ivory and the finely-pencilled black eyebrows, beneath whose arches two black eyes (or rather suns) prove lurking-places whence Love, who ever gambols round them, shoots at the unwary. And then, with an attention as to details seldom shown by more recent poets, Ariosto points out to us the nose in its due central position, so shaped that even "envy could suggest no improvement on it," before he goes on to the vermilion lips that parted with such an enchanting smile, and to the double row of choice pearls which they enclose. It is mortifying, after we have wasted a good deal of admiration on such a bewitching person, to be assured (as we are before the canto's close) that all this beauty was only the work of enchantment; and that a strong counter-charm revealed Alcina to its possessor as the oldest and ugliest woman in the world: a shrivelled, wrinkled, diminutive, and disreputable fairy, without a single tooth in her head.

Perhaps this disclosure (made in the interests of truth) is as indiscreet on our part as it is on Ariosto's. We should scarcely have risked it if we had not had the genuine and indisputable beauty of Tasso's Armida to fall back on. How well he paints her when she appears in Godfrey's camp as a distressed princess needing succour; but in truth devising how to draw away after her some of the bravest of the Crusaders and shut them up in her castle's dungeon, so as, if possible, to deprive the Cross of its champions in the hour of need!

"Not Argos, nay, not Cyprus, could behold,

Or Delos, such a robe, such beauty rare!
Now through her white veil shine her locks of gold,
Now flash uncovered making bright the air.
So, when the sky grows clear now shines through fold
Of some white cloud the sun, anon more fair
Forth issuing from that cloud he darts each ray
Clearer around, and makes a double day.

xxx.

Her loosened hair the breeze has curled again,
Which nature bade in curling waves to flow.
Her eyes seem misers and each glance restrain
Lest men Love's treasure and their own should know.
Tender-hued roses are 'mid ivories fain
In that fair face scattered and mixed to blow:
But on those lips that Love's own breath has parted,
Reddens the rose alone and single-hearted." —G. L., c. v.

Of the island-homes of these enchantresses, Ariosto's description is the least attractive. It comprises a golden wall, a bridge adorned with emeralds and sapphires, and a magnificent palace nevertheless; and the park-like ground on which Roger alights from the Hippogryph which bore him to its remote coast, is at least well furnished with game, which supplies him with one of his most innocent diversions during his sojourn there. When he first descends from his strange courser he beholds "delicious hills, clear water, and soft meads."

xviii.

"There groves delightful some of sweet laurel bowers,
Of palm-trees' and of pleasant myrtles' shade;
Cedar and orange-tree, whose fruits and flowers—
Wreaths diverse-shaped, but each one lovely made,
Gave shelter sure in summer's hottest hours
To pilgrim 'neath their thick-pleached branches laid;

And 'mid those boughs, secure that none
 assail
 Her flight^e moved, singing sweet, the
 nightingale.

xix.

'Mid the red roses and the lilies white,
 By mild airs ever with fresh life pos-
 sessed,
 The hares and conies sport which none
 affright ;
 And stags erect their proud and antlered
 crest
 Dreading no hunter's snares or murderous
 might,
 Then crop the grass and chew their cud
 at rest :
 There, too, swift roes and nimble wild-
 goats bound,
 Those many tenants of that sylvan ground.

xxi.

And near beside, where rose a fount to
 view,
 The which to girdle palms and colours
 stand,
 His shield he laid down, from his fore-
 head drew
 His helmet, and ungauled each hand :
 Now to the mount, now to the sea's dark
 blue
 He turned his face, by cool fresh breezes
 fanned,
 Which with glad murmurs the high sum-
 mits stir,
 To trembling motion of the beech and
 fir."

Here, as on Calypso's island, the trees preponderate over the flowers, only they belong to a more southern clime, and are richer and gaye than hers. Directly after, the reminiscences of Homer change to Circe, and Roger receives a warning of Alcina's guile from a luckless knight, whom she (going a step beyond her prototype) has changed into a myrtle-tree.* Others of her victims bear the shapes of rocks and fountains, but most of strange and monstrous beasts. Roger, thus forewarned, prepares to ride past the wicked fairy's gates, and does valiant battle to the rabble rout of monsters which assail his course ; but he is weak enough to yield to the entreaties of

two fair damsels, who lead him through a gateway (of which the architrave, covered with the rarest gems of the East, rests on four large columns, each an entire diamond) to the presence of their mistress. The sight of those fictitious charms, which we chronicled before, at once subdues the knight's resolution. "In Alcina's every word, smile, song, or even step, there lurked a snare," says Ariosto ; "no marvel that Roger was taken by them." So far from profiting was he by the myrtle's warnings, that he rather inclined to believe the transformation a just punishment ; and as to possible risk to himself, he felt a strong conviction—

"That never treason or injurious guile
 Could live and plot along with such a
 smile."

His instant forgetfulness of Bradamante—"That beauteous woman whom he loved so well"—is ascribed by the poet to Alcina's spells, which are not broken till the wronged lady sends to her recreant knight, by the hand of the good fairy Melissa, a ring, which has the happy power of dispersing all enchantments when once slipped on the finger. Luckily finding Roger alone, the worthy Melissa scolds him well, and then makes him put on the ring. At once the knight feels "too much ashamed to look any one in the face, and wishes himself many feet underground." The sight of Alcina as she really is soon completes his cure, and he takes the first convenient opportunity of riding away from her court to that of her virtuous sister. Alcina pursues him with a fleet, to no purpose, and during her absence Melissa undoes her spells and restores her victims to their true forms.

It is thus that Ariosto, according to his manner, gives a semi-bur-

* An idea derived through Dante from Virgil.—Inf. xiii. ; Æ. lib. iii.

lesque treatment to the legend told by Homer with such grave simplicity. His sorceress is viler than Circe; and Roger, duped by her arts, and delivered from them, as it were, in his own despite, offers a contrast to the commanding position held all along by Ulysses, who compels the restitution to their pristine shape of his comrades, and from first to last makes his own terms with the enchantress.

Spenser, on the other hand, deals with the subject seriously throughout—neither with the Italian's indifference to, nor the Greek's child-like unconsciousness of, evil. He scorns to degrade a Red-Cross knight or a Sir Arthegal by making him fall into Acrasia's snares: her victim is an unconsidered youth, and Sir Guyon treads the bower of bliss only to rescue him from the toils which surround him. Attended by a grave Palmer he sets sail for Acrasia's island, steering a safe course betwixt Charybdis, the Gulf of Greediness or Avarice, and Scylla, the Rock of Vile Reproach, which awaits the Prodigal. Here we find ourselves at once on the old familiar track of the wise Ulysses, the order alone being changed in which the various objects are presented to us. But those well-known shapes have now another meaning: they have grown nebulous, allegoric forms; the perils which they set before us are temporal no more, but spiritual.

Shortly after, the Sirens' song breaks on our ears, inviting to the sloth which kills all the divine in man. Those mermaids dwell, according to Spenser, in "a still and calm bay," between a hoary hill and a high-towered rock. Their melody is as sweet as it was when Ulysses signed to his seamen to stay their rowing at its bidding; the words which accompany it as inconsiderable:—

VOL. CXL.—NO. DCCV.

XXXII.

"So now to Guyon, as he passed by,
Their pleasant tunes they sweetly thus
applied—

'O thou fair son of gentle Faery,
That art in mighty arms most magni-
fied

Above all knights that ever battle tried,
O turn thy rudder hitherward awhile!
Here may thy storm-beat vessel safely
ride;

This is the port of rest from troublous
toil,
The world's sweet inn from pain and
wearisome turmoil.'

XXXIII.

With that the rolling sea resounding
soft,

In his big bass them fitly answered;
And on the rock the waves breaking
aloft,

A solemn mean unto them measured;
The whiles sweet Zephyrus loud
whistled

His treble, a strange kind of harmony
Which Guyon's senses softly tickled,
That he the boatman bade row easily,
And let him hear some part of their rare
melody.

The Palmer, however, promptly
"discounsels" from such vanity;
and the boat glides on, through
fogs of Cimmerian gloom and flocks
of "all the nation of unfortunate
and fatal birds," to the island-shore.
Passing through the beasts, which
assail them on landing but crouch
before the Palmer's staff, they enter
the "bower of bliss" by an ivory
gate carved with Jason's story.

L

"Thus being entered they behold
around

A large and spacious plain on every
side,

Strowed with pleasance, whose fair
grassy ground

Mantled with green and goodly beauti-
fied

With all the ornaments of Flora's
pride,

Wherewith her mother Art, as half in
scorn

Of niggard Nature, like a pompous
bride

Did deck her and too lavishly adorn,
When forth from virgin bower she comes
in th' early morn.

LI.

Thereto the heavens always jovial,
 Looked on them lovely still in stead-
 fast state,
 No suffered storm nor frost on them
 to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
 Nor scorching heat nor cold intem-
 perate
 T' afflict the creatures which therein
 did dwell ;
 But the mild air with season moderate,
 Gentle attemper'd and disposed so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit
 and wholesome smell.

LII.

More sweet and wholesome than the
 pleasant hill
 Of Rhodope, on which the nymph that
 bore
 A giant babe herself for grief did kill ;
 Or the Thessalian Tempe, where of yore
 Fair Daphne Phœbus' heart with love
 did gore ;
 Or Ida, where the gods loved to repair
 Whenever they their heavenly bowers
 forlorn ;
 Or sweet Parnasse, the haunts of Muses
 fair,
 Or Eden, if that ought with Eden mote
 compare."

This last stanza is a good example of the way in which Spenser habitually uses classic and sacred illustrations mixed. But at this point the whole atmosphere of the poem is changing. Fast as in the middle of Goethe's *Helena*, we pass from the classic to the romantic, and breathe already in the fifty-first stanza the air of the gardens of Armida. We are brought back to the *Odyssey* at the close of the canto ; but till then—after a porch of Spenser's own invention, vine-trellised with grapes,

"Some deep empurpled as the hyacinth,
 Some as the ruby laughing sweetly red,
 Some like fair emeraudes, not yet well
 ripened"—

he contents himself with abridging, and sometimes actually translating, Tasso. The stanzas marked with asterisks are versions, and very

beautiful and successful versions, of one of the most difficult of poets to translate ; a difficulty owing to that love of antithesis and conceit which was Tasso's besetting sin.

LVIII.

"There the most dainty paradise on
 ground
 Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously
 abound,
 And none does other's happiness envy ;
 * The painted flowers, the trees upshoot-
 ing high,
 The dales for shade, the hills for
 breathing space,
 The trembling groves, the crystal run-
 ning by ;
 And that which all fair works doth
 most aggrace,
 The art which all that wrought, appeared
 in no place.

LXX.

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious
 sound,
 Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
 Such as at once might not on living
 ground,
 Save in this paradise, be heard else-
 where ;
 Right hard it was for wight which did
 it hear
 To read what manner music that mote
 be ;
 For all that pleasing is to human ear
 Was there consorted in one harmony,
 Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters,
 all agree.

LXXI.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful
 shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attemper'd
 sweet :
 Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
 To th' instruments divine responsiveness
 meet ;
 The silver sounding instruments did
 meet
 With the bass murmur of the water's
 fall ;
 The water's fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did
 call ;
 The gentle, warbling wind low answered
 to all.

LXXIV.

* The whiles some one did chaunt this
 lovely lay : *

* These stanzas are sung by Tasso's marvellously sweet-voiced parrot. It is an ordinary commonplace of comment to ascribe their first origin to Catullus through

' Ah! see, whoso fair thing dost fain
to see,
In springing flower the image of thy
day:
Ah! see the virgin rose how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful mo-
desty,
That fairer seems the less ye see her
may;
Lo! see soon after, how made bold and
free
Her bared bosom she doth broad dis-
play;
Lo! see soon after, how she fades and
falls away.

LXXV.

* So passeth in the passing of a day
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the
flower,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay
That erst was sought to deck both bed
and bower

Of many a lady, many a paramour:
Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is
prime,
For soon comes age that will her pride
defflower;
Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is
time,
Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with
equal crime."

With a sterner tread than that of
Ulysses, Guyon, under the Palmer's
guidance, hushes this alluring song,
and lays waste this perilous gar-
den of delight. Ere they depart
with the captured enchantress, we
read—

" But all those pleasant bowers and pal-
ace brave,
Guyon broke down with rigour pitiless;"

Ariosto. But the *sentiment* of the celebrated Epithalamium is different, as will be
seen by the annexed version of the lament (borrowed from it) of Sacripant over his
faithless Angolica, like as are the forms of expression:—

42.
" La verginella d simulo alla rosa,
Che n bel giardin su la nativa spina,
Mentre sola e sicura si riposa,
Ne gregge, ni pastor, ne le avvicina;
Laura soave e l'alba rugiadosa
L'acqua, la terra al suo favor s' inchina:
Giovani vaghi e donne immemorato
Amano averne e seni e tempie ornate.

43
Ma non si tosto dal materno stelo
Rimossa viene e dal suo ceppo verde
Che quanto avea dagli uorini e dal cielo,
Favor, grazia, e bellezza, tutto perde,
La Vergin che il candor di che più zelo
Che de' begli occhi e della vita aver-de',
Pregar non mostra; il pregio che avea in-
nante
Perde nel core d'ogni saggio amante "
—Ori. Fur, c. i.

42.
The maiden pure is like unto that rose,
The which, whilst safe upon its native thorn
In some fair garden, it doth lone repose,
No flock has cropped, no shepherd's hand has
torn;
Her leaves soft airs and dewy dawns uncloze,
Rains and rich soil with vivid hues adorn:
Her loving youths and maids delight to set
Upon their breast, or twine for coronet.

43.
But from her mother-stem so soon as rent,
She from her leafy bower is riven away;
The favour, grace, and beauty, by consent
Of men and heaven hers, no longer stay.
The maid, who shows that pureness innocent
(Which should her fair eyes, yea her life out-
weigh).
She prizes not—the place she held before
In each wise lover's heart can hold no more.

Tasso's stanzas (sweeter, but far less wholesome in meaning) are as follows:—

" Deh mira (egil cant.) spuntar la rosa
Dal verde suo modesto e verginella:
Che mezzo aperta ancora e mezzo ascosa
Quanto si mostra men, tanto e più bella:
Ecco poi nudo il sen, già baldanzosa,
Dispiega: ecco poi languie, e non par quella:
Quella non par, che desiata avanti
Fu da mille donzelle e mille amanti.

Così trapassa al trapassar d'un giorno
Della vita mortal il fiore o'l verde:
Ne, perchè faccia indietro April ritorno,
Si rinfiora ella mai, nè si rinverde
Cogliam la rosa in sul mattino adorno
Di questo dì, che tosto il seren perde:
Cogliam di Amor la rosa: amiamo or quando
Esser si puote chiamato amapio."

—Ger. Lib, c. xvi.

* The beginning of the next stanza is likewise modelled on Tasso's. We subjoin a
version of the whole stanza:—

" Tacque; e concorde degli augelli il coro
Quasi approvando il canto indi ripiglia,
Raddoppiar le colonne i baci loro:
Ogni animal d'amar si riconsegla;
Far che la dura quercia e 'l casto alloro,
E tutta la frondosa ampia famiglia;
Far che la terra e l'acqua e formi e spiri
Dolcissimi d'amor sensi e sospiri."

He ceased; and then the choir of birds approving
(So seemed it) tuned their notes into his strain.
The doves redoubled then their kisses loving;
Each creature unto love returned again;
The oak-tree hard, the laurel chaste seemed
moving,
With all the leafy distant-spraying train;
The very earth and water seemed to sigh,
As though their souls sweet thoughts of love
came nigh.

and the restoration of the transformed beasts to human shapes is so told as to bring out the moral lesson latent in Homer's myth, with an added touch of sarcasm at the close, which has passed with readers of the 'Faery Queen' into a proverb. Guyon has learned from the Palmer that the brutes which beset his exit, as they did his entrance, were once men—

"Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their minds, like monstrous.

'Sad end,' quoth he, 'of life intemperate,

And mournful meed of joys delicious :
But, Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be unto their former state.'

LXXXVI.

Straightway he with his virtuous staff
them struck,
And straight of beasts they comely men
became ;
Yet being men they did unmanly look,
And stared ghastly, some for inward
shame,
And some for wrath to see their captive
dame :
But one above the rest in special
That had an illog been late (hight Gryll
by name)
Repined greatly, and did him miscall
That had from hoggish form him brought
to natural.

LXXXVII.

Said Guyon ; 'See the mind of beastly
man,
That hath so soon forgot the excellence
Of his creation when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile difference
To be a beast and lack intelligence.'
To whom the Palmer thus : 'The dung-
hill kind
Delights in filth and foul incontinence ;
Let Gryll be Gryll and have his hoggish
mind,—
But let us hence depart whilst weather
serves and wind.'"

—Faery Queen, B. XI. c. 12.

Tasso's treatment of the tale of Circe and Ulysses is far more composite than that of Ariosto or of Spenser. His Rinaldo, lured by the spells of Armida for a time to forget his duty, does not suggest to us the Odyssey, but is the Achilles of his Iliad—the knight without whose aid the magic forest and mightiest pagan defender of Jerusalem cannot be overthrown. He too is wroth with Agamemnon (Tasso's pious Godfrey), and quits the crusading host; incurring soon after the enmity of Armida by setting free the captive warriors whom her first deception bound. She lies in ambush for him, and falls into her own toils; then carries him away with her to the fortunate islands where her love is for a season everything to him. When Godfrey is warned in a dream to recall Rinaldo to the fight, his messengers are directed where to go and how to proceed by a Christian magician, who gives them the plan of Armida's labyrinth, tells them how to rouse Rinaldo's dormant spirit, and provides a magic bark to take them swiftly to the island. Their course along the Mediterranean cannot possess the charm of the adventurous voyage of Ulysses. They but survey the relics of those long-past civilisations, at whose dawn Homer, in whose maturity Virgil, sang. It is as they pass the ruins of Dido's city that the poet exclaims at the thought of so many fallen grandeurs, "E l'uom d'esser mortal par che si sdegni." Still one fresh source of interest opens alongside of those backward glances, in the anticipation of the discovery of America by Columbus. But when, having safely

* English readers who wish to see Ulysses and Circe masquerade in Spanish court dresses of the seventeenth century, should read Mr MacCarthy's clever version of Calderon's 'Love the greatest Enchantment.' The translation, subjoined in the same volume, of 'The Sorceries of Sin' (an Auto containing a spiritual application of the same legend), is a quaint instance of the way in which the Spanish dramatist improved ancient story to edifying uses.

passed the Pillars of Hercules, they land on Armida's chosen home—

"One of those isles of delight that rest
Far off in the breezeless main"—

Homer's Calypso and Circe are outdone by the wealth of descriptive riches lavishly poured forth by the poet. The two messengers climb the snow and ice by which the sorceress has striven to make the sides of the mountain into which the island rises inaccessible, and find a blooming paradise at the summit. Its guardian dragon and lion are put to flight by a golden wand intrusted to the knight by the benevolent magician; so is the whole herd of savage beasts which they encounter; and the stately palace of the enchantress discloses itself to them standing beyond the flowery solitude on the shore of a lake. The messengers pass the perilous fount whereof whoso drinks laughs till he dies of it, disregarding the song of the dangerous Naiads who disport themselves therein, and enter the enchanted garden; which they find in its labyrinthine enclosure by the help of the clue which they received. They pass its gates, richly sculptured with the triumphs of love—Hercules with Iole, Antony with Cleopatra; and having threaded its mazes find themselves amid the fair landscape, the wealth of ever-blooming flowers and ever-ripening fruitage, the delicious concert of sweet sounds, which Spenser has, with some added touches, transferred to his own pages. But whereas the catastrophe of the English poet is borrowed from the eighth book of the *Odyssey*, Tasso has followed Statius, and depicted Rinaldo as recalled to his duty by a similar expedient to that by which Ulysses detected the youthful Achilles in his disguise among the maidens of Deidameia. Armida has left him for a while to

busy herself among her magic spells, when the two armed knights quit their ambush and make Rinaldo, at the sight of their flashing steel, start like a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet. One of them holds before him his shield of polished metal, and in its bright mirror the young warrior beholds his own degradation, and blushes at his effeminate attire. A few well-chosen words complete his cure, and he at once prepares to rejoin the crusading host. Armida's suspicions are aroused: she flies at once to her mighty spells, but the mightier counter-charm at work defeats them all. Then she leaves her incantations and trusts to her suppliant beauty. It is here that the great difference between Tasso and his predecessors and follower is most apparent. Circe, Alcina, and Acrasia are, mere sorceresses; Armida is an enchantress whom genuine love has touched and made a woman. We are told expressly that till she met Rinaldo she had "turned and overturned Love's kingdom at her will, hating all lovers, loving herself alone;" but that now, though scorned, and neglected, and abandoned, she needs must follow him who flies from her, "adorning with her tears that beauty which in itself he seemed to despise." Her last pleadings with Rinaldo possess some of the pathos, though they lack the dignity, of Dido's with Æneas, from which they are closely copied. But they do not lead up to any such tragedy as Dido's, only to the forsaken beauty's resolution to revenge herself at any price on the knight who has left her fainting on the sandy shore; while a later book of the '*Jerusalem Delivered*' tells how, after the failure of her design of vengeance, Rinaldo comes to her in his hour of victory in time to avert her long-delayed suicide, and of their final reconciliation. But

meantime Armida, destroying her magic palace by the same spells which created it, and departing to seek revenge in her magic chariot, like Medea after completing hers, forms a striking picture :—

LXVIII.

Soon as she reached her halls, with summons dread,
She called th' Infernal Gods unto her aid.
Then o'er the sky a pall of black clouds spread,
And straight the sun grew pale with ghastly shade.
The wind's fierce blast shook every mountain's head,
While Hell beneath a sullen roaring made;
And through the palace wide nought met the ear
Save noises, howlings, murmurs, shrieks of fear.

LXIX.

Then darker shade than gloom of starless night,
Egyptian-like wrapped the gay palace round,
Pierced here and there by lightning, gleaming bright
One instant 'mid the murky mist profound.
Then cleared that shade at last, the sun to sight
Broke pallid through the air, all sorrow drowned :
But of the palace then was left no trace,—
No stone remained to mark its former place.

LXX.

E'en as the clouds build works that will not last
To image some enormous pile in air,
Which winds soon scatter, which the sun melts fast ;
As flies the dream that some sick couch might scare :
So quickly out of sight those rich halls passed,
Leaving the mount to native wildness bare.
Then on her chariot rose Armida high
As was her wont, carcering through the sky.*

—G. L., c. xvi.

We have seen how many rich cabinets of far-famed gems Tasso has unlocked to deck this most elaborate of his numerous episodes

with their spoils. The two great epics of Greece, Virgil and Statius, Ovid and Euripides, among the ancients—the *Orlandos* of Boiardo and of Ariosto, among the moderns—have all been laid under contribution to enrich it. But it would be unjust to Tasso not to point out (as we have done by anticipation) how many jewels of no inferior brilliancy he has added to those he found already prepared ; or to deny that that speedy transference of them by the great Elizabethan poet to his own treasure-house which we have already indicated, is a testimonial to their high merit which it would be impossible to set aside. For, if it is true that

“ Nothing so soon the drooping spirit can raise,
As praises from the man whom all men praise ; ”—

how would it have rejoiced the shy and sensitive spirit of Tasso could he have known of such a compliment from one of the greatest of his contemporaries ? It is a compliment which only a very great poet could safely pay ; and it is one that will be seldom paid to other than a great poet. Dryden has remarked that, when men steal from the ancients, they acquire the credit of erudition—when from the modern, the disgrace of plagiarism ; the truth being, that a debt to a well-known classic writer needs no acknowledgment, because it cannot be hidden—and that a skilful transfer of a noble thought from Greek or Latin to the living languages is felt to be a public benefit. Spenser, by placing three or four of Tasso's stanzas amidst the hundreds which testify to his own fertile invention and exuberant fancy, has honoured the great for-eigner by treating him in his lifetime as a classic.

* These versions from Tasso, like the preceding from Ariosto and from Virgil, appear for the first time. So does the subsequent extract from the *Ajax* of Sophocles.

The same honour has been paid by the latest as well as by the earliest English poets to the loftiest hand which has sounded the lyre of Italy, to Dante. In Tennyson's "Palace of Art," these two lines—

"Plato the wise and large-browed Verulam
The first of those who know,"

give a plural translation of Dante's singular

"Vidi 'l maestro di color che sanno."

Longfellow's touching words—

"She is not dead, the child of our affection,

But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,

But Christ himself doth rule,"—

vary only slightly from the Florentine's—

"Thou maide and mother, doughter of thy son,
Thou well of mercy, sinful soule's curc,
In whom that God of bountie chees to wonne ;

Thou humble and high over every creature,
Thou nobledest so far forth our nature,
That no declaine the maker had of kinde
His son in blood and flesh to clothe and winde.

Within the cloystra blissful of thy sides
Toke mannes shape the eternal Love and Pies,

That of the trine compas Lord and Gide is,
Whom erthe, and see, and heven out of relees

Ay herien ; † and thou, vergine wem-
meles ‡

Bare of thy body (and dweltest maiden pure)
The creatour of every creature.

Assembled is in thee magnificence
With mercy, goodnesse, and with swich pitee,

That thou, that art the sun of excellence,
Not only helpst them that praien thee,
But oft-ntime of thy benignitie
Ful freely, or that men their help beseehe,
Thou goest beforne, and art their lives lecho."

—('hauce, 'Second Nonnes Tale.'

"chiostro
Nel quale à Cristo abate del collegio."
Gray's—

"The curfew tells the knell of parting day,"

is a variation, though no improvement, of Dante's most exquisite

"aquilla di lontano,
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore ;"

while Chaucer tells the sad tale of Count Ugolino here and there in Dante's own words ; and has been so impressed by the beauty of St Bernard's prayer to the Virgin in the closing canto of the 'Divine Comedy,' that he has freely reproduced it in his own great poem. We extract it side by side with the most literal version known to us of its original :—

"O virgin mother, daughter of thy son,
Humbler than creature and more elevate,
Determined end of counsel unbegun,
'Tis thou that hast ennobled man's estate

To such as He disdained not to assume,
Its own Creator and Himself create !
Then was the love rekindled in thy womb,

By whose prolific heat thus blossoming
Doth yonder flower § in peace eternal bloom.

For us thou art meridian lamp to bring
Warmth of pure love, and down where mortals lie

Thou art of hope the vivifying spring,
Lady, thou art of rank and might so high,

Whoe'er needs grace, nor yet to thee re-
pairs

Wills his desire without a wing to fly,
Thy bounty succours not alone for prayers
Of any asking, but times numberless,
Freely prevents them ere to ask be theirs.

With thee is mercy, thine is tenderness,
Thine is munificence, in thee arrayed
All goodness meets that creature can pos-
sess."

—Par., c. xxxiii. (Dayman's Dante).

* "Distant bell

That seems to mourn the dying of the day."—Dayman's Dante.

† Praise ceaselessly.

‡ Spotless.

§ The assembly of glorified saints seated in a rose-like circle.

On Milton's obligations to Dante, as to Homer and to Virgil, it is needless to say anything here. Is his exquisite reference to Proserpine in his fourth book of the 'Paradise Lost' to be reckoned in their number? Certainly, when he proclaims the superiority of Eden to

"that fair field
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering
flowers,
Herself a fairer flower by gloomy Dis
Was gathered,"—

he reminds us strongly of Dante's address to Matilda, who, as she bends to pluck the flower, brings to his thoughts Proserpine, and the hour

"When her the mother lost, and she the
spring."

But Shakespeare was no student of Dante; and yet his charming *Perdita* cries out, when she needs them for Florizel—

"O Proserpina
For the flowers now that frighted thou
lettest fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and
take
The winds of March with beauty; violets,
dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath"—

coming closer than the other two, by his dropped flowers, to the common original of all three poets, Ovid's description of the frightened girl (too young and simple to comprehend the gloomy honours that await her) looking back regretfully for her lost nosegay† from Pluto's chariot.

Our examples of gems transferred from one great epic narrative poem to another should not end without one single instance of the many jewels that the drama has derived from the elder Muse's store. One

of the most touching scenes in Sophocles is his Ajax resolved on death, resisting his wife the captive Tecmessa's entreaties, and taking a last farewell of his infant son. Had Sophocles never read the *Iliad*, some such scene might yet have naturally suggested itself to his mind; but who can doubt that it has been greatly influenced, and moulded into the particular form which it has assumed, by the parting of Hector with Andromache? There the dreaded evil is still remote: here it is close at hand. The fond husband's foreboding of his widow's miseries after his own death in Homer are transferred by Sophocles, with some incongruity, to the mouth of Tecmessa, as she pleads with her lord to avert such woes from herself. Hector prays for his infant son, that he may surpass his father's glory; Ajax for his, that he may be like himself in all things but in his misfortunes. The fear of the young Astyanax at his father's "brazen helm and horse-hair plume" has suggested by contrast the declaration of Ajax, that the boy, if indeed he be his own son, will not dread the sight of blood. Let our readers peruse the sixth book of the *Iliad*, either in Pope's far-famed version, or in the more accurate rendering of Lord Derby or of Mr Worsley, and then say whence Sophocles derived these sorrowful words of the captive woman who, unlike Andromache, owed her earlier griefs to the same hand from which she now looks for their consolation.

"I supplicate thee, by the household Zeus,
By thine own nuptial couch (by thee made
mine),
Suffer me not to bear insulting speech
From foes of thine when made their
wretched thrall.

* "Tu mi fai rimembrar dove e qual'era
Proserpina nel tempo che perdetto
La madre lei, ella primavera."—Dayman's Dante.

† Met. book v.

For if thou dying leav'st me here forsaken,
 Be sure that on that self-same day the
 Argives
 Shall force thy child and me to be their
 slaves.
 Then shall some tyrant cry with bitter
 speech,
 Smiting me with his tongue, ' Behold the
 wife
 Of Ajax, greatest chief of all the host,
 How servile now her lot after such bias !'
 So shall men speak : then mine the anguish keen,
 But thine the shame, thine and thy kindred's too.
 Likewise revere thy father's sad old age,
 Forsake him not : revere the weight of
 years,
 Thy mother's lot ; who often prays the
 gods
 For thy return to home alive and well.
 But most of all, oh king, pity thy child,
 Bereft of thy kind care, an orphan charge
 To guardians left, not friends. How great
 a woe
 Thy death, if die thou wilt, leaves him
 and me !
 For I too know of no kind sheltering
 arm
 Save thine ; whose spear my country
 rent from me ;
 My mother likewise, but 'twas fate that
 sent
 My sire to dwell where dwell the dead in
 Hades.
 What country have I then save thee ?
 what wealth !"

But in the address to the unconscious child, Sophocles has put forth his own wonderfully pathetic powers. He makes Ajax say—

" Bring him to me, bring him, for at the
 sight
 Of this fresh blood he will not feel afraid,
 If verily and in deed he is my son.
 Child, be more fortunate than is thy sire,
 Like him in all things else, so shall thy
 lot
 Be happy. Yet for this I count thee blest
 Even now that of these ills thou canst
 feel none :
 For life is sweetest to the ignorant
 Ere knowledge brings us joy but sorrow
 too."

We need not remind our readers of Gray's well-known comment on these two last lines. Who can look on a child's sweet open face without

the pity they express rising in the heart, as we think of the awful pages in the book to be turned one day by those small fingers which now sport so carelessly with the title-page on which the rosy lips spell out—*HUMAN LIFE* ? Goethe's grand old German knight, Gütz von Berlichingen, responds to a friend's congratulation at the sight of his little son, "Bright lights bring black shadows ;" and when he is dying, to his wife's offer to send for the boy from his convent to receive his father's last blessing, the old man replies, with a humility and a faith unknown to the Hellenic heroes,—*"Leave him there ; he needs not my blessing ; he is holier than I."*

With this one instance out of many of the gems which the dramatic has borrowed from the epic Muse, we must bring our remarks to a close. We have directed our readers' attention throughout to no case of spurious imitation by baser hands of noble jewels, nor to instances where they have been meanly purloined ; we have aimed at exhibiting their descent in the right line to one generation after another of the royal family of poets. To whose eyes the precious stone was first revealed, is, as we have shown, in many cases most uncertain ; but the rightful heir is always he at whose approach, instead of growing dim, the gem emits a livelier sparkle, gives out a latent fire, and whose skilful hand is able to place it alongside of others equally fair in a diadem of exquisite beauty, or to engrave on it some form of perfect shape, or—best of all—to write on it some holy name like those which the beloved apostle saw sparkling on twelve jewels of splendour inexpressible in the foundation of that mystic city, the

"Stadt Gottes deren diamantnen Ring
 Kein Feind zu stürmen wagt."

ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

PART V.—CHAPTER XXV.

IN the village of West Lorraine, which lies at the foot of the South Down ridge, there lived at this moment, and had lived for three generations of common people, an extraordinary old woman of the name of Nanny Stilgoe. She may have been mentioned before, because it was next to impossible to keep out of her, whenever anybody who-soever wanted to speak of the neighbourhood. For miles and miles around, she was acknowledged to know everything; and the only complaint about her was concerning her humility. She would not pretend to be a witch; while everybody felt that she ought to be, and most people were sure that she was one.

Alice Lorraine was well-accustomed to have many talks with Nanny; listening to her queer old sayings, and with young eyes gazing at the wisdom or folly of the by-gone days. Nanny, of course, was pleased with this; still she was too old to make a favourite now of any one. People going slowly upward towards a better region, have a vested interest still in earth, but in mankind a mere shifting remainder.

Therefore all the grace of Alice and her clever ways and sweetness, and even half a pound of tea and an ounce and a half of tobacco, could not tempt old Nanny Stilgoe to say what was not inside of her. Everybody made her much more positive in everything (according as the months went on, and she knew less and less what became of them) by calling upon her, at every new moon, to declare

to them something or other. It was not in her nature to pretend to deceive anybody, and she found it harder, from day to day, to be right in all their trifles.

But her best exertions were always forthcoming on behalf of Coombe Lorraine, both as containing the most conspicuous people of the neighbourhood, and also because in her early days she had been a trusty servant under Lady Valeria. Old Nanny's age had become by this time almost an unknown quantity, several years being placed to her credit (as is almost always done), to which she was not entitled. But, at any rate, she looked back upon her former mistress, Lady Valeria, as comparatively a chicken, and felt some contempt for her judgment, because it could not have grown ripe as yet. Therefore the venerable Mrs Stilgoe (proclaimed by the public voice as having long since completed her century), cannot have been much under ninety in the year of grace 1811.

Being of a rather stiff and decided—not to say crabbed—turn of mind, this old woman kept a small cottage to herself at the bend of the road beyond the blacksmith's, close to the well of St Haggdyr. This cottage was not only free of rent, but her own for the term of her natural life, by deed of gift from Sir Roger Lorraine, in gratitude for a brave thing she had done when Roland was a baby. Having received this desirable cottage, and finding it followed by no others, she naturally felt that she had not

been treated altogether well by the family. And her pension of three half-crowns a-week, and her Sunday dinner in a basin, made an old woman of her before her time, and only set people talking.

In spite of all this, Nanny was full of goodwill to the family, forgiving them all their kindness to her, and even her own dependence upon them; foretelling their troubles plentifully, and never failing to dwell upon them. And now on the very day after young Hilary's conflict with his father, she had the good luck to meet Alice Lorraine, on her way to the rectory, to consult Uncle Struan, or beg him to intercede. For the young man had taken his father at his word, concluding that the door, not only of the room, but also of the house, was open for him, on the inhospitable side; and, casting off his native dust from his gaiters, he had taken the evening stage to London, after a talk with his favourite Alice.

Old Nanny Stilgoe had just been out to gather a few sticks to boil her kettle, and was hobbling home with the fagot in one hand, and in the other a stout staff chosen from it, which she had taken to help her along. She wore no bonnet or cap on her head, but an old red kerchief tied round it, from which a scanty iron-grey lock escaped, and fluttered now and then across the rugged features and haggard cheeks. Her eyes, though sunken, were bright and keen, and few girls in the parish could thread a fine needle as quickly as she could. But extreme old age was shown in the countless seams and puckers of her face, in the knobby protuberance where bones met, and, above all, in the dull wan surface of skin whence the life was retiring.

"Now, Nanny, I hope you are

well to-day," Alice said, kindly, though by no means eager to hold discourse with her just now; "you are working hard, I see, as usual."

"Ay, ay, working hard, the same as us all be born to, and goes out of the world with the sweat of our brow. Not the likes of you, Miss Alice. All the world be made to fit you, the same as a pudding do to a basin."

"Now, Nanny, you ought to know better than that. There is nobody born to such luck, and to keep it. Shall I carry your fagot for you? How cleverly you do tie them!"

"'Ee may carr the fagot as far as 'ee wool. 'Ee wunt goo very far, I count. The skin of thee isn't thick enow. There, set 'un down now beside of the well. What be all this news about Haylery?"

"News about Hilary, Nanny Stilgoe! Why, who has told you anything?"

"There's many a thing as comes to my knowledge without no need of telling. He have broken with his father, haven't he? Ho, ho, ho!"

"Nanny, you never should talk like that. As if you thought it a very fine thing, after all you have had to do with us!"

"And all I owes you! Oh yes, yes; no need to be bringing it to my mind, when I gets it in a basin every Sunday."

"Now, Mrs Stilgoe, you must remember that it was your own wish to have it so. You complained that the gravy was gone into grease, and did we expect you to have a great fire, and you came up and chose a brown basin yourself, and the cloth it was to be tied in; and you said that then you would be satisfied."

"Well, well, you know it all by heart. I never pays heed to them little things. I leaves all of that

for the great folk. Howsoever, I have a good right to be told what doth not consarn no strangers."

"You said that you knew it all without telling! The story, however, is too true this time. But I hope it may be for a short time only."

"All along of a child of a girl—warn't it all along of that? Boys thinks they be sugar-plums always, till they knows 'em better."

"Why, Nanny, now, how rude you are! What am I but a child of a girl? Much better, I hope, than a sugar-plum."

"Don't tell me! Now, you see the water in that well. Clear and bright, and not so deep as this here stick of mine is."

"Beautifully cool and sparkling even after the long hot weather. How I wish we had such a well on the hill! What a comfort it must be to you!"

"Holy water, they calls it, don't 'em? Holy water, tino! But it do well enough to boil the kittle, when there be no frogs in it. My father told me that his grandfather, or one of his forebears afore him, seed this well in the middle of a great roaring torrent, ten feet over top of this here top step. It came all the way from your hill, he said. It fetched more water than Adur river; and the track of it can be followed now."

"I have heard of it," answered Alice, with a little shiver of superstition; "I have always longed to know more about it."

"The less you knows of it the better for 'ee. Pray to the Lord every night, young woman, that you may never see it."

"Oh, that is all superstition, Nanny. I should like to see it particularly. I never could understand how it came; though it seems to be clear that it does come. It has only come twice in five hundred

years, according to what they say of it. I have heard the old rhyme about it over—oh, ever since I can remember."

"So have I heered. But they never gets things right now; they be so careless. How have you heered of it, Miss Alice?"

"Like this—as near as I can remember:—

'When the Wooburn brake the plain,
Ill it boded for Lorraine.
When the Wooburn came again,
Death and dearth it brought Lorraine.
If it ever floweth more,
Reign of the Lorraines is o'er.'

Did I say it right now, Nanny?"

"Yes child, near enough, leastways. But you haven't said the last verse at all.

'Only this can save Lorraine,
One must plunge to rescue twain.'

"Why, I never heard those two lines, Nanny!"

"Like enough. They never cares to finish anything nowadays. But that there verse belongeth to it, as certain as any of the Psalms is. I've heered my father say it scores of times, and he had it from his grandfather. Sit you down on the stone, child, a minute, while I go in and start the fire up. Scarcely a bit of wood fit to burn round any of the hedges now, they thieving children goes everywhere. Makes my poor back stiff, it doth, to get enow to boil a cow's foot or a rind of bakkon."

Old Nanny had her own good reasons for not wanting Alice in her cottage just then. Because she was going to have for dinner a rind of bacon truly, but also as companion thereto a nice young rabbit with onion sauce; a rabbit fee-simple whereof was legally vested in Sir Roland Lorraine. But Bottler the pigman took seizin thereof, *vi et armis*, and conveyed it *hubendum, coquendum, et vorandum*, to Mrs

Nanny Stilgoe, in payment for a pig-charm.

Meanwhile, Alice thought sadly over the many uncomfortable legends concerning her ancient and dwindled race. The first outbreak of the "Woeburn," in the time of Edward the Second, was said to have brought forth deadly poison from the hillside whence it sprang. It ran for seven months, according to the story to be found in one of their earliest records, confirmed by an inscription in the church; and the Earl of Lorraine and his seven children died of the "black death" within that time. Only a posthumous son was left, to carry on the lineage. The fatal water then subsided for about a century and a half, when it broke forth suddenly in greater volume, and ran for three months only. But in that short time the fortune of the family fell from its loftiest to its lowest; and never thenceforth was it restored to the ancient eminence and wealth. On Towton field, in as bloody a battle as ever was fought in England, the Lorraines, though accustomed to driving snow, perished like a snowdrift. The bill of attainder, passed with hot speed by a slavish Parliament, took away family rank and lands, and left the last of them an outcast, with the block prepared for him.

Nanny having set that coney boiling, and carefully latched the cottage door, hobbled at her best pace back to Alice, and resumed her subject.

"Holy water! Oh, ho, ho! Holy to old Nick, I reckon; and that be why her boileth over so. Three wells there be in a row, you know, Miss, all from that same spring I count; the well in Parson's garden, and this, and the uppest one, under the foot of your hill, above where that gypsy boy harboureth. That be where the Woeburn breaketh ground."

"You mean where the moss, and the cotton-grass is. But you can scarcely call it a well there now."

"It dothn't ran much, very like; and I haven't been up that way for a year or more. But only you try to walk over it, child; and you'd walk into your grave, I hold. The time is nigh up for it to come out, according to what they tells of it."

"Very well, Nanny, let it come out. What a treat it would be this hot summer! The Adur is almost dry, and the shepherd-pits every-where are empty."

"Then you never have heered, child, what is to come of it, if it ever comes out again. Worse than ever comed afore to such a lot as you be."

"I cannot well see how it could be worse than death, and dearth, and slaughter, Nanny."

"Now, that shows how young girls will talk, without any thought of anything. To us poor folk it be wise and right to put life afore anything, according to natur'; and arter that the things as must go inside of us. There let me think, let me think a bit. I forgets things now; but I know there be some'at as you great folk counts more than life, and victuals, and natur', and everythin'. But I forgets the word you uses for it."

"Honour, Nanny, I suppose you mean—the honour, of course, of the family."

"May be, some'at of that sort, as you builds up your mind upon. Well, that be running into danger now, if the old words has any truth in 'em."

"Nonsense, Nanny, I'll not listen to you. Which of us is likely to disgrace our name, pray? I am tired of all these nursery stories. Good-bye, Mrs Stilgoe."

"It'll not be you, at any rate; " the old woman muttered wrathfully, as Alice with sparkling eyes, and a

quick firm step, set off for the rectory: "if ever there was a proud piece of goods—even my bacco her'll never think of in her tantrums now! Ah well! ah well! We lives, and we learns to hold our tongues in

the end, no doubt." The old lady's judgment of the world was a little too harsh in this case, however; for Alice Lorraine, on her homeward way, left the usual shilling's-worth of tobacco on old Nanny's window-sill.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"It is worse than useless to talk any more," Sir Roland said to Mr Hales, who by entreaty of Alice had come to dine there that day and to soften things: "Struan, you know that I have not one atom of obstinacy about me. I often doubt what is right, and wonder at people who are so positive. In this case there is no room for doubt. Were you pleased with your badger yesterday?"

"A capital brock, a most wonderful brock! His teeth were like a rat-trap. Fox, however, was too much for him. The dear little dog, how he did go in! I gave the ten guineas to my three girls. Good girls, thoroughly good girls all. They never fall in love with anybody. And when have they had a new dress—although they are getting now quite old enough?"

"I never notice those things much," Sir Roland (who had given them many dresses) answered, most inhumanly; "but they always look very good and pretty. Struan, let us drink their healths, and happy wedlock to them."

The Rector looked at Sir Roland with a surprise of geniality. His custom was always to help himself; while his host enjoyed by proxy. This went against his fine feelings sadly. Still it was better to have to help himself, than be unhelped altogether.

"But about that young fellow," Mr Hales continued, after the toast had been duly honoured; "it is possible to be too hard, you know."

"That sentiment is not new to me. Struan, you like a capeling with your port."

"Better than any olive always. And now there are no olives to be had. Wars everywhere, wars universal! The powers of hell gat hold of me. Antichrist in triumph roaring! Bloodshed weltering everywhere! And I am too old myself; and I have no son to—to fight for Old England."

"A melancholy thought! But you were always pugnacious, Struan."

"Now, Roland, Roland, you know me better. 'To seek peace and to ensue it' is my text and my tactic everywhere. And with them that be of one household, what saith St Paul the apostle in his Epistle to the Ephesians? You think that I know no theology, Roland, because I can sit a horse and shoot?"

"Nay, nay, Struan, be not thus hurt by imaginary lesions. The great range of your powers is well known to me, as it is to every one. Particularly to that boy whom you shot in the hedge last season."

"No more of that, an you love me. I believe the little rascal peppered himself to get a guinea out of me. But as to Hilary, will you allow me to say a few words without any offence? I am his own mother's brother, as you seem very often to forget, and I cannot bear to see a fine young fellow condemned and turned out of house and home for what any young fellow is sure to do. Boys are sure to go fall-

ing in love until their whiskers are fully grown. And the very way to turn fools into heroes (in their own opinion) is to be violent with them."

"Perhaps those truths are not new to me. But I was not violent—I never am."

"At any rate you were harsh and stern. And who are you to find fault with him? I care not if I offend you, Roland, until your better sense returns. But did you marry exactly in your own rank of life, yourself?"

"I married a lady, Struan Hales—your sister—unless I am misinformed."

"To be sure, to be sure! I know well enough what you mean by that; though you have the most infernal way of keeping your temper and hinting things. What you mean is that I am making little of my own sister's memory by saying that she was not your equal."

"I meant nothing of the sort. How very hot your temper is! I showed my respect for your family, Struan, and simply implied that it was not graceful, at any rate, on your part——"

"Graceful be hanged! Sir Roland, I cannot express myself as you can—and perhaps I ought to thank God for that—but none the less for all that, I know when I am in the right. I feel when I am in the right, sir, and I snap my fingers at every one."

"That is right. You have an unequalled power of explosion in your thumb-joint—I heard it through three oaken doors the last time you were at all in a passion; and now it will go through a wall at least. Nature has granted you this power to exhibit your contempt of wrong."

"Roland, I have no power at all. I do not pretend to be clever at words; and I know that you laugh at my preaching. I am but a peg

in a hole, I know, compared with all your learning, though my churchwarden, Gates, won't hear of it. What did he say last Sunday?"

"Something very good, of course. Help yourself, Struan, and out with it."

"Well, it was nothing very wonderful. And as he holds under you, Sir Roland——"

"I will not turn him out for even the most brilliant flash of his bramble-hook."

"You never turn anybody out. I wish to goodness you would sometimes. You don't care about your rents. But I do care about my tithes."

"This is deeply disappointing after the wit you were laden with. What was the epigram of Churchwarden Gates?"

"Never you mind. That will keep—like some of your own mysteries. You want to know everything and tell nothing, as the old fox did in the fable."

"It is an ancient aphorism," Sir Roland answered, gently, "that knowledge is tenfold better than speech. Let us endeavour to know things, Struan, and to satisfy ourselves with knowledge."

"Yes, yes, let us know things, Roland. But you never want us to know anything. That is just the point, you see. Now, as sure as I hold this glass in my hand, you will grieve for what you are doing."

"I am doing nothing, Struan; only wondering at your excitement."

"Doing nothing! Do you call it nothing to drive your only son from your doors, and to exasperate your brother-in-law until he blames the Lord for being the incumbent instead of a curate, to swear more freely? There, there! I will say no more. None but my own people ever seem to know what is inside of me. No more wine, Sir Roland, thank you. Not so much as a

single drop more! I will go while there is good light down the hill."

"You will do nothing of the kind, Struan Hales," his host replied, in that clear voice which is so certain to have its own clear way; "you will sit down and take another glass of port, and talk with me in a friendly manner."

"Well, well, anything to please you. You are marvellous hard to please of late."

"You will find me most easy to please, if only without any further reproaches, or hinting at things which cannot concern you, you will favour me with your calm opinion in this foolish affair of poor Hilary."

"The whole thing is one. You so limit me," said the parson, delighted to give advice, but loath to be too cheap with it; "you must perceive, Roland, that all this matter is bound up, so to speak, altogether. You shake your head? Well, then, let us suppose that poor Hilary stands on his own floor only. Every tub on its own bottom. Then what I should do about him would be this: I would not write him a single line, but let him abide in his breaches or breeches—whichever the true version is—and there he will soon have no half-pence to rattle, and therefore must grow penitent. Meanwhile I should send into Kent an envoy, a man of penetration, to see what manner of people it is that he is so taken up with. And according to his report I should act. And thus we might very soon break it off; without any action for damages. You know what those blessed attorneys are."

Sir Roland thought for a little while; and then he answered pleasantly.

"Struan, your advice is good. I had thought of that course before you came. The stupid boy soon will be brought to reason; because he is frightened of credit now; he

was so singed at Oxford. And I can trust him to do nothing dishonourable or cold-blooded. But the difficulty of the whole plan is this. Whom have I that I can trust to go into Kent, and give a fair report about this mercenary grower and his crafty daughter?"

"Could you trust me, Roland?"

"Of course I could. But, Struan, you never would do such a thing?"

"Why not? I should like to know, why not? I could get to the place in two days' time; and the change would do me a world of good. You laity never can understand what it is to be a parson. A deacon would come for a guinea, and take my Sunday morning duty, and the congregation for the afternoon would rejoice to be disappointed. And when I come back, they will dwell on my words; because the other man will have preached so much worse. Times are hard with me, Roland, just now. If I go, will you pay the piper?"

"Not only that, Struan; but I shall thank you to the uttermost stretch of gratitude."

"There will be no gratitude on either side. I am bound to look after my nephew's affairs; and I sadly want to get away from home. I have heard that there is a nice trout-stream there. If Hilary, who knows all he knows from me, could catch a fine fish, as Alice told me.—what am I likely to do, after panting up in this red-hot chalk so long? Roland, I must have a pipe, though you hate it. I let you sneeze; and you must let me blow."

"Well, Struan, you can do what you like, for this once. This is so very kind of you."

"I believe if you had let that boy Hilary smoke," said the Rector, warming unto his pipe, "you never would have had all this bother with him about this trumpery love-affair. Cupid hates tobacco."

CHAPTER XXVII.

On the second evening after the above discourse, a solitary horseman might have been seen, or to put it more indicatively, a single pony-man was seen pricking gallantly over the plains, and into the good town of Tonbridge, in the land of Kent. Behind him, and strapped to his saddle, he bore what used to be called a "vady"—a corruption, perhaps, of "vade mecum,"—that is to say, a small leather cylinder, containing change of raiment, and other small comforts of the traveller. The pony he bestrode was black, with a white star on her forehead, a sturdy trulger, of a spirited nature, and proud of the name of "Maggie." She had now recovered entirely from her ten-guinea feast of dahlias, and was as pleased as the Rector himself, to whisk her tail in a change of air. Her pace was still gallant, and her ears well pricked, especially when she smelled the smell which all country towns have of horses, and of rubbing down, hissing, and bucketing, and (best of all) of good oats jumping in a sieve among the chaff.

Maggie was proud of her master, and thought him the noblest man that ever cracked a whip, having imbibed this opinion from the young smart hunter, who was up to everything. And it might have fared ill with Jack the donkey, if Maggie had carried her master when that vile assault was perpetrated. But if Maggie was now in good spirits, what lofty flight of words can rise to the elation of her rider?

The Rector now, week after week, had been longing for a bit of sport. His open and jovial nature had been shut up, pinched, and almost poisoned, for want of proper outlet. He hated books, and he hated a pen, and he hated doing nothing; and he never would have horse-whipped

Bonny, if he had^d been as he ought to be. Moreover, he had been greatly bothered, although he could not clearly put it, by all those reports about Coombe Lorraine, and Sir Roland's manner of scorning them. But now here he was, in a wayfaring dress, free from the knowledge of any one, able to turn to the right or the left, as either side might predominate; with a bagful of guineas to spend as his own, and yet feel no remorse about them. Tush! that does not express it at all. With a bagful of guineas to spend as he chose, and rejoice in the knowledge that he was spending another man's money, for his own good, and the benefit of humanity. This is a fine feeling, and a rare one to get the luck of. Therefore, whosoever gets it, let him lift up his heart and be joyful.

Whether from that fine diffidence which so surely accompanies merit, or from honourable economy in the distribution of trust-funds, or from whatever other cause it was,—in the face of all the town of Tonbridge, this desirable traveller turned his pony into the quiet yard of that old-fashioned inn, "the Chequers." All the other ostlers grunted disapprobation, and chewed straws; while the one ostler of "the Chequers" rattled his pail with a swing of his elbow, hissed in the most enticing attitude, and made-believe to expect it.

Mr Hales, in the manner of a cattle-jolber (which was his presentment now), lifted his right leg over the mane of the pony, and so came downward. Everybody in the yard at once knew thoroughly well what his business was. And nobody attempted to cheat him in the inn; because it is known to be a hopeless thing to cheat a cattle-

jobber in any other way than by gambling. So that with little to say, or be said, this unclerly clerk had a good supper, and smoked a wise pipe with his landlord.

Of course he made earnest inquiries about all the farmers of the neighbourhood, and led the conversation gently to the Grower and his affairs; and as this chanced to be Master Lovejoy's own "house of call" at Tonbridge, the landlord gave him the highest character, and even the title of "Esquire."

"Ah, yes," he exclaimed, with his rummer in one hand, and waving his pipe with the other; "there be very few in these here parts to compare with Squire Lovejoy. One of the true old Kentish stock, sir; none of your come-and-go bagmen. I have heered say that that land have been a thousand year in the family."

"Lord bless me!" cried Mr Hales; "why, we get back to the time of the Danes and the Saxons!"

"There now!" said the landlord, giving him a poke of admiration with his pipe; "you knows all about it as well as if I had told 'ee. And his family brought up so respectable! None of your sitting on pillions. A horse for his self, and a horse for his son, and a horse for his pretty darter. Ah, if I were a young man again—but there she be above me altogether! Though the Chequers, to my thinking, is more to the purpose than a bigger inn might be, sir."

"You are right, I believe," replied his guest. "How far may it be to Old Applewood farm?"

"Well, sir, how far? Why, let me see: a matter of about five mile perhaps. You've heered tell of the garden of Eden perhaps?"

"To be sure! Don't I read about it"—he was going to say "every Sunday," but stopped, in time to dissemble the parson.

"And the finest ten mile of turn-

pike in England. You turns off from it about four mile out. And then you keeps on straight-forrard."

"Thank you, my good friend. I shall ask the way to-morrow. Your excellent punch is as good as a night-cap. But I want to combine a little pleasure with business, if I can, to-morrow. I am a bit of a sportsman, in a small way. Would Mr Lovejoy allow me to cast a fly in his water, think you?"

"Ay, that he will, if you only tell him that you be staying at the Chequers Inn."

The Rector went to bed that night in a placid humour, with himself, and his landlord, and all the county. And sleeping well after change of air, a long ride, and a good supper, he awoke in the morning, as fresh as a lark, in a good state of mind for his breakfast.

Old Applewood farm was just "taking it easy" in the betwixt and between of hard work. The berry season was over now, and the hay was stacked, and the hops were dressed; John Shorne and his horses were resting freely, and gathering strength for another campaign—to cannonade London with apples and pears. All things had the smell of summer, passing rich, and the smell of autumn, without its weight leaning over the air. The nights were as warm as the days almost, yet soft with a mellow briskness; and any young man who looked out of his window said it was a shame to go to bed. Some people have called this the "saddest time of the whole sad twelvemonth;" the middle or end of July, when all things droop with heavy leafiness. But who be these to find fault with the richest and goodliest prime of nature's strength? Peradventure the fault is in themselves. All seasons of the year are good to those who bring their seasoning. And now, when field, and wood,

and hedge stand up in their flush of summering, and every bird, and bat, and insect of our British island is as active as he ought to be (and sometimes much too much so); also, when good people look at one another in hot weather, and feel that they may have worked too hard, or been too snappish when the frosts were on (which they always are, except in July), and then begin to wonder whether their children would like to play with the children of one another, because they cannot catch cold in such weather; and after that, begin to speak of a rubber in the bower, and a great spread of delightfulness,—when all this comes to pass, what right have we to make the worst of it?

That is neither here nor there. Only one thing is certain, that our good parson, looking as unlike a parson as he could—and he had a good deal of capacity in that way—steered his pony Maggie round the corner into the Grower's yard, and looked about to see how the land lay. The appearance of everything pleased him well, for comfort, simplicity, and hospitality shared the good quarters between them. Even a capious man could hardly, if he understood the matter, find much fault with anything. The parson was not a capious man, and he knew what a good farmyard should be, and so he said "Capital, capital!" twice, before he handed Maggie's bridle to Paddy from Cork, who of course had run out with a sanguine sense of a shilling arrived.

"Is Squire Lovejoy at home?" asked the visitor, being determined to "spake the biggest," as Paddy described it afterwards. For the moment, however, he only stared, while the parson repeated the question.

"Is it the maister ye mane?" said Paddy; "faix then, I'll go and ax the missus."

But before there was time to do

this, the Grower appeared with a spud on his shoulder. He had been in the hop-ground; and hearing a horse, came up to know what was toward. The two men looked at one another with mutual approval. The parson tall, and strong, and lusty, and with that straightforward aspect which is conferred, or at least confirmed, by life in the open air, field sports, good living, and social gatherings. His features, too, were clear and bold, and his jaws just obstinate enough to manage a parish; without that heavy squareness which sets the whole church by the ears. The Grower was of moderate height, and sturdy, and thoroughly useful; his face told of many dealings with the world; but his eyes were frank, and his mouth was pleasant. His custom was to let other people have their say before he spoke; and now he saluted Mr Hales in silence, and waited for him to begin.

"I hope," said his visitor, "you will excuse my freedom in coming to see you thus. I am trying this part of the country for the first time for a holiday. And the landlord of the Chequers Inn at Tonbridge, where I am staying for a day or two, told me that you perhaps would allow me to try for a fish in your river, sir."

"In our little brook! There be none left, I think. You are kindly welcome to try, sir. But I fear you will have a fool's errand of it. We have had a young gentleman from London here, a wonderful angler, sure enough, and I do believe he hath caught every one."

"Well, sir, with your kind permission, there can be no harm in trying," said the Rector, laughing in his sleeve at Hilary's crude art compared with his own. "The day is not very promising, and the water of course is strange to me. But have I your leave to do my best?"

"Ay, ay, as long as you like. My ground goes as far up as there is any water, and down the brook to the turnpike road. We will see to your nag; and if you would like a bit to eat, sir, we dine at one, and we sup at seven, and there be always a bit in the larder 'tween whiles. Wil't come into house before starting?"

"I thank you for the kind offer; but I think I'd better ask you the way, and be off. There is just a nice little coil of cloud now; in an hour it may be gone, and the brook, of course, is very low and clear. Whatever my sport is, I shall call in and thank you when I come back for my pony. My name is Hales, sir, a clerk from Sussex; very much at your service and obliged to you."

"The same to you, Master Halls; and I wish you more sport than you will get, sir. Your best way is over that stile; and then when you come to the water, go where you will."

"One more question, which I always ask; what size do you allow your fish to be taken?"

"What size? Why, 'as big, to be sure, as ever you can catch them. The bigger they are, the less bones they have."

With a laugh at this answer, the parson set off, with his old fly-book in his pocket, and a rod in his hand which he had borrowed (by grace of his landlord) in Tonbridge. His step was brisk, and his eyes were bright, and he thought much more of the sport in prospect than of the business that brought him there.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, as he hit on the brook, where an elbow of bank jutted over it, "very fine tackle will be wanted here, and one fly is quite enough for it. It must be fished downward, of course, because it cannot be fished upward. It will take all I know to tackle them."

So it did, and a great deal more than he knew. He changed his fly every quarter of an hour, and he tried every dodge of experience; he even tried dapping with the natural fly, and then the blue-bottle and grasshopper, but not a trout could he get to rise, or even to hesitate, or show the very least sign of temptation.

So great was his annoyance (from surety of his own skill, and vain use of it), that after fishing for about ten hours and catching a new-born minnow, the Rector vehemently came to a halt, and repented that he had exhausted already his whole stock of strong language. When a good man has done this, a kind of reaction (either of the stomach or conscience) arises, and leads him astray from his usual sign-posts, whether of speech, or deed, or thought.

The Rev. Struan Hales sat down, marvelling if he were a clumsy oaf, and gave Hilary no small credit for catching such deeply sagacious and wary trout. Then he dwelled bitterly over his fate for having to go and fetch his pony, and let every yokel look into his basket and grin at its beautiful emptiness. Moreover, he found himself face to face with starvation of the saddest kind; that which a man has challenged, and superciliously talked about, and then has to meet very quietly.

Not to exaggerate—if that were possible—the Rev. Struan found his inner man (thus rashly exposed to new Kentish air) "absolutely barking at him," as he strongly expressed it to his wife, the moment he found himself at home again. But here he was fifty miles from home, with not a fishing-basket only, but a much nearer and dearer receptacle full of the purest vacuity. "This is very sad," he said, and all his system echoed it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

While the Rector still was sitting thus, on the mossy hump of an apple-tree, weary and disconsolate, listening to the murmuring brook, with louder murmurings of his own, he espied a light well-balanced figure crossing the water on a narrow plank some hundred yards up the streamway.

"A pretty girl!" said the parson; "I am sure of it, by the way she carries herself. Plain girls never walk like that. Oh that she were coming to my relief! But the place is rather dangerous. I must go and help her. Ah, here she comes! What a quick light foot! My stars, if she hasn't got a basket! Nothing for me, of course. No such luck on this most luckless of all days."

Meanwhile she was making the best of her way, as straight as the winding stream allowed, towards this ungrateful and sceptical grumbler; and presently she turned full upon him, and looked at him, and he at her.

"What a lovely creature!" thought Mr Hales, "and how wonderfully her dress becomes her! Why, the mere sight of her hat is enough to drive a young fellow out of his mind almost! Now I should like to make her acquaintance, if I were not starving so. '*Acrior illum cura domat*,' as Sir Roland says."

"If you please, sir," the maiden began, with a bright and modestly playful glance, "are you Mr Halls, who asked my father for leave to fish this morning?"

"Hales, fair mistress, is my name, a poor and unworthy clerk from Sussex."

"Then, Mr Hales, you must not be angry with me for thinking that you might be hungry."

"And — and thirsty!" gasped the Rector. "Goodness me, if you

only knew my condition, how you would pity me!"

"It occurred to me that you might be thirsty too," she answered, as she took out of her basket, a napkin, a plate, a knife and fork, half a loaf, and something tied up in a cloth whose fragrance went to the bottom of the parson's heart, and then a stone pipkin, and a half-pint horn, and after that a pinch of salt. All these she spread on a natural table of grass, which her clever eyes discovered over against a mossy seat.

"I never was so thankful in all my life—I never was, I never was. My pretty dear, what is your name, that I may bless you every night?"

"My name is Mabel Lovejoy, sir. And I hope that you will excuse me for having nothing better to bring than this. Most fishermen prefer duck, I know; but we happened only to have in the larder this half, or so, of a young roast goose——"

"A goose! An infinitely finer bird. And so much more upon it! Thank God that it wasn't a duck, my dear. Half a duck would scarcely be large enough to set my poor mouth watering. For goodness' sake, give me a drop to drink! What is it—water?"

"No sir, ale; some of our own brewing. But you must please to eat a mouthful first. I have heard that it is bad to begin with a drink."

"Right speedily will I qualify," said the parson, with his mouth full of goose; "delicious—most delicious! You must be the good Samaritan, my dear; or at any rate you ought to be his wife. Your very best health, Mistress Mabel Lovejoy; may you never do a worse action than you have done this day; and I never shall forget your kindness."

"Oh, I am so glad to see you enjoy it. But you must not talk till you have eaten every mouthful. Why, you ought to be quite famished."

"In that respect I fulfil my duty. Naymore, I am downright famished."

"There is a little stuffing in here, sir; let me show you; underneath the apron. I put it there myself, and so I know."

"What most noble, most glorious, most transcendent stuffing! Whoever made that was born to benefit, retrieve, and exalt humanity."

"You must not say that, sir; because I made it."

"Oh, Dea, certe! I recover my Latin under such enchantment. But how could you have found me out? And what made you so generously think of me?"

"Well, sir, I take the greatest interest in fishermen, because—oh, because of my brother Charlie; and one of our men passed you this afternoon, and he said he was sure that you had caught nothing, because he heard you—he thought he heard you——"

"No, no, come now, complaining mildly,—not 'swearing,' don't say 'swearing.'"

"I was not going to say 'swearing,' sir. What made you think of such a thing? I am sure you never could have done it; could you? And so when you did not even come to supper, it came into my head that you must want refreshment; especially if you had caught no fish, to comfort you for so many hours. And then I thought of a plan for that, which I would tell you, in case I should find you unlucky enough to deserve it."

"I am unlucky enough to deserve it thoroughly; only look here, pretty Mistress Mabel." With these words he lifted the flap of his basket, and showed its piteous emptiness.

"West Lorraine!" she cried—"West Lorraine!" For his name and address were painted on the inside wicker of the lid. "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr Hales: I had no right to notice it."

"Yes, you had. But you have no right to turn away your head so. What harm has West Lorraine done you, that you won't even look at its rector?"

"Oh, please not; oh, please don't! I never would have come, if I could have only dreamed——"

"If you could have dreamed what? Pretty Mistress Mabel, a parson has a right to an explanation, when he makes a young lady blush so."

"Oh, it was so cruel of you! You said you were a clerk, of the name of 'Halls!'"

"So I am, a clerk in holy orders; but not of the name of 'Halls.' That was your father's mistake. I gave my true name; and here you see me very much at your service, ma'am. The uncle of a fine young fellow, whose name you never heard, I daresay. Have you ever happened to hear of a youth called Hilary Lorraine?"

"Oh, now I know why you are come! oh dear! It was not for the fishing, after all! And perhaps you never fished before. And everything must be going wrong. And you are come to tell me what they think of me. And very likely you would be glad if you could put me in prison!"

"That would be nice gratitude; would it not? You are wrong in almost every point. It happens that I have fished before; and that I did come for the fishing partly. It happens that nothing is going wrong; and I am not come to say what they think of you; but to see what I think of you—which is a very different thing."

"And what do you think of

me?" asked Mabel, casting down her eyes, standing saucily, and yet with such a demure expression, that his first impulse was to kiss her.

"I think that you are rogue enough to turn the head of anybody. And I think that you are good enough to make him happy ever afterwards."

"I am not at all sure of that," she answered, raising her sweet eyes, and openly blushing; "I only know that I would try. But every one is not like a clergyman, to understand good stuffing. But if I had only known who you were, I would never have brought you any dinner, sir."

"What a disloyal thing to say! Please to tell me why I ought to starve for being Hilary's uncle."

"Because you would think that I wanted to coax you to—to be on my side, at least."

"To make a goose of me, with your goose! Well, you have me at your mercy, Mabel. I shall congratulate Hilary on having won the heart of the loveliest, best, and cleverest girl in the county of Kent."

"Oh no, sir, you must not say that, because I am nothing of the sort, and you must not laugh at me, like that. And how do you know that he has done it? And what will every one say, when they hear that he—that he would like to marry the daughter of a Grower?"

"What does his father say? That is the point. It matters very little what others say. And I will not conceal from you, pretty Mabel, that his father is bitterly set against it, and turned him out of doors, when he heard of it."

"Oh, that is why he has never written. He did not know how to break it to me. I was sure there was something bad. But of course I could expect nothing else. Poor, poor sillies, both of us! I must give

him up, I see I must. I felt all along that I should have to do it."

"Don't cry so, don't cry, my dear, like that. There is plenty of time to talk of it. Things will come right in the end, no doubt. But what does your father say to it?"

"I scarcely know whether he knows it yet. Hilary wanted to tell him; but I persuaded him to leave it altogether to me. And so I told my mother first; and she thought we had better not disturb my father about it, until we heard from Hilary. But I am almost sure sometimes that he knows it, and is not at all pleased about it, for he looks at me very strangely. He is the best and the kindest man living almost; but he has very odd ways sometimes; and it is most difficult to turn him."

"So it is with most men who are worth their salt. I despise a weathercock. Would you like me to come in and see him; or shall I fish a little more first? I am quite a new man since you fed me so well; and I scarcely can put up with this disgrace."

"If you would like to fish a little longer," said Mabel, following the loving gaze, which (with true angling obstinacy) lingered still on the coy fair stream; "there is plenty of time to spare. My father rode off to Maidstone, as soon as he found that you were not coming in to supper; and he will not be back till it is quite dark. And I should have time for a talk with my mother, while you are attempting to catch a trout."

"Now, Mabel, Mabel, you are too disdainful. Because I am not my own nephew (who learned what little he knows altogether from me), and because I have been so unsuccessful, you think that I know nothing; women always judge by the event, having taken the trick from their fathers perhaps. But

you were going to tell me something to make up for my want of skill."

"Yes; but you must promise not to tell any one else, upon any account. My brother Charlie found it out; and I have not told even Hilary of it, because he could catch fish without it."

"You most insulting of all pretty maidens, if you despise my science thus, I will tell Sir Roland that you are vain and haughty."

"Oh dear!"

"Very ill-tempered."

"No, now, you never could say that."

"Clumsy, ill-dressed, and slatternly."

"Well done, well done, Mr Hales!"

"Yes, and very ugly."

"Oh!"

"Aha! I have taken your breath away with absolute amazement. I wish Hilary could see you now; he'd steal something very delightful, and then knock his excellent uncle down. But now, make it up, like a dear good girl; and tell me this great secret."

"It is the simplest thing in the world. You just take a little bit of this—see here, I have some in my basket; and cut a little delicate strip, and whip it on the lower part of your fly. I have done it for Charlie many a time. I will do one for you, if you like, sir."

"Very well. I will try it, to

please you; and for the sake of an experiment. Good-bye, good-bye till dark, my dear. We shall see whether a clerk can catch fish or no."

When Mr Hales returned at night to the hospitable old farmhouse, he carried on his ample back between two and three dozen goodly trout; for many of which he confessed himself indebted to Mabel's clever fingers. Mrs Lovejoy had been prepared by her daughter to receive him; but the Grower was not yet come home from Maidstone; which on the whole was a fortunate thing. For thus the Rector had time enough to settle with his hostess what should be done on his part and on hers, towards the removal, or at any rate the gradual reduction, of the many stumbling-blocks that lay, as usual, upon true love's course. For both foresaw that if the franklin's pride should once be wounded, he would be certain to bar the way more sternly than even the baronet himself. And even without that, he could hardly be expected to forego all in a moment his favourite scheme above described, that Mabel's husband should carry on the ancestral farm, and the growth of fruit. In his blunt old fashion, he cared very little for baronets, or for Norman blood; and like a son of Tuscan soil, was well content to lead his life in cleaving paternal fields with the hoe, and nourishing household gods, and hearth.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It is a fine thing to have quarters in an English country-town, where nobody knows who the sojourner is, and nobody cares who he may be. To begin (at gentle leisure) to feel interest in the place, and quicken up to the vein of humour throbbing through the High Street. The third evening cannot go over one's head

without a general sense being gained of the politics of the town, and, far more important—the politicians; and if there only is a corporation, wisdom cries in the streets, and nobody can get on with anybody. However, when the fights are over, generally speaking, all cool down.

But this is about the last thing that a stranger should exert his intellect to understand. It would be pure waste of time; unless he means to buy a house and settle down, and try to be an alderman in two years' time, and mount ambition's ladder even to the giddy height of mayoralty; till the hand of death comes between the rungs and vertically drags him downward. And even then, for three months shall he be, "our deeply lamented townsman."

But if this visitor firmly declines (as, for his health, he is bound to do) these mighty combats, which always have the eyes of the nation fixed on them—if he is satisfied to lounge about, and say "good morning" here and there, to ascertain public sentiment concerning the state of the weather, and to lay out sixpence judiciously in cultivating good society—then speedily will he get draughts of knowledge enough to quench the most ardent thirst; while the yawn of indolence merges in the quickening smile of interest. Then shall he get an insight into the commerce, fashion, religious feeling, jealousies, and literature of the town, its just and pleasant self-esteem, its tolerance and intolerance (often equally inexplicable), its quiet enjoyments, and, best of all, its elegant flirtations.

These things enabled Mr Hales to pass an agreeable week at Tonbridge, and to form acquaintance with some of its leading inhabitants; which in pursuit of his object he was resolved, as far as he could, to do. And from all of these he obtained very excellent tidings of the Lovejoys, as being a quiet, well-conducted, and highly respectable family, admitted (whenever they cared to be so) to the best society of the neighbourhood, and forgiven for growing cherries, and even for keeping a three-horsed van.

Also, as regarded his own impressions, the more he saw of Old Applewood farm, the more he was pleased with it and with its owners; and calling upon his brother parson, the incumbent of the parish, he found in him a congenial soul, who wanted to get a service out of him. For this Mr Hales was too wide awake, having taken good care to leave sermons at home; because he had been long enough in holy orders to know what delight all parsons find in spoiling one another's holidays. Moreover, he had promised himself the pleasure of sitting in a pew, for once, repossessing the right to yawn *ad libitum*, and even fall into a murmurous nap, after exhausting the sweetness of the well-known Lucretian sentiment—to gaze in safety at another's labours; or, as the navy more tersely put it, when asked of his *summum bonum*, to "look on at t'other beggars."

Meanwhile, however, many little things were beginning to go crosswise. For instance, Hilary walked down headlong, being exceedingly short of cash, to comfort Mabel, and to get good quarters, and perhaps to go on about everything. Luckily, his uncle Struan met him in the street of Sevenoaks (whither he had ridden for a little change), and amazed him with very strong language, and begged him not to make a confounded fool of himself, and so took him into a hostelry. The young man, of course, was astonished to see his uncle carrying on so, dressed as a layman, and roving about without any wife or family.

But when he knew for whose sake it was done, and how strongly his uncle was siding with him, his gratitude and good emotions were such that he scarcely could finish his quart of beer.

"My boy, I am thoroughly ashamed of you," said his uncle, looking queerly at him. "You are most

immature for married life, if you give way to your feelings so."

"But uncle, when a man is down so much, and turned out of doors by his own father——"

"When a 'man!' When a 'boy' is what you mean, I suppose. A man would take it differently."

"I am sure I take it very well," said Hilary, trying to smile at it. "There, I will drink up my beer; for I know that sort of thing always vexes you. Now, can you say that I have kicked up a row, or done anything that I might have done?"

"No, my boy, no; quite the opposite thing; you have taken it most angelically."

"Angelically, without an angelus, uncle, or even a stiver in my pocket! Only the cherub aloft, you know——"

"I don't know anything about him; and the allusion, to my mind, is profane."

"Now, uncle, you are hypercritical, because I have caught you dressed as a bagman!"

"I don't understand your big Oxford words. In my days they taught theology."

"And hunting; come now, Uncle Struan, didn't they teach you hunting?"

"Well," said the Rector, stroking his chin; "I was a poor young man, of course, and could not afford that sort of thing."

"Yes, but you did, you know, Uncle Struan; I have heard you boast of it fifty times."

"What a plague you are, Hilary! There may have been times—however, you are going on quite as if we were sitting and having a cozy talk after dinner at West Lorraine."

"I wish to goodness we were, my dear uncle. I never shall see such a dinner again."

"My dear boy, my dear boy; to talk like that, at your time of life! What a thing love is, to be sure!

However, in that state, a dinner is no matter."

"Well, I shall be off now for London again. A bit of bread and cheese, after all, is as good as anything. Good-bye, my dear uncle, I shall always thank you."

"You shall thank me for two things before you start. And you should not start, except that I know it to be at present best for you. You shall thank me for as good a dinner as can be got in a place like this; and after that for five good guineas, just to go on for a bit with."

Thus the Rector had his way, and fed his nephew beautifully, and sent him back with a better heart in his breast, to meet the future. Hilary of course was much aggrieved, and inclined to be outrageous, at having walked four-and-twenty miles, with eager proceeding at every step, and then being balked of a sight of his love. However, he saw that it was for the best; and five guineas (feel as you will) is something.

His good uncle paid his fare back by the stage, and saw him go off, and kissed hands to him; feeling greatly relieved as soon as ever he was round the corner; for he must have spoiled everything at the farm. Therefore this excellent uncle returned to the snug little sanded parlour, to smoke a fresh pipe; and to think, in its influence, how to get on with these new affairs.

Here were heaps of trouble rising; as peaks of volcanoes come out of the sea. And who was to know how to manage things, so as to make them all subside again? Hilary might seem easy to deal with, so long as he had no money; but even he was apt to take strange whims into his head, although he might feel that he could not pay for them. And then there was the Grower, an obstinate factor in any calculation; and the Grower's wife, who might

appeal perhaps to the Attorney-General; also Sir Roland, with his dry unaccountable manner of regarding things; and last not least, the Rector's own superior part of his household. If he could not manage them, anybody at first sight would say that the fault must be altogether his own—that a man who cannot lay down the law to his own wife and daughters, really is no man; and deserves to be treated accordingly. Yet this depends upon special gifts. The Rector could carry on very well, when he understood the subject, even with his wife and daughters, till it came to crying. Still, in the end (as he knew in his heart), he always got the worst of it.

Now what would all these ladies say, if the incumbent of the parish, the rector of the rectory, the very husband or father of all of themselves—as the case might be—were to depart from his sense of right, and the principles he had laid down to them, to such an extent as to cherish Hilary in black rebellion against his own father? Suasion would be lost among them. It is a thing that may be tried, under favourable circumstances, as against one lady, when quite alone; but with four ladies all taking different views of the matter in question, yet ready in a moment to combine against any form of reason,—a bachelor must be Quixotic, a husband and father idiotic, if he relies upon any other motive power than that of his legs. But the Rector was not the man to run away, even from his own family. So, on the whole, he resolved to let things follow their own course, until something new should begin to rise. Except at least upon two little points—one, that Hilary should be kept from visiting the farm just now; and the other, that the Grower must be told of all this love-affair.

Mr Hales, as an owner of daugh-

ters, felt that it was no more than a father's due, to know what his favourite child was about in such important matters; and he thought it the surest way to set him bitterly against any moderation, if he were left to find out by surprise what was going on at his own hearth. It happened, however, that the Grower had a shrewd suspicion of the whole of it, and was laughing in his sleeve, and winking (in his own determined way) at his good wife's manoeuvres. "I shall stop it all, when I please," he said to himself, every night at bed-time; "let them have their little game, and make up their minds to astonish me." For he, like almost every man who has attained the age of sixty, looked back upon love as a brief excrescence, of about the same character as a wart.

"Ay, ay, no need to tell me," he answered, when Mrs Lovejoy, under the parson's advice, and at Mabel's entreaty, broke the matter to him. "I don't go about with my eyes shut, wife. A man that knows every pear that grows, can tell the colour on a maiden's cheek. I have settled to send her away to-morrow to her Uncle Clitherow. The old mare will be ready at ten o'clock. I meant to leave you to guess the reason; you are so clever all of you. Ha, ha! you thought the old Grower was as blind as a bat; now, didn't you?"

"Well, at any rate," replied Mrs Lovejoy, giving her pillow an angry thump, "I think you might have consulted me, Martin; with half her clothes in the wash-tub, and a frayed ribbon on her Sunday hat! Men are so hot and inconsiderate. All to be done in a moment, of course! The least you could have done, I am sure, would have been to tell me beforehand, Martin; and not to pack her off like that."

"To be sure! Just as you told

me, good wife, your plan for packing her off, for good! Now just go to sleep; and don't beat about 'so. When I say a thing I do it."

CHAPTER XXX.

When the flaunting and the flouting of the summer-prime are over; when the leaves of tree, and bush, and even of unconsidered weeds, hang on their stalks, instead of standing upright, as they used to do; and very often a convex surface, by the cares of life, is worn into a small concavity; a gradual change, to a like effect, may be expected in the human mind.

A man remembers that his own autumn is once more coming over him; that the light is surely waning, and the darkness gathering in; that more of his plans are shed and scattered, as the sun "draws water" among the clouds, or as the gossamer floats idly over the sear and seeded grass. Therefore it is high time to work, to strengthen the threads of the wavering plan, to tighten the mesh of the woven web, to cast about here and there for completion, if the design shall be ever complete.

So now, as the summer passed, a certain gentleman, of more repute perhaps than reputation, began to be anxious about his plans.

Sir Remnant Chapman owned large estates adjoining the dwindled but still fair acreage of the Lorraines in the wealth of Sussex. Much as he differed from Sir Roland in tastes and habits and character, he announced himself, wherever he went, as his most intimate friend and ally. And certainly he was received more freely than any other neighbour at Coombe Lorraine, and knew all the doings and ways of the family, and was even consulted now and then. Warm friendship, however, can scarcely thrive without mutual respect; and though Sir Remnant

could never escape from a certain unwilling respect for Sir Roland, the latter never could contrive to reciprocate the feeling.

Because he knew that Sir Remnant was a gentleman of a type already even then departing, although to be found, at the present day, in certain parts of England. A man of fixed opinions, and even what might be accounted principles (at any rate by himself) concerning honour, and birth, and betting, and patriotism, and some other matters, included in a very small *et-cetera*. It is hard to despise a man who has so many points settled in his system; but it is harder to respect him, when he sees all things with one little eye, and that eye a vicious one. Sir Remnant Chapman had no belief in the goodness of woman, or the truth of man—in the beautiful balance of nature, or even the fatherly kindness that comforts us. Therefore nobody could love him; and very few people paid much attention to his dull hatred of mankind. "Contempt," he always called it; but he had not power to make it that; neither had he any depth of root, to throw up eminence. A "bitter weed" many people called him; and yet he was not altogether that. For he liked to act against his nature, perhaps from its own perversity; and often did kind things, to spite his own spitefulness, by doing them. As for sense of right and wrong, he had none outside of his own wishes; and he always expected the rest of the world to move on the same low system. How could such a man get on, even for an hour, with one so different—and more than that,

so opposite to him—as the good Sir Roland? Mr Hales, who was not (as we know) at all a tight-laced man himself, and may perhaps have been a little jealous of Sir Remnant, put that question to himself, as well as to his wife and family; and echo only answered “how?” However, soever, there was the fact; and how many facts can we call to mind ever so much stranger?

Sir Remnant's only son, Stephen Chapman, was now about thirty years of age, and everybody said that it was time for him to change his mode of life. Even his father admitted that he had made an unreasonably long job of “sowing his wild oats,” and now must take to some better culture. And nothing seemed more likely to lead to this desirable result than a speedy engagement to an accomplished, sensible, and attractive girl. Therefore, after a long review and discussion of all the young ladies round, it had been settled that the heir of all the Chapmans should lay close siege to young Alice Lorraine.

“Captain Chapman”—as Stephen was called by courtesy in that neighbourhood, having held a commission in a fashionable regiment, until it was ordered to the war—this man was better than his father in some ways, and much worse in others. He was better, from weakness; not having the strength to work out works of iniquity; and also from having some touches of kindness, whereof his father was intact. He was worse, because he had no sense of honour, no rudiment of a principle; not even a dubious preference for the truth, at first sight, against a lie. Captain Chapman, however, could do one manly thing, and only one. He could drive, having cultivated the art, in the time when it meant something. Horses were broken then, not trained—as nowadays they must be

—and skill and nerve were needed for the management of a four-in-hand. Captain Chapman was the first in those parts to drive like Eriethonius, and it took him a very long time to get his father to sit behind him. For the roads were still very bad and perilous, and better suited for postilions than for Stephen Chapman's team.

He durst not drive up Coombe Lorraine, or at any rate he feared the descent as yet, though he meant some day to venture it. And now that he was come upon his wooing, he left his gaudy equipage at the foot of the hill, to be sent back to Steyning and come for him at an appointed time. Then he and his father, with mutual grumbings, took to the steep ascent on foot.

Sir Roland had asked them, a few days ago, to drive over and dine with him, either on Thursday, or any other day that might suit them. They came on the Thursday, with their minds made up to be satisfied with anything. But they certainly were not very well pleased to find that the fair Mistress Alice had managed to give them the slip entirely. She was always ready to meet Sir Remnant, and discharge the duties of a hostess to him; but from some deep instinctive aversion she could not even bear to sit at table with the Captain. She knew not at all what his character was; neither did Sir Roland know a tenth part of his ill repute; otherwise he had never allowed him to approach the maiden. He simply looked upon Captain Chapman as a fashionable man of the day, who might have been a little wild perhaps, but now meant to settle down in the country and attend to his father's large estates.

However, neither of the guests suspected that their visit had fixed the date of another little visit pending long at Horsham; and one girl

being as good as another to men of the world, of that stamp, they were well content, when the haunch went out, to clink a glass with the Rector's daughters, instead of receiving a distant bow from a diffident and very shy young lady.

"Now, Lorraine," began Sir Remnant, after the ladies had left the room, and the Captain was gone out to look at something, according to arrangement, and had taken the Rector with him, "we have known one another a good many years; and I want a little sensible talk with you."

"Sir Remnant, I hope that our talk is always sensible; so far at least as can be expected on my part."

"There you are again, Lorraine, using some back meaning, such as no one else can enter into. But let that pass. It is your way. Now I want to say something to you."

"I also am smitten with a strong desire to know what it is, Sir Remnant."

"Well, it is neither more nor less than this. You know what dangerous times we live in, with every evil power let loose, and Satan, like a roaring lion, rampant and triumphant. Thank you, yes, I will take a pinch; your snuff is always so delicious. With the arch-enemy prowling about, with democracy, nonconformity, infidelity, and rick-burnings——"

"Exactly so. How well you express it! I was greatly struck with it in the 'George and Dragon's' report of your speech at the farmer's dinner at Billinghamurst."

"Well, well, I may have said it before; but for all that, it is the truth. Can you deny it, Sir Roland Lorraine?"

"Far be it from me to deny the truth. I am listening with the greatest interest."

"No, you are not; you never

do. You are always thinking of something to yourself. But what I was going to say was this, that it is high time to cement the union, and draw close the bonds of amity between all good men, all men of any principle—by which I mean—come now, you know."

"To be sure; you mean all staunch Tories."

"Yes, yes; all who hold by Church and State, land and the constitution. I have educated my son carefully in the only right and true principles. Train up a child—you know what I mean. And you, of course, have brought up your daughter upon the same right system."

"Nay, rather, I have left her to form her own political opinions. And to the best of my belief, she has formed none."

"Lorraine, I am heartily glad to hear it. That is how all the girls should be. When I was in London, they turned me sick with asking my opinion. The less they know, the better for them. Knowledge of anything makes a woman so deucedly contradictory. My poor dear wife could read and write, and that was quite enough for her. She did it on the jam-pots always, and she could spell most of it. Ah, she was a most wonderful woman!"

"She was. I often found much pleasure in her conversation. She knew so many things that never come by way of reading."

"And so does Stephen. You should hear him. He never reads any sort of book. Ah, that is the true learning. Books always make stupid people. Now it struck me that—ah, you know, I see. A wink's as good as a nod, &c. No catching a weasel asleep." Here Sir Remnant screwed up one eye, and gave Sir Roland a poke in the ribs, with the most waggish air imaginable.

"Again and again I assure you,"

said his host, "that I have not the smallest idea what you mean. Your theory about books has in me the most thorough confirmation."

"Aha! it is all very well—all very well to pretend, Lorraine. Another pinch of snuff, and that settles it. Let them set up their horses together as soon as ever they please—eh?"

"Who? What horses? Why will you thus visit me with impene-trable enigmas?"

"Visit you! Why, you invited me yourself! Who indeed? Why, of course, my lad Steenie and your girl Lallie!"

"Captain Chapman and my Alice! Such a thought never entered my mind. Do you know that poor Alice is little more than seventeen years old? And Captain Chapman must be—let me see——"

"Never mind what he is. He is my son and heir, and there'll be fifty thousand to settle on his wife, in hard cash—not so bad nowadays."

"Sir Remnant Chapman, I beg you not to say another word on the subject. Your son must be twice my daughter's age, and he looks even more than that——"

"Dash my wig! Then I am seventy, I suppose. What the dickens have his looks got to do with the matter? I don't call him at all a bad-looking fellow. A chip of the old block, that's what he is. Ah, many a fine woman, I can tell you—

"Now, if you please," Sir Roland

said, with a very clear and determined voice—"if you please, we will drop this subject. Your son may be a very good match, and no doubt he is in external matters; and if Alice when old enough should become attached to him, perhaps I might not oppose it. There is nothing more to be said at present; and, above all things, she must not hear of it."

"I see, I see," answered the other baronet, who was rather short of temper. "Missy must be kept to her bread and milk, and good books, and all that, a little longer. By the by, Lorraine, what was it I heard about your son the other day—that he had been making a fool of himself with some grocer's daughter?"

"I have not heard of any grocer's daughter. And as he will shortly leave England, people perhaps will have less to say about him. His commission is promised, as perhaps you know; and he is not likely to quit the army because there is fighting going on."

Sir Remnant felt all the sting of that hit; his face (which showed many signs of good living) flushed to the tint of the claret in his hand, and he was just about to make a very coarse reply, when luckily the Rector came back suddenly, followed by the valiant Captain. Sir Roland knew that he had allowed himself to be goaded into bad manners for once, and he strove to make up for it by unwonted attention to the warrior.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was true that Hilary had attained at last the great ambition of his life. He had changed the pen for the sword, the sand for powder, and the ink for blood; and in a few days he would be afloat, on his way to join Lord Wellington. His father's obstinate objections had at

last been overcome; for there seemed to be no other way to cut the soft net of enchantment, and throw him into a sterner world.

His uncle Struan had done his best, and tried to the utmost stretch the patience of Sir Roland, with countless words, until the latter ex-

claimed at last, "Why, you seem to be worse than the boy himself! You went to spy out the nakedness of the land, and you returned in a fortnight with grapes of Eshcol. Truly this Danish Lovejoy is more potent than the great Canute. He turns at his pleasure the tide of opinion."

"Roland, now you go too far. It is not the Grower that I indite of, but his charming daughter. If you could but once be persuaded to see her——"

"Of course. Exactly what Hilary said. In him I could laugh at it; but in you—— Well, a great philosopher tells us that every jot of opinion (even that of a babe, I suppose) is to be regarded as an equal item of the 'universal consensus.' And the universal consensus becomes, or forms, or fructifies, or solidifies, into the great homogeneous truth. I may not quote him aright, and I beg his pardon for so lamely rendering him. However, that is a rude sketch of his view, a brick from his house—to mix metaphors—and perhaps you remember it better, Struan."

"God forbid! The only thing I remember out of all my education is the stories—what do you call them?—mythologies. Capital some of them are, capital! Ah, they do so much good to boys—teach them manliness and self-respect!"

"Do they? However, to return to this lovely daughter of the Kentish Alcinous—by the way, if his ancestors were Danes who took to gardening, it suggests a rather startling analogy. The old Corycian is believed (though without a particle of evidence) to have been a pirate in early life, and therefore to have taken to pot-herbs. Let that pass. I could never have believed it, except for this instance of Lovejoy."

"And how, if you please," broke in the Rector, who was always jeal-

ous of "Norman blood," because he had never heard that he had any; "how were the Normans less piratical, if you please, than the Danes, their own grandfathers! Except that they were sick at sea—big rogues all of them, in my opinion. The Saxons were the only honest fellows. Ay, and they would have thrashed those Normans but for the leastest little accident. When I hear of those Normans, without any shoulders—don't tell me; they never would have built such a house as this is, otherwise—what do you think I feel ready to do, sir? Why, to get up, and to lift my coat, and——"

"Come, come, Struan; we quite understand all your emotions without that. This makes you a very bigoted ambassador in our case. You meant to bring back all the truth, of course. But when you found the fishing good, and the people roughly hospitable, and above all a Danish smack in their manners, and figures, and even their eyes, which have turned on the Kentish soil, I am told, to a deep and very brilliant brown——"

"Yes, Roland, you are right for once. At any rate, it is so with her."

"Very well. Then you being, as you always are, a sudden man—what did you do but fall in love (in an elderly fatherly manner of course) with this—what is her name, now again? I never can recollect it."

"You do. You never forget anything. Her name is 'Mabel.' And you may be glad to pronounce it pretty often, in your old age, Sir Roland."

"Well, it is a pretty name, and deserves a pretty bearer. But, Struan, you are a man of the world. You know what Hilary is; and you know (though we do not give ourselves airs, and drive four horses in a hideous yellow coach, and wear

diamond rings worth a thousand pounds), you know what the Lorraines have always been—a little particular in their ways, and a little inclined to, to, perhaps——”

“To look down on the rest of the world, without ever letting them know it, or even knowing it yourselves perhaps. Have I hit it aright, Sir Roland?”

“Not quite that. Indeed, nothing could be further from what I was thinking of.” Sir Roland Lorraine sighed gently here; and even his brother-in-law had not the least idea why he did so. It was that Sir Roland, like all the more able Lorraines for several centuries, was at heart a fatalist. And this family taint had perhaps been deepened by the infusion of Eastern blood. This was the bar so often fixed between them and the rest of the world—a barrier which must hold good, while every man cares for his neighbour’s soul, so much more than his own for ever.

“Is it anything in religion, Roland?” the Rector whispered kindly. “I know that you are not orthodox, and a good deal pulled up with carnal knowledge. Still, if it is in my line at all; I am not a very high authority—but perhaps I might lift you over it. They are saying all sorts of things now in the world; and I have taken two hours a-day, several days—now you need not laugh—in a library we have got up at Horsham, filled with the best divinity; so as to know how to answer them.”

“My dear Struan,” Sir Roland replied, without so much as the gleam of a smile, “that was really good of you. And you now have so many other things to attend to with young dogs, and that; and the 1st of September next week, I believe! What a relief that must be to you!”

“Ay, that it is. You cannot imagine, of course, with all your many

ways of frittering time away indoors, what a wearing thing it is to have nothing better than rabbit-shooting, or teaching a dog to drop to shot. But now about Hilary: you must relent—indeed you must, dear Roland. He is living on sixpence a-day, I believe—virtuous fellow, most rare young man! Why, if that dirty Steve Chapman now had been treated as you have served Hilary—note of hand, bill-drawing, post-obits,—and you might even think yourself lucky if there were no big forgery to hush up. Ah, his father may think what he likes; but I look on Hilary as a perfect wonder, a Bayard, a Crichton, a pelican!”

“Surely you mean a paragon, Struan? What young can he have to feed from his own breast?”

“I meant what I said, as I always do. And how can you know what young he has, when you never even let him come near you? Ah, if I only had such a son.” Here the Rector, who really did complain that he had no son to teach how to shoot, managed to get his eyes a little touched with genial moisture.

“This is grievous,” Sir Roland answered; “and a little more than I ever expected, or can have enabled myself to deserve. Now, Struan, will you cease from wailing, if I promise one thing?”

“That must depend upon what it is. It will take a good many things, I am afraid, to make me think well of you again.”

“To hear such a thing from the head of the parish! Now, Struan, be not vindictive. I ought to have let you get a good day’s shooting, and then your terms would have been easier.”

“Well, Roland, you know that we can do nothing. The estates are tied up in such a wonderful way, by some lawyer’s trick or other, through a whim of that blessed old lady—she can’t hear me, can she?

—that Hilary has his own sister's life between him and the inheritance; so far as any of us can make out."

"So that you need not have boasted," answered Sir Roland, with a quiet smile, "about his being a Bayard, in refraining from post-obits."

"Well, well; you know what I meant quite well. The Jews are not yet banished from England. And there is reason to fear that they never will be. There are plenty of them to discount his chance; if he did what many other boys would do."

Sir Roland felt the truth of this. And he feared in his heart that he might be pushing his only son a little too hard, in reliance upon his honour.

"Will you come to the point for once?" he asked, with a look of despair, and a voice of the same. "This is my offer—to get Hilary a commission in a foot-regiment, pack him off to the war in Spain; and if in three years after that he sticks to that Danish Nausicaa, and I am alive—why, then, he shall have her."

Mr Hales threw back his head—for he had a large, deep head, and when it wanted to think it would go back—and then he answered warily.

"It is a very poor offer, Sir Roland. At first sight it seems fair enough. But you, with your knowledge of youth, and especially such a youth as Hilary, rely upon the effects of absence, change, adventures, dangers, Spanish beauties, and, worst of all, wider knowledge of the world, and the company of fighting men, to make him jilt his love, or perhaps take even a worse course than that."

"You are wrong," said Sir Roland, with much contempt. "Sir Remnant Chapman might so have meant it. Struan, you ought to know me better. But I think that I have a right, at least, to try the sub-

stance of such a whim, before I yield to it, and install, as the future mistress, a—well, what do you want me to call her, Struan?"

"Let it be, Roland; let it be. I am a fair man, if you are not; and I can make every allowance for you. But I think that your heir should at least be entitled to swing his legs over a horse, Sir Roland."

"I, on the other hand, think that it would be his final ruin to do so. He would get among reckless fellows, to whom he is already too much akin. It has happened so with several of my truly respected ancestors. They have gone into cavalry regiments, and ridden full gallop through their estates. I am not a penurious man, as you know, and few think less of money. Can you deny that, even in your vitiated state of mind?"

"I cannot deny it," the Rector answered; "you never think twice about money, Roland—except, of course, when you are bound to do so."

"Very well; then you can believe that I wish poor Hilary to start afoot, solely for his own benefit. There is very hard fighting just now in Spain, or on the confines of Portugal. I hate all fighting, as you are aware. Still it is a thing that must be done."

"Good Lord!" cried the Rector, "how you do talk! As if it was so many partridges!"

"No, it is better than that—come, Struan—because the partridges carry no guns, you know."

"I should be confoundedly sorry if they did," the Rector answered, with a shudder. "Fancy letting fly at a bird, who might have a long barrel under his tail!"

"It is an appalling imagination. Struan, I give you credit for it. But here we are, as usual, wandering from the matter which we have

in hand. Are you content, or are you not, with what I propose about Hilary?"

In this expressly alternative form, there lurks a great deal of vigour. If a man says, "are you satisfied?" you begin to cast about and wonder, whether you might not win better terms. Many side-issues come in,

and disturb you; and your way to say "yes" is dubious. But if he only clench his inquiry with the option of the strong negative, the weakest of all things, human nature that hates to say "no," is tampered with. This being so, Uncle Struan thought for a moment or so; and then said, "Yes, I am."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Is it just or even honest—fair, of course, it cannot be—to deal so much with the heavy people, the eldermost ones and the bittermost, and leave altogether with nothing said of her—or not even let her have her own say—as sweet a young maiden as ever lived, and as true, and brave, and kind an one? Alice was of a different class altogether from Mabel Lovejoy. Mabel was a dear-hearted girl, loving, pure, unselfish, warm, and good enough to marry any man, and be his own wife for ever.

But Alice went far beyond all that. Her nature was cast in a different mould. She had not only the depth—which is the common property of women—but she also had the height of loving. Such as a mother has for her children; rather than a wife towards her husband. And yet by no means an imperious or exacting affection, but tender, submissive, and delicate. Inasmuch as her brother stood next to her father, or in some points quite on a level with him, in her true regard and love, it was not possible that her kind heart could escape many pangs of late. In the first place, no loving sister is likely to be altogether elated by the discovery that her only brother has found some one who shall be henceforth more to him than herself is. Alice, moreover, had a very strong sense of the rank and dignity of the Lorraines; and she disliked, even more than her father did, the im-

portation of this "vegetable product," as she rather facetiously called poor Mabel, into their castle of lineage. But now when Hilary was going away, to be drowned on the voyage perhaps, or at least to be shot, or sabred, or ridden over by those who had horses—while he had none—or even if he escaped all that, to be starved, or frozen, or sunstruck, for the sake of his country—as our best men are, while their children survive to starve afterwards—it came upon Alice as a heavy blow that she never might happen to see him again. Although her father had tried to keep her from the excitement of the times, and the gasp of the public for dreadful news (a gasp which is deeper and wider always, the longer the time of waiting is), still there were too many mouths of rumour for any one to stop them all. Although the old butler turned his cuffs up—to show what an arm he still possessed—and grumbled that all this was nothing, and a bladder of wind in comparison with what he had known forty years ago, and though Mrs Pipkins, the house-keeper, quite agreed with him and went further; neither was the cook at all disposed to overdo the thing; it was of no service—they could not stay the torrent of public opinion.

Trotman had been taken on, rashly (as may have been said before), as upper footman in lieu of the old-established and trusty gentle-

man, who had been compelled by fierce injustice to retire, and take to a public-house—with a hundred pounds to begin upon—being reft of the office of footman for no other reason that he could hear of, except that he was apt to be, towards night-fall, not quite able to “keep his feet.”

To him succeeded the headlong Trotman; and one of the very first things he did was—as declared a long time ago, with deep sympathy, in this unvarnished tale—to kick poor Bonny, like a hopping spider, from the brow of the hill to the base thereof.

Trotman may have had good motives for this rather forcible movement; and it is not our place to condemn him. Still, in more than one quarter it was believed that he acted thus, through no zeal whatever for virtue or justice; but only because he so loved his perquisites, and suspected that Bonny got smell of them. And the butler quite confirmed this view, and was much surprised at Trotman's conduct; for Bonny was accustomed to laugh at his jokes, and had even sold some of his bottles for him.

In such a crisis, scarcely any one would regard such a trivial matter. And yet none of us ought to kick anybody, without knowing what it may lead to. Violence is to be deprecated; for it has to be paid for beyond its value, in twelve cases out of every dozen. And so it was now; for, if Coombe Lorraine had been before this, as Mrs Pipkins declared (having learned French from her cookery-book), “the most Triestest place in the world,” it became even duller now that Bonny was induced, by personal considerations, to terminate rather abruptly his overtures to the kitchen-maid. For who brought the tidings of all great events and royal proceedings? Our Bonny. Who knew the young man

of every housemaid in the vales of both Adur and Arun? Our Bonny. Who could be trusted to carry a scroll (or in purer truth perhaps, a scrawl) that should be treasured through the love-lorn hours of waiting—at table—in a zebra waistcoat? Solely and emphatically Bonny!

Therefore every tender domestic bosom rejoiced when the heartless Trotman was compelled to tread the track of his violence, lamely and painfully, twice every week, to fetch from Steyning his ‘George and the Dragon,’ which used to be delivered by Bonny. Mr Trotman, however, was a generous man, and always ready to share as well as enjoy the delights of literature. Nothing pleased him better than to sit on the end of a table among the household, ladies and gentlemen, with Mrs Pipkins in the chair of honour, and interpret from his beloved journal, the chronicles of the county, the country, and the Continent.

“Why, ho!” he shouted out one day, “what’s this? Can I believe my hey-es? Our Hlary going to the wars next week!”

“No, now!” “Never can be!” “Most shameful!” some of his audience exclaimed. But Mrs Pipkins and the old butler shook their heads at one another, as much as to say, “I knowed it.”

“Mr Trotman,” said the senior housemaid, who entertained connubial views; “you are sure to be right in all you reads. You are such a bootiful scholard! Will you oblige us by reading it out?”

“Hem! hem! Ladies’ all, it is yours to command, it is mine to obey. ‘The insatiable despot who sways the Continent seems resolved to sacrifice to his baleful lust of empire all the best and purest and noblest of the blood of Britain. It was only last week that we had to mourn the loss sustained by all Sussex in the most promising scion of

a noble house. And now we have it on the best authority that Mr H. L., the only son of the well-known and widely respected baronet residing not fifty miles from Steyning, has received orders to join his regiment at the seat of war, under Lord Wellington. The gallant young gentleman sails next week from Portsmouth in the troop-ship *Sandy-legs*—or some such blessed Indian name!"

"The old scrimp!" exclaimed the cook, a warm adherent of Hilary's. "To send him out in a nasty sandy ship, when his birth were to go on horseback, the same as all the gentlefolks do to the wars!"

"But Mrs Merryjack, you forget," explained the accomplished Trotman, "that Great Britain is a hisland, ma'am. And no one can't ride from a hisland on horseback; at least it was so when I was a boy."

"Then it must be so now, John Trotman; for what but a boy are you now, I should like to know? And a bad-mannered boy, in my humble opinion, to want to teach his holders their duty. I know that I lives in a hisland, of course, the same as all the Scotchmen does, and goes round the sun like a joint on a spit; and so does nearly all of us. But perhaps John Trotman doesn't."

With this "withering sarcasm," the lady-cook turned away from poor Trotman, and then delivered these memorable words—

"Sir Rowland will repent too late. Sir Rowland will shed the briny tear, the same as might any one of us, even on £3 a-year, for sending his only son out in a ship, when he ought to a' sent 'un on horseback."

Mrs Pipkins nodded assent, and so did the ancient butler; and Trotman felt that public opinion was wholly against him, until such time as it should be further educated.

But such a discussion had been aroused, that there was no chance of its stopping here; and Alice, who loved to collect opinions, had many laid before her. She listened to all judiciously, and pretended to do it judiciously; and after that she wondered whether she had done what she ought to do. For she knew that she was only very young, with nobody to advise her; and the crushing weight of the world upon her, if she tripped or forgot herself. Most girls of her age would have been at school, and taken childish peeps at the world, and burnished up their selfishness by conflict with one another; but Sir Roland had kept to the family custom, and taught and trained his daughter at home, believing as he did, that young women lose some of their best and most charming qualities by what he called "gregarious education." Alice therefore had been under care of a good and well-taught governess—for "masters" at that time were proper to boys—until her mind was quite up to the mark, and capable of taking care of itself. For, in those days, it was not needful for any girl to know a great deal more than was good for her.

Early one September evening, when the day and year hung calmly in the balance of the sun; when sensitive plants and clever beasts were beginning to look around them, and much of the growth of the ground was ready to regret lost opportunities; when the comet was gone for good at last, and the earth was beginning to laugh at her terror (having found him now clearly afraid of her), and when a sense of great deliverance from the power of drought and heat throbbed in the breast of dewy nurture, so that all took breath again, and even man (the last of all things to be pleased or thankful) was ready to acknowledge that there might have been worse moments,—

at such a time fair Alice sat in her garden thinking of Hilary. The work of the summer was over now, and the fate of the flowers pronounced and settled, for better or worse, till another year; no frost, however, had touched them yet, while the heavy dews of autumnal night and the brisk air flowing from the open downs had gladdened, refreshed, and sweetened them. Among them, and between the shrubs, there spread and sloped a pleasant lawn for all who love soft sward and silence, and the soothing sound of leaves. From the form of the ground and bend of the hills, as well as the northerly aspect, a peculiar cast and tone of colour might be found, at different moments, fluctuating differently. Most of all, in a fine sunset of autumn (though now the sun was behind the ridge), from the fullness of the upper sky such gleam and glance fell here and there, that nothing could be sure of looking as it looked only a minute ago. At such times all the glen seemed thrilling like one vast lute of trees and air, drawing fingered light along the chords of trembling shadow. At such a time, no southern slope could be compared with this for depth of beauty and impressive power, for the charm of clear obscurity and suggestive murmuring mystery. A time and scene that might recall the large romance of grander ages; where wandering lovers might shrink and think of lovers whose love was over; and even the sere man of the world might take a fresh breath of the boyish days when fear was a pleasant element.

Suddenly Alice became aware of something moving near her; and almost before she had time to be frightened, Hilary leaped from behind a laurel. He caught her in his arms, and kissed her, and then stepped back to leave plenty of

room for contemplative admiration.

"I was resolved to have one more look. We sail to-morrow, they are in such a hurry. I have walked all the way from Portsmouth. At least I got a little lift on the road, on the top of a waggon-load of wheat."

"How wonderfully good of you, Hilary dear!" she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, and yet a strong inclination to smile, as she watched him. "How tired you must be! Why, when did you leave the depot? I thought they kept you at perpetual drill."

"So they did. But I soon got up to all that. I can do it as well as the best of them now. What a provoking child you are! Well, don't you notice anything?"

For Alice, with true sisterly feeling, was trying his endurance to the utmost, dissembling all her admiration of his fine fresh "uniform." Of course, this was not quite so grand as if he had been (as he had right to be) enrolled as an "*equus auratus*;" still it looked very handsome on his fine straight figure, and set off the brightness of his clear complexion. Moreover, his two months of drilling at the depot had given to his active and well-poised form that vigorous firmness which alone was needed to make it perfect. With the quickness of a girl, his sister saw all this in a moment; and yet, for fear of crying, she laughed at him.

"Why, how did you come so 'spick and span?' Have you got a sheaf of wheat inside your waistcoat? It was too cruel to put such clothes on the top of a harvest-waggon. I wonder you did not set it all on fire."

"Much you know about it!" exclaimed the young soldier, with vast chagrin. "You don't deserve to see anything. I brought my togs in a haversack, and put them on in your

bower here, simply to oblige you; and you don't think they are worth looking at!"

"I am looking with all my might; and yet I cannot see anything of a sword. I suppose they won't allow you one yet. But surely you must have a sword in the end."

"Alice, you are enough to wear one out. Could I carry my sword in a haversack? However, if you don't think I look well, somebody else does—that is one comfort."

"You do not mean, I hope," replied Alice, missing his allusion carefully, "to go back to your ship without coming to see papa, dear Hilary?"

"That is exactly what I do mean; and that is why I have watched for you so. I have no intention of knocking under. And so he will find out in the end; and somebody else, I hope, as well. Everybody thinks I am such a fool, because I am easy-tempered. Let them wait a bit. They may be proud of that never-do-well, silly Hilary yet. In the last few months, I can assure you, I have been through things—however, I won't talk about them. They never did understand me at

home; and I suppose they never will. But it does not matter. Wait a bit."

"Darling Hilary! don't talk so. It makes me ready to cry to hear you. You will go into some battle, and throw your life away, to spite all of us."

"No, no, I won't. Though it would serve you right for considering me such a nincompoop. As if the best, and sweetest, and truest-hearted girl in the universe was below contempt, because her father happens to grow cabbages! What do we grow? Corn, and hay, and sting-nettles, and couch-grass. Or at least our tenants grow them for us, and so we get the money. Well, how are they finer than cabbages?"

"Come in and see father," said Alice, straining her self-control to shun argument. "Do come, and see him before you go."

"I will not," he answered, amazing his sister by his new-born persistency. "He never has asked me; and I will not do it."

No tears, no sobs, or coaxings moved him; his troubles had given him strength of will; and he went to the war without seeing his father.

TWO CITIES—TWO BOOKS.

It is a curious fate to have befallen towns which were once the most eminent and influential in the world, to have become "playgrounds of Europe," objects of holiday excursions, the scene of sight-seeing, the haunt of strangers. If London should ever fall into decadence and decay, it is a consolation to think that there is nothing in it which will bring wandering hordes across the Atlantic, or tempt the Continental to dare the dangers of the Channel. The Florentines and Venetians have long been used to the fate which the splendour of their former existence has exposed them to in their downfall; and yet it is difficult to believe that it has not given an additional pang to the patriotic citizen of either city, to know how much its present life is dependent upon hotels and lodging-houses; shops in which the relics of old houses are cheapened in every language under heaven; and dealers who are gradually transferring these pictures and treasures to every corner of the earth. Nothing but Locandas, guest-houses, along the Lung-Arno; nothing but caravanseras of Forestieri in the palaces of the Grand Canal. It is very good for trade, no doubt; brings money to the country, helps a great many people to live, and so forth; but it is humbling to the great towns, once so regal, and still full of the traces of regnant power, wealth, genius, and strength. Genius, most independent, yet most dependent of all great things, must infallibly, alas! one time or another, come to the auction-room; but power, and wealth, and physical force, once so abounding and arrogant in these splendid abodes of a great race, should, one might have thought, have preserved them from

the fate of the slave whose beauty is for the pleasure of her master. But the power and the strength have gone, the wealth has disappeared—and we all rush to stare and peep, and gape and chatter, where a stern Signoria, or a great Doge, would soon have made short work with intruders. To think of the time when an incautious stranger was clapped suddenly in prison for having ventured to say that he had not thought there was in Florence wealth enough to erect such a great work as Giotto's Campanile!—a mere extravagant utterance of admiration; and then to remember how every vulgar sight-seer pokes about, Murray in hand. Nay, not even with Murray. Cheap guide-books for the million now flutter about the insulted streets, all full of cheap jewellery and mosaics for the million also; and we stand aghast, gazing at the tourists who "do" Florence, wondering what strange wind blew that goose-flock thither, and what their cackling has to do with the great, serious, noble old town. Something of the same feeling of ludicrous inappropriateness came over the mind of the writer, whom—holding out to him a cheap copy of a great romance—a respectable bookseller in Florence exhorted to publish something about the City of Flowers. "We sell as many as five hundred copies of this in a season," he said, by way of encouragement. The book was 'Romola,' and if there could be anything much more quaint and strange than the invasion of the jealous and proud old town by Mr Cook's excursionists, it would be the vision thus suggested to us of an excursionist sallying forth with 'Romola' instead of Baedeker in his hand to "do" Florence. The very

soul of Mrs Malaprop is in this droll combination.

But the gentle reader is not one of those who go with the multitude to stare and gape. He (or she) is capable, always capable, of understanding the just affinities as well as the absurdities of such a conjunction; and accordingly we may be permitted to discuss Florence and Romola together to his sympathetic ear, and even to suggest another combination of a similar character, which, as it was made a number of years ago, has ceased perhaps to strike the imagination of the world. It would be perhaps a mistake to say that Consuelo was to Venice what Romola is to Florence. There is not much symbolic resemblance between the great and beautiful city of the waters—so gay, so fair, so splendid, glorious in sunshine, still more glorious, costly, and magnificent in art—and the honest, pure, sincere, and simple-hearted singer whom one of the greatest of French romancists has planted in her streets,—not nearly so much as there is between the noble, serious, somewhat solemn town of Florence, and the equally noble, lofty, and still more solemn presence of the young Florentine who is our English novelist's ideal. But yet these two figures are each of them inalienably connected with their separate city. To ourselves we avow, having but a moderate appreciation even of the divinest marble, the daughter of the Bardi is more interesting than the Venus of the Medici, that stone woman who has inhabited Florence for ages, and awakened many artistic raptures; and even Titian's daughter, or his Flora, or his Bella Donna, lovely though these ladies are, are scarcely so attractive to us as Consuelo, threading her shells on the steps of the Piazzetta, living spotless in her garret, daughter of the people, opera-

singer, zingarella—but yet as sweet, as noble, and as pure, as any ideal woman ever created. The two figures are altogether unlike each other. They come from two different types of genius, different even in nationality, only alike in power—and they are curiously significant of a hundred differences of the most subtle character, in nature as well as in art. Consuelo is the elder of the two. Had she been intended to embody and represent the soul of Venice as Romola does that of Florence, she would no doubt have been, like Romola, a patrician, endowed with that natural magnificence which breathes through Venice, which impresses us in every palace front, and—quenching one effect of art in another—leaves us untouched by any individual Titian or Veronese, lost in a wonder of admiration over the splendour, vastness, and pomp of the halls in which these great painters are but as magnificent decorators, subservient to, not masters of, the princely place in which they worked. But here the real democratic soul of the French woman—a different thing altogether from the reflective and philosophical democracy with which we islanders play—has come in characteristically, selecting her heroine from the steps of the Piazzetta, as we have said; from the tumble-down tenements of the Corte-Minelli, not from the palaces,—making her, so far as she is a type at all, the type not of Venice magnificent, but of Venice poor, light-hearted, reckless, and joyous. This involves a great and fundamental difference of plan in the two works; but not less great in the difference of character. Consuelo belongs to yesterday—to an order of conception which, we fear, no longer holds the first place in the opinion of the world; while Romola, despite the extraordinary pains that have been taken

to drape her according to the very fashion of the fifteenth century, embodies the last thought of art, the reigning ideal of the moment. No doubt this difference is no temporary but a perennial one, reappearing continually in all kinds of poetic creation, and indeed in all periods of artistic history. It is the same difference which exists between Shakespeare and Milton, between Raphael and Michael-Angelo. The one all sweetness, spontaneous movement, soft repose, unconscious grace; the other, conscious to the very finger-tips, full of effort, thought, self-contemplation—noble effort indeed, a majestic strain of mind and muscles—but still a strain. Perhaps, however, this peculiarity makes Romola a better representative of the combatant, proud, self-conscious city to which she belongs, and which, if not more really great than Venice, has at least a more solemn self-assertion in its looks, a determination more marked and bitter, less easy, large, and natural, to be the first and greatest of cities. Venice, separated from all other towns by her very design and nature, alone in the world as it were—no rival possible to her beauty, whosoever might threaten her power—reaps the advantage of her unique position in a certain ease of mind and leisure of procedure. But Florence, with so many rivals round her, had to hold her own at every moment, with that strain which begets arrogance in success, and self-regard at all times.

Florence, notwithstanding the brightness of the picture which strikes the traveller when he first enters the town, is not a gay city; everything that is characteristic to the Tuscan mind is of a grave and serious nature. The houses, which rise out of the Arno, bright with soft tints of colour, irregular, pic-

turesque, various, with roofs at every possible elevation, the one sole point necessary being, that no two should have the same level—the outline broken with loggias, balconies, projecting lines, quaint cupolas, and spires; the stream flowing full below, reflecting every salient point, every window on the high perpendicular line, every cloud on the blue overarching sky;—this fair conjunction gives, at the first glance, that gleam of colour, light, sunshine, and warmth, which is conventionally necessary to an Italian town—the sunny South, as we all say with indiscriminate fervour. But there are many days in which Florence reminds the spectator of everything in the world rather than the sunny South; and neither the mind of her people nor the architecture of her streets is of a light description. Dante, Machiavelli, Savonarola, Michael-Angelo, are names that give the mind no superficial sensation of pleasurable, but represent to us perhaps the most serious men who have figured on earth—men of a certain mountainous vastness and grandeur, with great light sometimes dwelling on their heads, but still oftener wrapped in great glooms, absorbed in contemplation of the saddest side of nature, their heads striking the stars, their souls engrossed with high questions, and problems such as have no easy solution. We have placed among these a name which the reader may think too highly honoured; but the cynic philosopher and statesman is as characteristic of the people as the great poet, the great preacher, the great painter, all toiling in sorrow and pity and wrath between a sublime God and a miserable world lost in wickedness. Serious as death and life can make them, are all these great spirits, called gloomy by superficial spectators who cannot see beneath the gloom the pathetic

humanity, the love and yearning within; and so are their houses serious, great walls, half fortress half prison, with deep projecting Tuscan roofs, which, like a broad hat over a fair brow, veil the countenance of the city, so to speak, and convey to us a perpetual impression of brooding solemnity, if not of complot and conspiracy. The churches, except perhaps the warm familiar curtained elegance of the Annunziata, are, like the city, solemn, with a dim greatness of half-light, which adds to their size and effect, but somewhat chills the eye accustomed to Gothic variety of light and shade. They are places in which it is easier to imagine a great medieval audience listening, absorbed, to a great sermon—intent on the strain of burning words which came from lips such as those of Savonarola—than to realise the presence of devout worshippers, of a gorgeous ceremonial of devotion, celestial music, rich vestments, and clouds of incense. The oldest of Florentine churches indeed—Dante's "*bel San Giovanni*"—the old Baptistry in which all the old Florentines, for hundreds of years, had their baptism—is scarcely beautiful at all without,—a round strange erection, without either majesty or grace of outline; but within has a charm of solemnity, almost of sadness, like some old mother brooding over the memory of generations of her children who have passed away—old, old, meditative still, lost in a deep and silent mournfulness. The great round of the walls, so unimpressive outside, has within a severe and lofty grandeur. Standing at the door on a sunny summer morning not long ago, what thoughts gleamed across one's mind! The vast great walls rising up dimly in that twilight coolness which is so grateful in a warm country—the vast roof tapering yet further up, with one cold pale star of light in the centre;

a few figures dwarfed by its greatness, standing like ghosts about the pavement below—one or two kneeling in the deep stillness; while outside all was light and sound in the Piazza, and through the opposite doors a white span of sunny pavement appeared dazzling and blazing. Not much less impressive than the Pantheon at Rome, most eloquent of all sermons in stone, is the great silent round of the old Baptistry, with all its associations of birth and baptism, solemn as life and death.

And so is the Cathedral across the way, massive and grand, in large lines, like a royal Juno among buildings; but, like the Baptistry, dark, and still, and solemn, musing in mighty emptiness and sadness. To see those beautiful, mournful places, and to remember how Michael-Angelo for one, with fine Florentine inflation, spoke of them, planning his dome for St Peter's to be the sister of this dome which to his eyes was perfect, "*piu grande ma non piu bella*," and bragging of the Baptistry gates that they were fit to be gates of Paradise, is of itself a most notable sign of the characteristic self-consciousness and self-assertion of the town. The palaces have the same effect as the churches: the Palazzo Strozzi, for example. How strong, how self-contained (not in our Scotch sense of the word, dear northern reader), how invincible, in grave patience and stillness, stands that old house like a rock, under its deep roof, defying time, and storm, and war, and misfortune, yet sad as things eternal ever seem, with a strange realisation of the transitoriness of everything around! The flowers they sell on the stone bench round its huge old wall, underneath the huge irons in which flags have flaunted and torches burned for hundreds of years on triumphal occasions—the sheaves of

lily of the valley, white lilac, white narcissus, already abundant and scenting all the air in the first cold days of April—seem scarcely more evanescent than the crowd of men and women who have bloomed and passed and gone into darkness while the old wall stood fast, without getting so much as a wrinkle, a line chiseled by age upon its rugged stones. The Strozzi palace is pure Florentine; and so of a less gracious kind is the Pitti, not a benign or royal place, or in the least betraying by any smile or triumph the wonderful treasures it holds fast, but grim and strong in a sober greatness, self-concentrated, aware of its own wealth. The old palace of the Signoria in the great market-place is more picturesque, with its beautiful rugged old tower, stately and strong, so finely poised between the sky and Florence; but it also is grave to extremity—smileless and serious. The square below of a market morning is brimful of Tuscan figures, in great cloaks, brown and vast, with flaps of coloured lining, green and blue, such as the old painters loved; peasants from the country, sunburnt, olive-coloured. The Piazza has a curious significant appearance quite novel to English eyes, with its crowd, almost entirely made up of men. The hum of this crowd as you stand and listen in the beautiful Orcagna loggia, with Benvenuto's Perseus, slim and splendid, slaying the monster, over your head, is as strange as the scene; a hum all male, deep and strong, with scarcely one piping treble in all its stern body of sound. The assemblage, and the strange, deep hum of it, strikes the unaccustomed eye and ear with wonder and half alarm, as if it must mean something. But it means nothing—except that so many *contadini* have come in from all the glimmering white villages between this and

the Apennines, and are telling their news and hearing it, and transacting their business, in their deep voices. There, though you would not think it, in the middle of the great square, amid doubtless a deeper hum from a still more serious crowd, Savonarola was burnt in the face of day four hundred years ago—a notable recollection enough. Not a joyful sight for any city to see; her best offered up a sacrifice to her worst, the voice of righteousness quenched in flames and smoke, while the unrighteous sat high and uttered judgment. This, too, the old city has seen more than once in her career; and, like other places, has gathered up the relics of the men she slew, and worshipped them, and bewailed herself for their loss—after having slain them. But that, indeed, is not peculiar to Florence as her gravity is, and self-love, and splendid self-sufficiency. The spectator feels how completely in the day of her splendour, while real strength remained to her, the proud old city stood upon her greatness, believing herself more noble, more beautiful, more richly decked, more full of might and genius, than any other city or nation—Florence against the world.

We can scarcely suppose that the resemblance of Romola to her city is entirely intentional on the part of the author of 'Romola;' for there are points in this character, lofty as it is, which are not lovable, and which do not belong to the highest ideal. Romola is, the reader remembers, the daughter of an old philosopher, brought up by him upon books and the pagan tradition, which in those days, as a little in our own, had returned upon the tracks of Christianity to boast itself more perfect in high stoicism, courage, and moral greatness than the passionate and imperfect religion of the time. Old Bardo dei Bardi was one

of the scholars of the age, devoted soul and life to the study of that great literature of the past which in his eyes was superior to anything of the present, to the foolish crowds of ordinary human creatures round, and all the vulgar transactions of living and dying. So, too, his young daughter was trained to think, brought up in a proud seclusion, a little leavened by the painful humility of knowing that she was but a woman, and could never carry out her father's work as her brother could have done, who had declined to sacrifice his existence to the old scholar, and had been bitterly repudiated by the father, and scarcely less condemned by Romola herself. Thus Romola's attitude from the very first is one altogether separated from ordinary life, above it, innocently yet proudly contemptuous of it, and of common Christianity, common existence—raised upon a pedestal of seclusion, learning, and ignorance, knowing nothing, as is so often the case, of the world which she disdains. The character thus formed captivates many imaginations incapable of perceiving, or unwilling to perceive, that the loftiness of tone which may thus be attained can only be gained in conjunction with a narrowness which is fatal to true grandeur. Romola is beautiful, graceful, high-minded, and sweet in her reserved and maidenly calm—innocent herself as an angel, but without that fragrance of innocence which makes the child-like soul believe in others as in itself. She knows herself pure, noble, and true; but the world which she sees from the great barred windows of the old high prison-palace, is not, she knows, true, and noble, and pure, but a common thing which she has been taught to despise, which is beneath her, a thing to be greatly contemptuous of. Here and there is one figure

who, like herself, is raised above it, keeping his skirts apart from its touch, disdaining the rascal multitude; but with that multitude itself the girl has no sympathy. It is not that she thinks too highly of her individual acquirements—for in respect to these, indeed, she is kept on a safe level of humility—or is vain of a beauty of which she is scarcely conscious. There is no vanity in her; but vanity itself is a venial and human imperfection in comparison with the lofty narrow sense of a vague but great superiority, which is in the very air she breathes. Strangely enough, though all the world appreciates the forbidding character of that spiritual pride which says I am holier than thou, a great portion of the world are deeply impressed by the intellectual self-assertion which claims to be nobler, loftier than the rest of humanity; and the reader has no reason to suppose that the great writer who created Romola intended to suggest any defect in the nature so loftily limited, so proudly narrow.

In the earliest scene which presents this beautiful creature to us, the keynote of her character is clearly struck and indicated. She is answering her father's bitter apprehensions of being forgotten, his scholarly petty murmurings and repinings over the probable substitution of some other name for his, and his assertion of his "right to be remembered." "Nevertheless, father," she says, "it is a great gift of the gods to be born with a hatred and contempt of all injustice and meanness. Yours is a higher lot never to have lied and truckled, than to have shared honours won by dishonour. There is strength in scorn as there was in the martial fury by which men become insensible to wounds." We might say this was strange language for a girl of eighteen, were it not very certain that there are few

things youth adopts more easily, or holds with more absolute faith, than this high doctrine of superior rights, and "the strength of scorn." But there is no tender amusement in the author's tone, as if she meant us to feel her beautiful Romola to be a victim to youth's delusive innocent grandeur of self-contemplation, but a gravity which precludes all possibility of humour, a stately setting forth of the position as most real and most noble. She is Florence personified; proud, nothing doubting, if not her own, yet her father's "right to be remembered," feeling it natural that all things in heaven and earth should give way to that just ambition. This is the foundation upon which her character is built. She is never throughout the story on a level with any one she encounters, unless, perhaps, it is the sovereign presence of Savonarola. To all others she stoops—even in the first warmth of love, to Tito, who is her opposite, not her complement. She stoops to him, as long as he does well, with ineffable tenderness and self-subduing; but the moment he has committed his deadly sin against her, rises at once to her old attitude, fatally above him, clad as with invincible armour in that "strength of scorn" which had been her earliest conception of moral grandeur. Though she is temporarily brought under the influence of Savonarola, and for a while, recognising even in spite of herself the greatness of his work and his aims, bows her proud head to his command, and even accepts, deeply against her will, the confessor he gives her, there is no real change wrought in her. She is proudly pitiful, tender, visiting like a queen the poor who want caring for, impressing all who cross her path, and receiving everywhere a visionary worship, but never once descending into any kind of human

equality. So gravely and persistently is this attitude maintained, that we are compelled to believe that the author intended it so, and felt in the crushing loftiness and grandeur of her creation nothing that was not consistent with the highest ideal. Romola towers over everybody else as she moves through the streets of Florence, simple indeed, but with a simplicity which has nothing to do with the simpleness of ordinary humanity—a figure not angelic but Olympian, a daughter of the gods, conscious of her lineage; in her early stage as contemptuous of the common horde as a demigod should be—in her later, moved to such pity and lofty service of them as Pallas herself might condescend, in an emergency great enough to call forth her efforts, to afford.

Such is the noble, lofty, limited, narrow, and splendid being whom George Eliot has placed for us in those lofty streets of Florence, whom we can see passing to and fro in her veiled and stately beauty, attracting a reverential observation everywhere, never misconstrued or unappreciated as, alas! real greatness often is. How well she suits the arrogant, serious place, "with her way of walking like a procession," as poor Monna Brigida says! and when we see the forlorn noble figure, pitiless and comfortless, arrested in the wintry glory of the early morning, on her sombre flight out of Florence—turning her back upon the beautiful city, with all its spires and house-tops gilded by the rising sun—facing the blank road before her, upon which that early light has just burst forth, and feeling an awe in her desolate soul "of the impalpable golden glory and the long shadow of herself which was not to be escaped,"—it is as if the very soul of the grave self-concentrated town were passing away from it. But Romola, in her Christianised state, under the

influence of Savonarola, is not so perfect an image as in her previous development. She is not adapted for Christianity. Self-sacrifice, in the classic sense, like that of Iphigenia, would be completely natural to her; but self-renunciation is not natural, and there is a certain constraint in the labours, which ought to be of love, into which she enters, with only pity in her at best, not love. Indeed there is nothing more remarkable in the creation of this woman than the kind of love of which she is made capable. The fountains of divine charity are not in her; but those of a noble individual passion might and ought to have been, one would have imagined. But Romola's love is never true love. It is a sudden, surprised, and passionate admiration for a creature unlike herself which seizes her—an enthusiasm for the image of joy and brightness which suddenly lights up her life, in the person of the beautiful traitor, whose advent into the still, dim Florentine house, full of dry books and tedious studies, is as the coming in of Apollo himself, the god of sunshine and gladness. Her love is more like the love of man than of woman; it is scarcely loftier or deeper than is his love for her beauty; indeed the love of Tito is almost a more elevated sentiment than that of Romola, in so far that he is unfeignedly conscious of her superiority to him. And as it arises in a warm and bright flood of self-delusion, so it dies again with a suddenness and completeness most alien to the character of that immortal thing. There is little or no struggle in its ending; it is annihilated like a thing of earth, slain almost at a blow. Of all those gnawings and heartrendings by which Love, wounded and deceived, makes its painful going known to many a lesser being, there is scarcely a trace

in Romola. She feels the blank in her soul, the destruction of her hopes, bitterly enough; but of those sickenings of purpose, those yearnings of heart, those stings of tender habit and association, those prejudices of nature which are detached so hardly and painfully, each by repeated and separate effort, from the being, and which make the death even of a secondary affection so hard a struggle, she knows nothing. She is above all the vicissitudes, the waverings, the subtle reminders with which nature, mixing herself up in the struggle, so often gets the better of the sufferer, when he had hoped that the worst of the conflict was over. When Romola finds that the reflection of her own ideal has died out of the beautiful eyes of her young husband, when he deceives and betrays her hopes, she is able to drop him like a stone. There is no impossibility in the severance; she can do it, and does it with little pause of deliberation, yet with no after-spring of reviving tenderness. Such a sudden resolution to escape from the unworthy is natural enough, and has moved many a true lover; but seldom has Love thus been able to take wing, to detach itself altogether from the soul, to be called back by no relents, no failure of strength and courage, no softer, pitiful pleading of the outraged heart. This is, we cannot but think, a failure in art, as well as a lessening of nature, a denial of immortality in the affections which strikes the mind almost more painfully than even a speculative denial of immortal existence itself.

We have been drawn into criticism against our will out of the lighter subject with which we started, and the reader, we trust, will forgive the digression out of sympathy with that strong attraction of genius which makes an imaginary

being often more real to us than even such a splendid fact as Florence with all her wealth and loveliness. Having gone so far, we will go still a little further, drawn by the same force; for Romola, with her loftiness and her narrowness, could never show to us as she does without the figure beside her, a still greater masterpiece of art than she, and doing (may we say it?) an equal violence to nature. Tito, the beautiful, bright young adventurer, who commences his career before our eyes with more inclination towards good than evil, and who retains through all his tortuous ways so many of the goodnesses of nature, the charm of a sweet disposition, and an unfeigned lowliness of self-estimation, is one of those unique figures in art which seize upon the imagination, and affect us like the sudden revelation of a new species. The only thing that interferes with our admiration of the skill and force with which he is developed is the very force of the feeling he excites, and a certain aching sense we have that there is something cruel in the determination which gives him his first impulse the wrong way, instead of the right. We feel that Tito is, in some sort, the victim of his own Creator, of some remorseless theory or recollection in her mind which impels her to repeated demonstration of the insufficiency of amiable qualities and superficial goodnesses of disposition, to stem the strong current of self-regard with which, she would have us believe, these gentle gifts are closely allied. The weak soul, drawn from lie to lie by one first fatal swerve from truth and honour, has been the subject of many a story; but few writers have treated this kind of sinner without a certain pity in their reprobation, and we know none who has ventured to make so good, so gentle-hearted, so kind a villain.

It is perhaps for this reason that we feel an involuntary protestation arise in our mind against the arbitrary will which thrusts Tito into the way of evil, and has no pity nor relentings of purpose over him. Even the terrible candour with which his good gifts are allowed, gives us an impression of cruel satisfaction in the writer, an air almost of triumphant revenge, as by elaborate powerful touch after touch she shows how poor is all this lovely surface of gentleness, how miserable even the sweetness and genial grace of nature in conjunction with that ignominy of lying, and subtle selfish preference of the pleasant to the undesirable. The gleams in him of a better man, which are freely and almost fiercely shown to us, would be used by almost any other writer with whom we are acquainted as a means of softening our condemnation of the criminal; but are employed by George Eliot, on the contrary, to heighten his guilt, a conclusion which by sheer omnipotence of genius she compels the reader to accept so long as he is under her power. She does not deceive us about him, does not attempt to paint him all black, with the primitive vigour of early art—scorns to conceal from us that at his worst moment her smooth villain would step out of his way to do a natural act of kindness that cost him nothing, and could allow himself to be hindered even in his most momentous affairs by the claims of helplessness; but she never permits us to accept these gentle acts as a set-off against his wickedness.

The other mode of treatment is a great deal more familiar to the world. How often have we been called upon to note those broken reflections of the image of God which should make us, as gentler philosophers say, pity, not altogether condemn, the sinner? But Tito's kindnes-

ses, poor traitor, are, on the contrary, set before us with a certain bitter indignation, as that completest of all disguises, the mask which nature herself lends to make guilt more dangerous. He has no credit, but the reverse, for his good natural disposition, his desire to give pain to no one, to please all. His deference of mind to his betters, and absence of pride, and even the momentary movements towards a real repentance, which touch his mind, and in one case, at least, impel him to action, though too late—all these, we are taught to feel, do but blacken his sins; for how does he dare to have so much that is good in conjunction with so much that is evil? A certain reproach to nature, calling of shame upon the agencies which have made the man so good yet so bad, seems to breathe secretly out of the tremendous picture, with a suppressed wrath which would be almost Dantesque, had Dante ever taken the trouble to divest his sentences of identity, and spend his wrath upon an imaginary being. The force of genius in this wonderful impersonation is incontestable; but to our mind the pain in it is so great as to carry it beyond the legitimate field of Art. A touch of pity would have restored the balance; but the total absence of pity moves us, the moment we are outside the charmed circle of the enchantress, and free to think, with a quick revulsion of feeling. We feel that it is not so much Tito who has done all this wrong, but that his creator, vindictive, like an avenging god, forced him into it, by way of justifying the penalties which already in some old record of predestination had been foreordained.

We do not know whether the author has meant to make any protestation against the common superficial judgment of humanity in her

contrast and comparison of these two great figures: the man with every superficial charm, even to the subtle superficiality of disposition and "goodness of nature," yet a traitor and born betrayer of all trust and honour; the woman without any attraction of the superficial sort except her beauty—proud, self-concentrated, inaccessible, kind because of duty and a high compassion, never from fellow-feeling and tender human impulse, yet noble, pure, and ineffably true. Is it a paradox? or does she mean to teach us over again the very old but never convincing lesson, that what is pleasant is always to be distrusted, and that Virtue herself is to be doubted when she presents herself in sweet graces of external softness and amiability, in gentleness and pleasantness? If so, we doubt much the truth as well as the force of a lesson which, should an angel from heaven preach it, humanity would not and ought not to believe. It is perhaps this unexpressed sentiment which gives to the mass of readers a certain awe of this book, which they know is a great book, and of which all their instructors speak to them with enthusiasm, but which never has gained—never, we believe, is likely to gain—that general and common love which is often foolishly conferred, but which always responds to the highest inspirations of genius. Romola has no sympathy with them, nor consequently have they with her. They are too little and she is too elevated to afford that ground for union which fellow-feeling gives. Whether this supreme superiority and demigod elevation above common things is really the highest ideal of art, is a question which may be open to individual taste and liking; but there cannot be any doubt that when an author voluntarily chooses, instead of the universal crowd of his fellow-creatures, that

audience fit though few to which some great writers prefer to address themselves, he must accept the natural penalty. The soul which is like a star and dwells apart, may commune indeed with its celestial fellows in some starry language, with deeper satisfaction than the common tongue can give, but must not complain if it is left outside of the kindly babble of mere humanity. The greater is inconsistent with the lesser fame—we leave to the reader to decide which the greater and which the lesser is.

This, however, is a very long digression out of Florence, to which '*Romola*' serves as a very superb guide-book, not to be equalled by any Murray known to man. Nobody who has read this great romance will fail to remember where the Piagnoni made their bonfire of vanities; or will have much difficulty in imagining to themselves the aspect of the streets in which the white-robed angelic boys of Savonarola's flock, with a touch of mischief in their delightful rampant piety, such as no one can portray with a brighter or tenderer hand, despoiled poor Monna Brigida. Florence is very much now what she was then, a town unchanged—though the new life of Italy betrays itself in the new lines of streets, out of doors, so to speak, beyond the old limits, which increase without injuring either to the eye or the mind the old stronghold of history, of art, of human conflict and passion. Thanks to the solid force of buildings which were made for centuries, there is no continual demolition or addition in the heart of Florence to thrust away any pleasant associations or any sad ones, or to bring the new into perplexing and painful juxtaposition with the old. The Florence of to-day is still the Florence of the Medici; as the Casa Buonarrotti, still inhabited and put

to pleasant human uses by the family, is Michael-Angelo's house, where that great genius sat in his closet, jammed up in six feet of space between one wall and another, and planned his noblest conceptions in less space than a modern housemaid requires for her dusters and brushes, not to speak of a modern butler and all the luxuries of the pantry. But in the town there is no want of space for all the exigencies of the day. Florence is as fit to live in now as it was in the fifteenth century. There is nothing heterogeneous in its growth and expansion—nothing contradictory to modern progress in its noble streets; for the fault of the great city was never to be short-sighted of the future, indifferent to posterity, or disposed to live from hand to mouth. It is no frivolous pleasure-place, no haunt for sight-seers, but the most real of cities, adapted to all national uses of daily life and work. And there is no town we know which impresses itself more deeply upon the imagination, or lends itself more powerfully to heighten the effect of any novel sight or notable event. As we write, such a scene rises up in our mind—one of those moments of strangely vivid impression which live in the soul without any special reason—a mere recollection, yet more truly felt than many of infinitely deeper importance. This particular scene belongs to the Florence of some fifteen years ago, which is as much a different age to ourselves, and to the world in Italy at least, as is the time of *Romola*. It was the day of a public funeral—we do not remember of whom—a member of the archducal family then reigning,—a lady who had been popular among the Florentines, and who, young and guiltless of any harm, was honoured by them with that tender natural solemnity and reve-

rence which an imaginative and serious people is so ready to give to the early dead. We do not recollect the procession any more than the name of the dead lady; but it would be impossible to forget the aspect of the city—grave, mournful, and reflective, under a clouded sky;—the Arno grey and hushed, with that profound sympathy which nature sometimes shows, the reflections on his still bosom all subdued out of their usual colour and brightness; the air thrilling with the slow solemnity of funeral bells; the passers-by hushed in voice and footstep; the distant hills veiled and mournful; and all Florence holding its breath in a hush of natural solemnity. This aspect of the town from the bridge—all sunless, grey, and still, the dim air possessed by the vibration of the tolling, most mournful of all sounds—remains in our mind like a picture, never to be forgotten. Florence, with the sun blazing on her red roofs, catching the white Campanile, the brown and rugged grace of the old tower that crowns the Palace of the Signoria, the low defiant strength of the Podesta's fatal palace, where Bernardo del Nero and many another noble Florentine besides died, in the caprices of an ever-changing Government—gives no impression of sadness to the gazer who stands upon the sunny heights of Bellosguardo, or on San Miniato among the graves. But nevertheless there is no light-minded or light-hearted glitter of facile beauty or airy grace to be looked for in the city of Dante. It is grave—as that man was, who to find the veracious way again, when he had lost it, had to make that solemn *giro*—wonderful parable among so many parables!—by Hell and by Heaven.

Nothing can well be more different than the effect produced upon the mind of the stranger by that

enchanted city and home of dreams, called Venice among men. That the Florentine should live the life of ordinary men, work and sorrow, and suffer tedium and weariness like the rest of us, is natural. But in Venice the whole place is magical—a city past reasoning about, past accounting for—incredible in her origin, in her greatness, and in her decay. How she came about at all out of those low mud-banks that lie opaque and dull, with gleaming lines of water about them under the moon as we glide onward; how, having come into being, she should be, not rude and rough like other marine creatures exposed to all the assault of winds and waves, but rich and glorious, unfretted by saltiness of the sea, uninjured by creeping damps and mists; how her walls should be marble, and her every line adorned and rich with daintiest work, such as no landward city, surrounded by firm paths and solid earth, can boast of; how, in that resourceless place, without an acre of corn land or a garden of herbs, dependent for every supply, for every meal, upon the world without, such wealth should have grown and accumulated; and how, thus having grown, vanquished the impossible, made and adorned herself like the most magnificent of brides, she should have fallen away again, and dropped into poverty, downfall, and decay,—are things for which no one can account, wonders of man's strength and weakness beyond all human power of penetration. But so it is. A miraculous city stands there, made out of nothing, out of slimy mud oozing with salt and damp, the dimmest marshy wilderness turned into one of the noblest towns in Europe. The slimy mud-banks are hid away under solid marble, the desolate swamps made into not only a habitable

place, but the brightest, most sunshiny and dazzling of places inhabited; strangest unlooked-for result, which would be one of the greatest wonders of the world were it not so far back, and were not Venice so entirely an accepted fact known and worshipped for centuries! To be sure we take no note nowadays, and the Doges and magnificent Senators took no note, of the generations of true founders who must have buried themselves, with their piles and stakes, upon the mud-banks, to lay a feasible foundation for the place, founding it, as every great human city is founded, upon human blood and sacrifice. But there stands the city of St Mark miraculous, a thing for giants to wonder at, and fairies to copy if they could. The wonder leaps upon the traveller all at once, arriving over the broad plains of Italy, through fields of wheat and gardens of olive, through vineyards and swamps of growing rice, across broad rivers, and monotonous flats of richest land, by the Euganean mountains dark upon the pale sky of evening, and the low swamps gleaming under the new-risen moon. The means of arrival, indeed, are commonplace enough, with shrieking locomotives and stifling carriages, and all the well-known circumstances of the Iron Way; when, lo! in a moment, you step out of the commonplace railway station, commonest and least lovely of all things, into the lucid stillness of the Water City, into the waiting gondola, into poetry and wonderland. The moon rising above shines upon pale palaces dim and splendid, and breaks in silver arrows and broad gleams of whiteness upon the ripple and soft glistening movement of the canal, still, yet alive with a hundred reflections, and a soft pulsation and twinkle of life. The lights glitter above and below, every star and every

lamp doubled; and the very path by which you are to travel lives, and greets you with soft gleams of liquid motion, with soft gurgle of liquid sound. And then comes the measured sweep of the oars, and you are away, along the silent splendid road, all darkling, yet alight, the poorest smoky oil-lamp making for itself a hundred twinkling stars in the little facets of the wavelets, ripplets, which gleam far before you, shining and twinkling like so many fairy forerunners preparing your way. Not a sound less musical and harmonious than the soft splash of the water against the marble steps and grey walls, the soft lave and wash against your boat, the wild strange cry of the boatmen, as they round with magical precision each sharp corner, or the singing of some wandering boatful of musicians on the Grand Canal, disturbs the quiet. Across the flat Lido from the Adriatic comes a little breath of fresh wind, cool yet silken soft, touching your cheek with a caress; and when, out of a maze of narrow water-lanes, you shoot out into the breadth and glorious moonlight of the Grand Canal, and see the lagoon go widening out, a plain of dazzling silver, into the distance, and great churches and palaces standing up pale against the light, our Lady of Salvation and St George the greater guarding the widening channel, what words can the wondering stranger use to describe the novel, beautiful scene? On this side, half in gloom, if gloom can be amid all these reflections more minute and varied of artificial light, lie the palace and the cathedral, which are the centre of all; the great Campanile, the winged lion on his column, the gay moving crowds, and bright windows, and pleasant groups in the brightest of public squares. Alas! the long line of great houses that lead up to the

Piazzetta are all hotels nowadays, and inhabited by Goths and Gauls, and Huns and Vandals, the very barbarian hordes of ancient times—stout Englishmen who yawn and gaze and find “nothing to do” in Venice; and, let us hope, respectable Frenchmen and Germans, who are as stupid, though their groans are not so audible to us, nor perhaps their desire for “something to do” so strong. This is Venice: a miraculous place, at which the heart leaps; surely the very place where our dreams are all living, waiting for us—the place we have never been able to come at in all these years—the land of visions, the city of the blest. In general, the unknown has no sooner become the known than straightway the magic fails, and the loveliest scenes drop into flatness and calm of reality the moment our insatiable eyes have fathomed and taken possession of them. But the charm of Venice is so great that you may glide about its canals for days without feeling that obnoxious seizure of reality, that conviction that you are on the same earth, and are the same creature with the same cares, that you were a short time ago while still you had the hope of being transfigured by the new thing before you. No; still for the moment you are transfigured,—not on earth at all, but in a place of visions, a country new and strange where wonders dwell. Over that broad sheet of silver yonder, widening blue and pale into the unseen depths, could any one wonder if, through the stillness, with soft sob of the gurgling water about its bows, some ship of souls should suddenly come in sight, with angel faces, “long loved and lost awhile,” smiling at us through the miraculous air? Could any one be startled if, out of the dark boat softly pushed to the open doorway, some friend from the everlasting

silence should all at once step forth

“And strike a sudden hand in mine,
And ask a thousand things of home”?

Tears gather unthought of in the pilgrim's eyes, who knows he is dreaming wildly, yet is glad to dream and feel still in his waning life that touch of youth, that thrill of the impossible, that nearness to all miracles and wonders. We know no other place which retains after the first glance this visionary charm.

And how strange it is while feeling this to remember, as one does, suddenly, with blank amazement, that Venice has no poet! She has been celebrated by strangers, but never in her own musical tongue by a son of her own. All the great songs of Italy have come from other regions; not only the ‘Divine Comedy,’ which would be out of place among those gleaming watery ways, but even the lighter storied strains of the ‘Decameron,’ the love-sonnets which would have chimed so sweetly to the measure of the waves. Music is everywhere about, but articulate verse nowhere. “Ah oui, tous les Vénitiens chantent,” says in bad French, and with a certain Teutonic contempt, the German waiting-maid, sniffing disdainfully with broad Teutonic nose at the soft harmonies that rise from the floating choir in the gondola outside the window. All Venetians sing; and no doubt there are humble popular poets here as elsewhere in Italy—a hundred nameless song-makers, who supply the wants of the people; but no voice great enough to have been heard beyond the lagoons has risen out of Venice proper, except in tones of statecraft and diplomacy—in roar of cannon, or in the painter's still language, the poetry of Art. Even kind old Goldoni, with his lively dramas, is a Chiozzite; and our own Byron is the

greatest poetical recollection which one hears of along the noble poetic course of that canal-highway, every house of which, reflected with all its lights in the dancing water, is of itself a poem. And it is the hand of a stranger which has placed in Venice the soft visionary figure to which we have already referred—the beautiful vision of Consuelo. Never did princely visitor leave behind him a more worthy gift; though Consuelo is no great Venetian lady, no princess of a reigning family, no glorious type of the magnificence of Venice, as perhaps the highest illustration of Venice ought to be. In such a point we cannot traffic with Genius, but must accept its work under its own conditions. Consuelo, indeed, though the sweetest, is but one of many spells which the great French romancist has woven about Venice, and we have from her hand other pictures of languishing ladies in palaces and gondolas, of life which is but a dream of love and languor and heart-tearing vicissitudes of emotion, such as are apt to fatigue, if not to sicken, our northern souls. But Consuelo is not one of those voluptuous patrician beauties. The Venice she represents is that which toils, and rows, and browns in the fierce sun—not that which is lulled in the invisible seclusion of the gondola, by soft rocking of the waters, by drowsy chant of song, into all the dreams of idleness. The romance of her history is long, and mystical, and strange, dealing with wonders and mysteries which we have no intention to enter into, and which injure the perfection of the tale in point of art, though they never fail to carry on the reader in a strange trance of interest like the prolonged and endless stories of the ‘Arabian Nights.’ It is only its beginning which is Venetian; but that beginning is enough for our purpose; and places permanently one of the

most delightful figures in modern fiction within one of the most beautiful of scenes.

Consuelo is a musician. She is a child of the streets, the daughter of a vagabond singer, a Spanish woman who earned her bread by her guitar and her voice in *cafés* and public places, giving to her child neither training nor tradition beyond the very rudiments of such law and self-restraint as make existence possible. Consuelo has no reputation to guard, no prejudices of honour to get over, but has all the freedom of the very lowest social class, and all the knowledge which is acquired unawares by children brought up in the streets of a great city. There is nothing in her above those antecedents; yet everything in her is above them. She is pure, and true, and honourable by some noble instinct—as fine natures are in all classes with the most wonderful triumph over all preconceived ideas. She has the toleration of her class, and is not horrified by the evil round her as maidens more carefully guarded would be. But while, as natural to her condition, she accepts the vice, which she cannot but be aware of, as a fact which it is not hers to judge, she holds herself instinctively, almost unconsciously, clear of all pollution. When we see her first, she is no full-developed heroine, but a long-limbed, awkward child, in the unlovely strgo of girlhood, with a beautiful voice, and much serious devotion to the education she is receiving in the musical school conducted by the old composer Porpora. No pretensions are hers to grace or beauty. “As she grew fast, and her mother was very poor, her dresses were always a year too short, which gave to the long limbs of fourteen, thus used to show themselves in public, a kind of wild grace and freedom which it was at once pleasant and sad to

see." The child is first introduced to us busy at her work in the music school, at the moment when old Porpora, a somewhat grim teacher, has just distinguished her as the most studious, the most modest, the most docile of his pupils—an announcement received with disdain by all the school, but unheard by Consuelo herself, who, bending over her book, her hands upon her ears to shut out the noise, is at the moment singing over her lesson under her breath. This characteristic opening is followed up in the whole after-tale. Consuelo is occupied with her art, with the work before her, wherever she may happen to be—scarcely ever with herself. She is conscious of herself so far as to know what she can do—most useful and essential and uninjurious piece of self-estimation; but either she has no time or no inclination to inquire further into that being which is not the chief interest in the world to her—herself. Romola, as we have said, is superior to all whom she encounters; but Consuelo is no one's superior. In her quiet but much-occupied mind there is always so much that is better going on, that she lacks leisure to measure her own height, and consider how she stands among others. The author does not fail to show the intense difference between this pearl of genius and all the ordinary scholars about her, but with delightful art she manages to make it fully apparent how little Consuelo herself knows or thinks of the difference. The girl wanders fearless and free, in the confidence of her childhood, about the Venetian streets. She earns her bread by all the industries common to her kind—working with her needle when her mother is ill and needs her care; crossing the lagoon to the Lido to gather the shells on its sandy shore;

sitting on the steps at the landing-place where the gondolas come and go, threading these shells into the necklaces which everybody knows, with Anzoleto at her side helping her—a young Adonis, brown and beautiful, with naked feet hanging down into the soft water that laps and laves the shore—who is the villain of the piece. Consuelo goes on calmly working, while the old master of music and the young *diletante* Count talk over her head—stringing her shells together—with dark locks uncovered under the blazing sun, with soft ripple of the winds and water about her—subdued colour, sound, and movement, her shells in her lap, her eyes on her work,—a pretty, simple picture. Just so the dark-haired brown children, with great eyes flashing from their olive faces, sit under the sunshine which would kill an English child, upon those perpetual steps which descend to the water, and where it is so easy to dabble when one pleases, in the bright rippling wavelets so green and full of sunshine. Here is George Sand's description of the life of the Venetian boy and girl, poorest of the poor, and happiest of the happy:—

"They crossed the lagoon at all hours and in all weathers, in open boats without oars or pilot; they wandered over the marshes without guide, without means of noting the time, and without any thought of the rising tide. They sang before the little chapels made under the vines at the corners of the streets, without minding the late hour, or without need of any bed till morning, but the white stones, still warm with the heat of day. They stopped before the theatre of Pulcinella, and followed with passionate attention the fantastic drama of fair Corisande, queen of the puppets, without recollecting the want of their breakfast, and the great improbability of supper. They threw themselves into the wild amusements of the Carnival, their whole disguise and adornment

being, for his part, his coat turned inside out, and for hers, a great bunch of old ribbons over her ear. They made sumptuous repasts, upon the side of a bridge or on the steps of a palace, with shell-fish and sprigs of fennel. . . . Though they had the most absolute and dangerous liberty, without family, without mothers, tender and vigilant, to make them virtuous, without servant to call them home in the evening or lead them back to rest, without even a dog to warn them of danger, no disaster ever befell them."

Thus the children of the people lived and grew; the boy no whit better than his peers, but the girl spotless. In her way, Consuelo is the Una of Venice, passing unharmed and untouched through perilous situations, of which it is by no means consistent with the art of her creator to spare us a single detail. We have quite enough, indeed too much, of those situations, which, however, make no more impression upon the sweet personality of the central figure, than do the wilder woodland adventures of Una herself upon that type of purity. Consuelo lives in her garret unguided, except by her own instincts, without support or guardian in the world; and the reader feels nothing unnatural, nothing over-strained, in the simple goodness of the high yet lowly creature; nor even in her intercourse with her betrothed lover Anzoleto, who is not pure, as she is, but who, nevertheless, has so much of the cordial familiarity which a lad has for his friend, and of the habitual affection of a brother, mingled with the sentiment which they both call love, that even his youthful depravity is kept in check by the conjunction.

The other scene through which the girl passes, as she proceeds through the streets and canals, is the darker one of the theatre, in which Ma-

dame Sand is always at home, and in which the noble passion of her heroine's pure genius enthralms the public, as the best always does, even though the worst may also receive the fickle plaudits of the crowd. But the little room in which Consuelo works, with her old portfolios of music, her lessons in composition, her deep and loving study of the principles of her art—though it is a poor little garret in a broken-down old house, the little paved court under its windows opening upon a dark and narrow canal—is more interesting than the theatre where she makes a brief appearance. And so is the musical school, with its harsh and bitter but great old master; and its pretty pupils, vulgar, undisciplined, and noisy, *qui ne rêvent que le théâtre*, and study their art for its rewards and successes, never for itself. The link of connection which exists between the watery back-slums of Venice and the brilliant boards of the opera, with all its fairy triumphs, is revealed to us with curious vividness. George Sand, like George Eliot, makes everybody inferior to her heroine; the heroine is fortunately left unconscious of it, but the reader is fully informed on the subject; and la Clorinda and la Corilla are poor enough vulgar specimens of the singing girl, eager for glory, fine dresses, applause, and pleasure. The insolence of the one and the stupidity of the other, and their dull contempt for the more heavenly creature in the midst of them, is no doubt true to the lowest types of conventional human nature; but the reader will have as little pleasure in dwelling upon these common Venetians and their evil ways, as he has in contemplation of the too carefully studied Florentines in Romola—though probably their career is a better reproduction of the ordinary life of their kind than is that of the

Unawho moves whitely among them, making a sunshine in a shady place. But Consuelo herself, innocent and dreamy, threading her shells on the broad steps, while the gondolas push alongside soft and rapid, receiving or disembarking their passengers, with the opening of some narrow way, a cut between two marvellous lines of building, affording a background for her figure, or some great church raising its dome into the skies, or the lion on his column standing fast and firm above; with her handsome boy companion lounging by, his brown legs dangling into the warm canal, and his head like a Greek statue, on the alert for notice, calls of passing patrons, or glance of admiration—while the girl, with her head bent over her work, takes note of nothing; this is a picture which the reader will not easily forget.

And Consuelo, like Romola, has her moment of love-deception, her discovery of her lover's unworthiness, her despair and flight. To say that the one story is altogether wanting in the grandeur and elaborate grave art of the other is unnecessary, for that is implied in the very nature of either tale, in the different positions and characters of the two women who are each the central figure in her own drama. Consuelo's love is not of the heroic type of Romola's; for indeed the Venetian girl has a wealth of knowledge of human nature and toleration of its imperfections which is impossible to the high-toned Florentine. Consuelo loves no ideal in the handsome Anzoleto. She knows his faults, his nature shallower than her own, his want of industry, his petulance, a hundred weaknesses which take him altogether out of the rank of demigod. Few women of her class, we are afraid, can look upon their future husbands as demigods,

though the heroines of poetry do, and even—Mr Trollope, at least, encourages us to believe—the young ladies of the present day. To Romola in her ignorance the beautiful Tito is as a sun-god, a young Apollo, lighting up her grave existence. But Consuelo, with a humbler truth to nature, has no such grand idea, and no such expectations. She knows the imperfection of her lover, knows him weak, not always wise, indolent, a little self-regarding—yet with the perversity of nature loves him, never expecting from him any transformation of existence, but only the comfort of mutual support and union in which she shall have her full portion both of labour and help. To our thinking this is a much nobler type of love than the poetical passion which has pretensions so much higher. It is true love, the other being but supreme Fancy. Perhaps it is as little to be desired that this most serious and deepest form of human sentiment should be specially supreme in a young soul, as the ideal Passion, hot and sudden, which takes rank so much above it, and is so much more universally believed in; yet without this to fall back upon the other is naught, and love drops from its immortality into a vulgar thing, however high-flown. Romola's is the conventional love, Consuelo's the real. The one arises and dies alike suddenly, leaping into life at a stroke with a subtle self-regard in it which is veiled by all the graces of art and poetry, yet lurks beneath those flowers, an expectation of supreme glory and joy to be gained; which, being not gained, turns the sweetness into bitterness, and kills the heathen classic passion, which is a failure, and has not produced what was looked for. Consuelo's, poor soul, is a great deal harder to kill. Could she shut her eyes to the sin against

her, we almost fear she would do so, though her heart sickens and turns from it with a wondering disgust and anguish, which is deeper far than that supreme rebellion of the other kind of love against the being who has deceived it. The sufferer in this case is hurried away by her counsellor out of reach of her own relentings, to save her from the softening of tenderness, the love which faints but cannot be killed. In this as in other things her story is the exact opposite of that of her greater and more heroic antitype. Romola, rigid and stern, with her love dead, can come back as duty bids, and live like a woman of stone under the same roof with the husband to whom her heart never relents, towards whom she feels nothing but a still horror and scorn; but Consuelo, with her true love which sought so little in return, has to fly to save herself from relenting, to make forgiveness impossible, to prevent herself from enduring all things, from suffering long, and melting into kindness like the Divine Charity itself.

Anzoleto, however, is no such wonderful creation as Tito, nor does he demand the same consideration in the story. He is a common type enough of the unworthy lover, though with so much good in him as his higher appreciation of Consuelo's noble character makes inevitable. He knows what is good, and in his heart prefers it, notwithstanding the miserable jealousy, meanness, and sensuality which lead him astray from her. But the author of his being does not hate him as George Eliot hates Tito. She does not intend from the beginning to ruin and crush him into infamy, as the still greater genius of the English writer, vindictive and terrible, sets itself to do. The French woman takes infinitely less pains about it, and is content with a much

more ordinary type. But notwithstanding this, and all our prejudices in favour of the one against the other, we cannot but claim for George Sand's heroine a higher place in nature than that which ought to be assigned to the royal Romola. The grandeur of the Florentine is a conventional grandeur: she speaks and moves and acts like an enlarged and sublimated impersonation of a girl's ideal of woman—an awe-inspiring goddess; whereas the poor child of the people, making her necklaces on the great marble steps, unguarded and uncared for, is of the truest and highest type of feminine character—real, simple, natural, and true, with nothing of the sham or fictitiously great about her. Her sweet and friendly presence charms the reader everywhere. She smiles at us though she knows us not: never too great for us, notwithstanding her genius and her fame. Even her trifling lover, though he reverences her better nature, and knows that in art she is higher than himself, is never crushed by her superiority as Tito is by that of his magnificent wife, who towers over him with a grandeur which makes us almost pardon his lighter sins at least. We are tempted to dwell upon the contrast, because it is fundamental in art—not only a contrast of two different types, but of two different systems and codes of what is best. The superior is beginning to have a new reign on the earth, thanks partly to such ideal personages as Romola—and the spontaneous and unconscious are falling into discredit; but here, as elsewhere, true art is on the side of that which is simplest and least pretending—the lowly person rather than the great.

Books and literary reputations, like everything else, fade into obscurity as time goes on, and 'Consuelo' has not the fame which it once had, nor even perhaps has George

Sand retained her fame and extended reputation. We do not know even whether it is desirable that 'Consuelo' should be sold to the excursionists as 'Romola' (oddly) is, by way of lending to the general mass an interest in Venice; for French romance, even at its climax, and when its object is good and its central figure noble, as in this case, is not so safe for general reading as English. But no one who has read the book will forget to remember it when his gondola shoots along the bright canal, or glides up to the steps on which the children are sitting, stringing their shells, or eating their outdoor meals under the sunshine. When the breeze blows from the soft Adriatic across the Lido, and the winding channels which ooze down to the sea; when the sun blazes on the steps at the Piazzetta, and the palace of the old Doges shows all its carven work, dwarfed by very richness, and the grateful shadow creeps further and further back in the colonnades; when the water gurgles and murmurs at the boat's head, and the gondolier chants his long-drawn cry, "Alf! mi!" at the corner, before he plunges into the grateful dimness of the narrow canal;—look! is not that the girl, seated where the dancing green ripples, all penetrated with sunshine, make a waving magical play of light at her feet; her dark locks under the sun throwing forth a kindred gleam of reflection, her young, lithe figure—too young for any thought of grace or attitude—lightly, simply posed upon the warm marble of those steps where the passers-by come and go, and

gondolas push noiselessly up, and noiselessly set forth again, nobody noticing the quiet child at her work! Venice, with all her loveliness, is so much the more friendly for this soft face in it, this spotless dweller in its narrow *Corti*, and wanderer about its water-ways.

Friend unknown! you will meet many friends in both these cities of the past. Her in Florence with the Cardellino—serene, sweet mother, in holiest bloom of womanhood; Her of the Granduca, so reverent of the child she holds; that Judith, pale with the passion and the crime of her cruel night's work—most terrible of heroines, with such exhaustion and excitement in her face as no one but Allori, of all her painters, has ventured to put there; that Bella of Titian's painting, who has no name except the Beautiful; that pathetic Mary of the Magnificat in Botticelli's famous picture, with her pitiful angels; and many another which we have no space to note. But we doubt whether one of all those pictured powers will pluck at your memory so effectually as Romola; who dwells in Florence, a kind of tutelary patroness and goddess of the grave city. Such power of semi-deity is not in the humbler and sweeter soul of the Venetian singer; but when you have come from the Titians, and those acres of splendid courtly canvas on which Paolo has proved himself the most magnificent of all decorators, you will see Consuelo on the marble steps as you go back to your gondola—a gentle presence as abiding, if not so queenly or so great.

QUID SIT ORANDUM.

God is all-wise, all-powerful, and all-good :—
 I speak to those alone who hold Him so ;
 All-wise, and *knoweth* therefore what is best,—
 All-good, and *willeth* therefore what is best,—
 All-powerful,—*can do* therefore what is best,—
 And, if He can, why, *must*. Where Knowledge, Will,
 And Power combine, what else results but this ?
 We cannot, like the Garden's famous sage,
 Dream of an idle God that daffs the world
 Aside and lets it pass. We know too well.
 By sad experience, how such power for good
 As man can wield may rust for lack of use :
 But God's great virtues must go forth of Him
 For ever and for ever, and His work
 Be always what is best. Whatever is,
 Is therefore best. Our finite faculties
 May stumble sorely, grope in doubt and dark,—
 Yea, stifle in black quagmires of despair,—
 Failing to see how sorrow, suffering, sin,
 How Evil's manifest units swell the sum
 Of final good :—but—grant the premises,—
 And the conclusion follows, logical,
 Inevitable. All that is, is best,
 Wear it to us what face it may, for God
 All-wise, all-good, all-potent, wills it so.

But Prayer then,—to what end ? if thus we hold
 That, unsolicited, God needs must work
 Humanity's best, though to humanity
 That best seems often evil. When we pray,
 Something we ask,—no matter what,—of God,
 Something He holds already good or bad,
 Or best or worst say rather, for with Him
 Is no indifference. Suppose it chance,
 As chance it may, that our entreaty squares
 With His great purposes,—the thing will be,
 Without our stir. If we petition ill,
 Will He grant ill to please our blinded wish ?
 Is man more wise than God, that he should ask
 Eternal Wisdom to revise its scheme,—
 Hint what would seem amendment here and there,—
 Suggest an over-sight ?—And yet what else
 Is Prayer for what God thinks not good to give ?
 —So thought the Roman Satirist :—“ Wherefore then
 “ With votive tablets fringe the waxed knees
 “ Of marble Gods, and weary Heaven with prayers
 “ Superfluous or pernicious ? ”—True, he ends
 With sanction of request for whatsoever
 Was best and noblest in the Heathen's sight,—

Sound mind, sound frame, the courage to class Death
 Among the gifts of Nature, fortitude,
 Calmness, content, and high contempt of lust
 And luxury :—if man *must* pray, *must* fry
 His porker's entrails in the altar's fire,
 Nor be content to leave the Gods unteased,—
 (Though so 'twere better, if he might advise,)
 Thus let him ask—at least he'll do no harm :—
 So, with a sneer, he gives us leave to pray.
 —Shall we then, drifting with the Fatalist,
 Shrug careless shoulders, fold our idle hands—
 Let the world slide with, "Che sarà sarà!"
 "Kismet!—What difference if we pray or no?"
 So thinks the Moslem, yet the Moslem prays.
 Shall *we* be dumb?—We cannot choose but pray!
 Cold Reason prates of prayer's futility :—
 Calamity and suffering fling the gloze
 Of Reason to the winds :—Divine command
 And natural impulse drive us to our knees,
 And God Incarnate tells us *how* to pray.

The Roman knew not that, a few short years
 Before he preached such Gospel as he could,
 There was another Preacher, and a form
 Of prayer delivered to a race he scorned,
 Upon a mountain-side in Galilee,
 Brief, comprehensive, pregnant. Church and Priest
 Have missed no chance, through nineteen centuries,
 To inter-scrawl and margin-spread the text
 With cumbrous iteration of request
 For this or that particular,—seeming good
 To such, of course. Does not our Father know
 The things that we have need of ere we ask?
 Can we not trust Him? In that formula
 What earthly boon did Jesus bid us pray
 Save "daily bread"?—that is, to-day content,
 Trust for to-morrow :—pardon where we err,
 Spare us temptation, and deliver us
 From evil ;—generals :—what's the earlier clause
 That underlies them all?—"Thy will be done!"
 —"Fixed Fate, Free-Will, Foreknowledge absolute,"—
 That problem still must front us. Let it rest!
 Faith can be humbly patient, and await
 Solution later, when, in God's good time,
 Heaven shall un-film our eyes and let us see
 How all things have together wrought for good.
 —Or must the Christian too be Fatalist?—
 Say, "solvitur volendo;"—for a while
 The question's answered :—yet the moments come,
 Not seldom, in the life of all whose thought
 Toils o'er the unguessed riddle of the world,
 When doubt, in that apparent liberty
 Suspects a hidden bondage. 'Men propose,

But God disposes :—that's an utterance
 Christian in form, methinks, yet Fatalist
 In essence,—full of comfort too for such
 As trust His goodness. Dares the most devout
 Avow he hopes by praying to persuade
 Omniscience to *his* notion of what's good,
 If there Omniscience differs ?—Rightly held,
 God's Will is fate. No variableness,
 No shadow of turning. Through Eternity
 God's Will has been, is, will be, must be, done !
 The Pagan's stern "Anankè" is God's Will
 For Theist and for Christian. But the last
 Sees farther than the first, and hails a light
 Beyond the gloom. The early Pagan felt
 An iron fetter of Necessity.
 How forged he knew not rightly,—or by Gods
 With body parts and passions like his own,
 Or by some elder primal power whereto
 His Gods themselves were vassals :—knew alone
 A tyrant, not a Father :—lacked the light
 To see a Providence that 'shaped his ends,
 Rough-hew them as he would,'—the confidence
 To own in Nature, Fate, Necessity,—
 God's Will as *we* should say,—an ordinance
 Wiser than he could frame :—the faith to say
 "So best, for so Thou wilt !"

Be his fault

Free from *our* blame, if fault it were, to be
 Too ignorant to conceive, too weak to bear
 A saying hard enough for us who have
 The lesson and the pattern.

At the last,

What prayer was His, who, sweating as it were
 Great drops of blood, on Calvary's awful eve,
 Knelt by the olives of Gethsemane ?
 "If it be possible, O Father ! let
 "This cup pass from me ! Ne'ertheless, *Thy will,*
 "Not Mine, be done !" —The human agony,
 The sorrow like no sorrow 'fore or since,
 Broke forth in that exceeding bitter cry !
 Flesh for a moment quailed—but Faith was firm,
 And conquered Nature with "Thy will be done !"

So pray, and cease not ! yet not on thy knees
 For ever, droning with the cloistered Monk,—
 Not like the useless Hermit, self-absolved
 From all man's debt to man,—malingering
 In heaven's great warfare, when the trumpet-note
 Of duty calls to act ;—not satisfied
 To turn mechanic Buddhist barrel-wheels,
 Or squat, a torpid theorist, absorbed
 In contemplation of thy navel's pit.
 Pray ever ! Life, if life is rightly lived,

Is one long orison. All faculties,
Employed as God would have them used, are steps
Upon the stairs by which man climbs to Heaven,
For "laborare" is "orare" too.

Pray ever, and work ever. Say at morn
"Thy will be done, for it is good,"—and so
Go forth more apt to do it :—say at eve
"Thy will be done, for it is good,"—and so
Sleep fearless with that saying. Prayer and sin
Fight in no holiday-tourney, ever locked
In mortal grapple :—Prayer must strangle Sin
Or Sin will strangle Prayer.

The world is dim,
And we, as yet, not capable to face
The perfect noon of knowledge and of truth.
Some day we shall see clearer. But, till then,
Use we what light we have, and pray for more,
To know more fully what we know in part,
What conscience teaches but imperfectly,
What pride disputes, and passion over-clouds,
And frailty doubts, and wild despair defies.
Lighten our darkness! Light! more light! to see
What is that true and perfect will of God,
That we may help to do it ;—not as tools
That know not what they fashion, but as hands
Whose heart is in their work :—and, whatso'er
It be, this above all, more Faith to cry,
In darkness or in light,—“Thy will be done!”

II. K.

BRACKENBURY'S NARRATIVE OF THE ASHANTI WAR.

THE public has waited anxiously, and has not been kept waiting long, for a connected and authentic memoir of that extraordinary war which England made on the Gold Coast last winter. Personal adventures we have had recounted in plenty. We know pretty well—at any rate it is not the fault of numberless writers if we know *not*—what were the excitements, privations, sufferings, and consolations of unhappy men whose duties called them to take part in that loathsome though not inglorious strife. The scenery, the difficulties of the daily task, our enemies in their savage bravery, our allies in their apathy and cowardice, have been shown to us by means of the pencil and of the pen, until the manner of the war has been stamped upon our apprehension. But all through the preparations, all through the hated struggle, our minds were intent upon matters concerning which the keenest observer's notes, the most graphic sketches of the artist, could never inform us. We desired to know why there was a war at all; how it came about that, liable as we were to the incursions of a formidable enemy, and charged as we stood with the protection and ordering of many subject tribes, we left our settlements for years, and tens of years, without adequate defence—nay, almost defenceless. It was an inquiry ever present to our minds whenever the subject was discussed, how a force of white soldiers could be effectively used in that deadly climate, supposing that it should be able to face the climate at all; and we asked, too, whether

it might not be possible, by arming and disciplining the native tribes, who wore the enemies of our enemy, to carry on the war by blacks against blacks. Mere advantage against barbarous numbers of Ashantis has been obtained before, sometimes by a dashing venture, sometimes by the terror of a new weapon, as a rocket, sometimes by the accidents of climate or of state affairs, which obliged the enemy to withdraw into his own country; but we wanted to know how the means hitherto at our disposal may be used with a fair prospect of success, or what additional force will be required, if it be ascertained that the forces to which we formerly trusted are insufficient. We wished, in short, to see the various incidents and adventures by the light which can proceed from only official records, or from the decisions of councils, or from the combinations of commanders. Not events only, but the springs of events, the chain of causes which had been operating aforesaid, the plans which brought forth the recent successes in the field; these are what we must study if we would be instructed as well as affected. And in good time, just when the sensational aspect of the campaign is beginning to get a little dull, comes Captain Henry Brackenbury of the Royal Artillery, a staff officer of the expedition, with his narrative of events from first to last—an account compiled from official documents, whose meaning is illustrated by the knowledge of an officer who was at once an eyewitness of many of the actions and scenes, and

The Ashanti War: a Narrative prepared from Official Documents by permission of Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, C.B., K.C.M.G. By Henry Brackenbury, Captain Royal Artillery, Assistant Military Secretary to Sir Garnet Wolseley during the War, &c. &c. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

a confidential agent of the commander of the forces. Sober, dispassionate, and clear, the narrative is, and ought to be; but such was the variety of "moving accidents by flood and field," such were the brevity and the brilliancy of the campaign, such, too, we may add, is the ability shown in presenting the different phases of the war, that the reader is not for a moment allowed to feel himself given up to dry or drowsy details: the details are all there, but they are judiciously introduced; we have the excitement of an epic story with the teaching of accurate history. The glimpses which the newspapers gave us of the earlier actions were like the revelations of a magic lantern: a handful of sailors or marines, of West India troops, of native tribes or volunteers, suddenly flashed up somewhere, had a brush with the enemy, the scene closed, and all was dark again. We seldom knew what causes brought the combat about, how it was connected with other operations, or how it contributed to the result of the campaign. One remembers how, when it was first told us that the Ashantis had retired behind the Prah, England was rather disconcerted than otherwise by the news. A decoy, many of us said, a ruse to draw our troops on, and outflank them; then to cut them from their base, and let the rains, assisted by Ashanti knives, dispose of them. Few of us knew, and certainly none of us until he has read Captain Brackenbury's account will understand, how, step by step, spite of grievous disappointments and failures, the Protectorate was cleared of King Koffee's troops, who fell back, not to execute a clever plan of their own, but because, being closely pressed by the different handfuls of men (whom we occa-

sionally saw projected singly on the curtain, but who were all working together to a common end), they found the Protectorate a great deal too hot for them, and were glad to put the river between themselves and their pursuers. It cannot be forgotten, either, how the great discomfort of the Ashantis was expected to happen when Captain Glover, at the head of his thousands from the banks of the Volta, was to burst upon their flank. But our author shows us how, before Captain Glover had moved a foot, the work of clearing the Protectorate was done, and the way was being prepared for the march of white soldiers, who were to follow up the success already achieved, and, instead of allowing Koffee leisure to hatch plots in the security of his palace, to bring fire and sword up to his very doors, and treat him to some of the pleasant sensations which he had been fond of creating among other nations. We ourselves confess to having been so taken by the unveiling of the causes and connections of the war, that we had not much stomach for critically dissecting the work; and we imagine that our readers, like ourselves, would desire to know *what* the book tells us, rather than our opinion of how it is told.

The narrative divides itself into distinct epochs; most of the accounts are succinct, while the events in them are many and various. If, therefore, Captain Brackenbury's reader be of our mind, and wish to master the subject of the Gold Coast War, he will not object to perusing the history of each period as frequently as will possess him of all its events, before he advances to the stage in front of it. The epochs may be tabulated as—

1st, The ancient history of the

region; the disputes, raids, and combats; the troubles of the governors and traders of old.

2d, The Ashanti invasion, which led to this last war; the steps taken to meet it; the means of defence available at first, and the succours from time to time afforded up to the mission of Sir Garnet Wolseley and Captain Glover.

3d, The plans proposed, and means resorted to, for ridding the protectorate of the Ashantis; the demand for white troops, the preparation for their reception, and forward march.

4th, The advance of our forces, under difficulties. Passage of the Prah, and movement beyond that river to the line where resistance recommenced, with collateral operations of Glover's force.

5th, The struggle to get Coomassie. Its capture and destruction.

6th, The results of the war, and prospects of the settlements.

Numerous trading settlements of Europeans dotted the Gold Coast at the commencement of the present century—French, Danes, Dutch, and English. As regards the three last-mentioned nations, their settlements appear to have been interspersed along the sea-coast, so that there was no continuous region which could be geographically assigned to any one of them. So far as this our history informs us, the French kept always to the westward of the other nations, beyond the river Assinee. Of necessity each little settlement established amicable relations with the black tribe or tribes among whom it had made its *dépôt*. These compacts, it is presumed, differed as to their terms from the beginning. They were certainly found to differ at the period to which earliest records take us back. But it is probable

that the treaties of each settling nation became gradually more assimilated to each other, although different nations were fond of different conditions. This last remark is true especially of the Dutch and English, the two which are principally concerned in the antecedents of the war. The Dutch levied their duties on one principle, the English on another. The Dutch viewed the slave-trade with an indulgent eye; indeed, at one time they did more than this in its favour—they entered into the traffic pretty extensively. The English refused to recognise slavery or the traffic in slaves. Hence the Dutch were esteemed by the savages as the more reasonable and liberal people, and as preferable neighbours and protectors. Each nation had established a system of subsidising its protected tribes, the money so paid being either rent for the ground occupied by the settlements, a tribute for the privilege of trading in the country unmolested, or an inducement to the tribal governments to perform certain services. Whatever it meant, its payment reveals the weakness out of which have arisen all the disputes, heart-burnings, and wars, up to this year of grace 1874. Calling themselves protectors, the whites had seldom or never the means of controlling the circumjacent tribes, far less of protecting them against foreign enemies. The *sui-disant* protectors could bring no effectual aid when it was wanted; they, by the pretence of protection, took the spirit of self-defence away from the protected tribes without fulfilling the duty of shielding them from attack. This, without doubt, was the general cause of our Gold Coast troubles.

Though able to do so little for their *protégés*, the white settlers of different races were obliged to do

something for their own protection at their different stations. Hence arose a number of small forts in which were quartered the scanty professional troops that were furnished for this region. In time of danger the traders, as volunteers, assisted in defence of the forts, and obtained what further assistance they could from their native allies. But the latter were so cowardly and so lazy as to be generally more a trouble than an aid, notwithstanding the immense and continuous pains taken by the whites to make them a little martial, as they were reputed once to have been. Europeans could never finally acquiesce in the truth that tribes numbering thousands of brawny, healthy men, and having no business in the world if that business were not war, should be utterly and persistently unavailable for any warlike purpose: so they went on trying to discipline and inspire them. Hitherto, it must be confessed that these slothful, cowardly wretches have baffled all attempts to make men of them. Exception from this general censure must however be made in favour of a very few tribes, foremost among whom the Houssas, although far from being all that could be desired, show bravery and many soldier-like qualities.

As the coast tribes, all pretty much alike in their cowardice, were not given to trouble us seriously, the question presents itself—against what enemy is it that we white people profess to defend the coast tribes? The answer is: Against a powerful tribe or aggregation of tribes, continually pressing upon them from the interior, envying them their maritime position, envying them their subsidies from their white allies, despising them for their poltroonery, and purposing to make them slaves, and to appro-

priate such goods, as they may possess. The name of this powerful nation has lately been familiar to all of us; it is the Ashantis. These Ashantis will fight for what they want; they have seldom scrupled, when it suited them, to invade the Protectorate, to which they are a standing terror; but up to this time they have always been persuaded by money or force to retire to their own country north of the Prai river, after a longer or shorter occupation of some of the protected territory. Their incursions have not been always productive of glory to the British arms. Our author has to make mention of reverses, the white flag hoisted on a British fort, an English governor with his attendant force captured and slain. Spite of disasters, however, the whites did always manage to hold or recover their ground on the sea-coast.

As for us English, the Ashantis have always professed that they did not want to quarrel with us; but they have been fond of striking at us through the sides of the tribes which lean on us. They have laid claim repeatedly to sovereign rights acquired by conquest over some or all of these tribes, and they have invariably held it good international law that these sovereign rights included a title to the tribute money which a white nation may have been in the habit of paying to the conquered. This title has been advanced and withdrawn very many times, as recorded in very many treaties made by English governors with kings of Ashanti. We shall hardly find out now how the right of the dispute originally lay; but this we know, that treaties were often not honourably observed by the British, and that by our lapses in this respect we gave the savage monarchs an idea

that our principles and our practice do not always coincide, thereby but too surely inducing them to hold to their affiance in cunning and violence. Thus answers were sometimes given by us which in effect were barefaced repudiations of agreements recently and solemnly made. We cannot therefore be surprised if the kings of Ashanti credited us with being just a little more slippery than themselves. To show that we do not write this without warrant, Captain Brackenbury, at pp. 9 to 12, narrates that in 1817 an English mission having proceeded to Coomassie, a treaty was there signed between this country and Ashanti which provided for perpetual peace between the two nations, and covenanted that there should be no hostilities in case of a real or fancied injury, but that the king should lay his grievance before the governor, from whom he might expect justice. We guaranteed a free passage to the coast to the Ashantis, and the king undertook that neither we nor our allies should be troubled by tribes under his influence. But shortly after, when the Ashantis were about to make war with an inland nation, one of the tribes protected by us insulted some of the king's messengers. The king thereupon complained to the British governor, as by the treaty he was entitled to do, but "unfortunately," says our author, "the governor's answer was a defiance to the king." War, of course, was expected by the Cape Coast people after this. The civilised people for some reason had thought fit to repudiate and violate the treaty, but what does the savage? He sends another messenger, with a large retinue, "who insisted on the treaty being read, claimed satisfaction under its clauses, and said that, if redress were not granted, he should leave

the treaty, and war would be declared." The good faith and the patience were all on the Ashanti side at this time. Even a third embassy, escorted by 1200 armed men, came down to insist on the observance of the treaty, and on compensation for the breach of it in the first instance. But by this time a gentleman had arrived from England with a commission as Consul to Coomassie; and the King of Ashanti, notwithstanding the manner in which he had been treated, consented to reopen negotiations with this gentleman, Mr Dupuis. A new treaty was then concluded, in 1820; but this the local authorities, and afterwards the Home Government, refused to ratify. We quote our author's remarks on this unhappy result.

"Bearing in mind that the King viewed Mr Dupuis as the ambassador of his Sovereign, and that his own dealings with us had always been fair and straightforward, it is not difficult to see that he must have looked upon the repudiation of this contract as a deliberate breach of faith on the part of the British; and it is difficult to conceive a more unwise policy than that adopted by us—a policy more likely to bear bitter fruit in form of future mistrust, fatal alike to commerce and the progress of enlightened civilisation.

"The friendly treaty so happily made being thus nullified, the King of Ashanti adhered to his previous demands, though he did not take immediate steps for enforcing them."

It is a pity that we did not know something more of these matters last year, when one of the cardinal points of belief laid down was that it was utterly useless to negotiate with the King of Ashanti, as, whatever promises he might make, he would be sure to break them at his convenience.

Our relations, we perceive, be-

came complicated, and England was not free from blame in the matter. The King of Ashanti, now doubting and condemning us, had means of making himself very troublesome. By fear or favour he could persuade some of the Coast tribes to act in his interests rather than in ours; and in that way he kept up continual alarms, and was able to harass the Fantis, whose tribes occupied the country near to Cape Coast Castle. He evidently felt very sore; his troops were constantly reported to be south of the Pra, and threatening or molesting our protected tribes. At last he seized, carried off, and put to death a British serjeant, and sent to inform Sir Charles Macarthy, the governor of the Gold Coast, "that he would make his head into an ornament of the royal death-drum." It was to avenge this injury and insult that Sir Charles Macarthy started upon his ill-starred expedition in 1824. Then followed incursion after incursion of the Ashantis into the protectorate, until in 1827 the use of rockets somewhat scared them, and the king expressed a wish for peace again. Governor Maclean in 1831 did arrange a peace which he and his successors managed to preserve for many years. Spite of occasional disputes, there were no hostilities of consequence until comparatively modern times, when the clouds began to gather which led to the war-tempest of 1873-4.

Sometimes a merchant company, sometimes the Crown, had ruled the Gold Coast. In 1843 the Crown assumed the government, and has kept it ever since. These repeated transfers were not favourable to a steady line of policy. If our conduct was not to be such as could win the Ashantis to our friendship, we should at least have taken care to have at command

a force sufficient to keep the tribes for whom we made ourselves responsible in order, and to show a proper front to the Ashantis whenever they might try their fortune in an invasion. But this sufficient force was never present until this past winter of 1873-4, when, for a few weeks, a well-appointed expedition put forth its strength on that vexed territory, carried the war at last into the enemy's kingdom, and inflicted a punishment which, it is to be hoped, will operate for a long time to come.

Besides these shiftings of the government between Crown and company, there were other historical transactions which contributed to bring the war upon us. We bought out the Danes, and afterwards made exchanges with the Dutch. The latter arrangement, though very convenient to the two European nations, was distasteful to some of the protected tribes, who wished to retain their old protectors. It led to quarrels and obstructions, and things did not go on pleasantly for a long while. At last proposals were made for the withdrawal of the Dutch and the assumption of the whole Dutch protectorate by the English. About giving effect to these proposals, the English (rather late in the day) were very scrupulous indeed, lest by taking over the Dutch forts, they should cause any trouble to the natives. Elmina (originally Dutch), in which State there seems always to have been a party friendly to the Ashantis, had, while these proposals were under consideration, a general and some forces belonging to that nation lying within its boundaries. King Koffee Kalkalli of Ashanti, who had by that time (1870) ascended the throne, protested against the transfer of Elmina, which he declared to be his, and which, no

doubt, he, for reasons before given, preferred to have under Dutch protection. The Dutch, however, got rid of the Ashantis who had lain in Elmina; and the Dutch commissioner distinctly denied the right of King Koffee to that state, and explained that the money paid by them to Koffee was a free gift, and in no respect a tribute in respect of their protectorate of Elmina. A written renunciation of his claim to Elmina, and consent to the correctness of the state of things as represented by the Dutch Commissioner, was also procured by the Dutch from Koffee. This, as our author shows, was a suspicious document; and it was never afterwards acknowledged by King Koffee; yet it was accepted as genuine by the English. In fact, the English government consented to take over the Dutch protectorate; having, in so doing, the right entirely on their side, so far as documents could justify them.

The King had kidnapped some French and German missionaries, whom he refused to surrender, "but with proviso and exception;" and Mr Salmon, the Governor, had closed the way to the coast against the Ashantis. It soon became apparent that the King meant war; and it was not long before acts of war were committed. The situation, in brief, appears to have been as follows at the beginning of 1873:—The English left in possession of Danish, Dutch, and English forts, and protectors of the tribes circumjacent thereto. The tribes in many instances resenting the transfers of forts; and, in the case of the Fantis and Elminas, hating each other, and interchanging hostile acts, though now under a common protection. The Elminas, not wholly, but certainly in part, disloyal to the whites, and endeavouring to assist the in-

vaders. The Ashantis, many thousands in number, across the Prah, and proceeding coastward, capturing towns as they came.

This short account of events antecedent to the war was necessary before we could properly introduce the remarkable incidents of the war itself. As told at greater length by Captain Brackenbury, the prefatory story exhibits some of the most curious and interesting matter in the whole book. It may probably entirely satisfy the reader's mind as to whether a war on the Gold Coast might or might not have been avoided, and is therefore worthy of his very careful perusal. By it he will be convinced, we should imagine, that when lately Mr Gladstone in Parliament declared that official information concerning the Gold Coast had been "deplorably scanty," he did not use language at all too forcible. In regard to the obtaining of information, and in every other regard, the colony had been neglected. Ministers put aside the petty troubles of a barbarous region, and left the governors and other officials to scramble along as best they might. If there be any maxim respecting colonisation which we ought to have learned by this time, it is this; that where we plant ourselves as traders among barbarians we must be provided with a force sufficient to make us respected. But the climate; it is death to white soldiers to serve on such a coast. Certainly there will be great expense of human life. But then you may avoid that expense by not proceeding with the plantations; or if you decide to remain there, to do so conveniently you must incur the expense. We have had to pay heavily at last both in money and men; a smaller outlay of both boldly submitted to at an earlier date would have ren-

dered the sudden and numerous force sent out in 1873 unnecessary. We sent out a force of marines last autumn; we might have done the same in previous autumns. The marines did not stand the climate well. No; but we have plenty of ships and might have effected very frequent reliefs. Pay some way we must; and there is every reason to believe that a small payment made early would have rendered our late heavy toll unnecessary. We contend that a display of force was required by common prudence, whether we might choose to carry things with a high hand or to appear as friends and benefactors of the natives. We did take up that rôle of benefactors and civilisers, but we played it so badly that we lost every chance of succeeding by force of kindness. Now, if Government had been so minded three or four years ago, when our affairs on the Coast were beginning to look serious, it might surely have discovered that which has now come to light concerning some very questionable dealings of our own officials in times past. It might have found out too that probably the transfer of Elmina to the English did very sensibly affect King Koffee's interests: also that his rights as lord paramount of some of these tribes, however he may according to circumstances have repudiated or asserted them, had some real foundation. Now that he has been severely punished, there may be rankling in his breast an idea that he is not suffering for his cruelty and pugnacity, but because he ventured to assert some righteous claims which it was not convenient for the English to acknowledge. Possibly had this been understood before things became too far perplexed, his claims in this respect might have been easily satisfied. But what hope was there of

this when our rulers rested content with "deplorably scanty" information!

The Ashanti invasion, we are told, took Colonel Harley, the governor, by surprise. He had not been more than two months at the station, and he evidently believed that the negotiations which had been going on about the captured missionaries and the transfer of Elmina gave an assurance that hostilities were not yet imminent. He did not perhaps perceive the importance that the Ashantis would attach to the closing of the road to the coast by his predecessor; nor read aright all the shuffling conduct that had been going on concerning the prisoners and the king's claims. Koffee, no doubt, had been treacherously designing war for some time; but his treachery had proceeded from a conviction that there was treachery on our side, and that he must take care of himself. As we read further on in the narrative, he had been led to believe that we intended to take his kingdom from him, and to give it to a king south of the Prah; and, with his confidence in us destroyed as it was, it is perhaps not surprising that he believed reports to our discredit, and resolved to take the bull by the horns. But though surprised the governor was not dismayed. He at once surveyed his resources, and a pretty beggarly account it was that he took. We were under the impression that a small detachment from a West India regiment had been stationed permanently on the Gold Coast; but it does not appear from the narrative before us that any troops whatever, whose designation is to be found in the Royal Army List, were there. Whether we are right or wrong about this, it is distinctly stated that, officers and men all told, the whole available

force dispersed over several stations was 160 men, and we presume that Houssas and volunteers are included in these. Further volunteering was immediately set on foot; and, not discouraged by the many instances in which such a call had vainly been made, the governor issued a proclamation calling upon the Fantis and other spirited natives to turn out in defence of their hearths and homes. From 60,000 to 70,000 warriors, Colonel Harley thought, might respond to this call; not that we mean to represent him as resting content with calling these spirits from their vasty jungles. He sent out the best agents he could find to convince them of the extent of the danger and of the necessity of being up and doing. Our protection, they were assured, had a peculiar meaning. It meant that they were to protect themselves, though we would after a fashion furnish them with leaders, advice, and weapons. It may be well to mention by the way that the governor, who talked of turning out 60,000 men, had 381 flint guns, and 190 Enfields available for issue. However, he did the little that could be done within his own government, and he wrote to Sierra Leone for assistance, whence he received 300 Sniders, with ammunition, and also 100 men of the 2d West India Regiment. He also reported his position to the War Office, from whence he received in due course 700 muzzle-loading rifles and 210,000 rounds of ammunition. We say here of Colonel Harley and his assistants, that whatever want of forethought or perception they may have displayed before, they now, in a time of extreme peril, went about what might have been regarded as a hopeless employment with as much courage and energy as if ample means had been at their disposal.

The Ashanti border is 70 miles north from Cape Coast, and fortunately some other tribes—Assins, Denkeras, Akims, and others—intervened between them and the unready Fantis, whose boundary extends not more than 25 miles north of the coast. So while the Ashantis were routing and punishing the Assins and others, and gathering and consuming their crops, time was gained for pressing the Fantis to action, who, it was hoped, might be warmed by importunity, though they would not kindle at the first alarm. A little was done; and by the time the Ashantis had driven the Assins back upon the Fantis, the latter had shown something like a front, and been beaten. The more reliable troops, the W. I. detachment and the Houssas, were expected, in the last resort, to cover the white settlements, so that they could not at present take the foremost place in resisting the enemy. They, however, kept among the tribes, and did what could be done towards making them fight to advantage. The Fantis could not be induced to attack; but when they were attacked, they, for the first time in their history, held their ground—a most providential exception, the reader will think, when he sees that, if the rout which occurred two months later had now taken place, there would probably have been white flags again flying over British forts, so far off was succour at this time. It was on the 8th April that the Fantis stood firm. They were urged to follow up their successful defence by assuming the offensive; but this was asking too much of Fanti patriotism. They declined to advance, and awaited another attack, which came upon them on the 14th, when, by the aid of some rockets which Mr Loggie, a police inspector and old artilleryman, discharged on the

enemy, the Fantis were again induced to hold their ground. The wretches were strong in numbers, and if they could have been persuaded to advance, they might then and there have turned the fortune of the campaign. But these two endurance were all that their valour was capable of; and, after thus making good their position, and after receiving supplies of arms and ammunition from Cape Coast, they retreated *en masse*. It was a fortunate circumstance that the Ashantis, astonished at the two checks which they had received, thought it advisable to retreat too: so the stand which the Fantis made was by no means without its good effect, and repaid in some sort the great pains which the white leaders took to bring it about. "Means the reverse of gentle" were used to keep them up to the front; and Mr Loggie thought that "acting as whipper-in to these people" was the most fatiguing part of the day's work.

Even where the issues are so serious, an odd thought will sometimes present itself: and here one can hardly help remembering two of Mr Dickens's heroes, who ran away from each other much as the Ashantis and Fantis did. If the Ashantis had come on, there was very little, as far as can be seen, to withstand them; but, being ignorant of the state of affairs among the Fantis, they kept away, and gave Colonel Harley the precious interval that he wanted. He used this opportunity to demand a gunboat from the senior naval officer, believing, for his part, that he was at his last shift, and that the enemy would immediately be down upon Elmina and the other forts. But Providence was aiding him more than he knew of. Like the Assyrians of old, the Ashantis

had heard a rumour, and were anxious to return into their own land. For very fear the Fantis forces had withdrawn themselves, or been withdrawn, from Dunquah, a station to the north of the Fanti country; but the Ashantis imagined that the Fantis had gone north to interpose between them and the Prah, and were much troubled by this fancy. At the same time they were afflicted with smallpox, and, having pretty well wasted the region in which they were, provisions were exceedingly scarce. It is plain that, if the Ashantis had come boldly on, things might have gone with us more unluckily than one can bear to think of; for the Fantis were completely disorganised, and the Houssas and volunteers were for the time knocked up. On the other hand, so demoralised were the Ashantis by the causes which have been named, that if it had been possible to collect and move the Fantis, the latter might have had their will of their enemies. This period, when there was nothing but their own misapprehension and their sickly condition to restrain the Ashantis from descending on the coast, was certainly the most critical for us of the whole war.

From April to the beginning of June 1873, the deluded Ashantis, leaving those who might have been their victims time to overcome their panic and reunite, as they at last did, employed themselves in ravaging and devouring a large region between the Fantis and the Prah. But by the beginning of June both sides seemed to have somewhat recovered their war-stomachs. The Fantis had been persuaded, by great exertions of the Governor and others, to act together again; and the Ashantis, after having lost their great opportunity, were thinking of descending on the coast. They

came down atalast, had some partial engagements with the Fantis and their allies on the 3d and 4th of the month, and, on the 5th, made a general attack, and completely defeated and routed their opponents.

"That afternoon," says our author, "was seen the terrible sight of a whole people flying in panic for many hours. All the afternoon the roads and thoroughfares leading into Cape Coast were crowded by masses of people—men, women, and children—flying panic-stricken into the town. The alarm and terror at Cape Coast was such as can scarcely be described. All through the evening and night of the 5th, these fugitives continued to come in, the kings and chiefs being amongst the most demoralised. At dawn on the 6th, a report was circulated that the Ashantis were at Sweet River, five miles from Cape Coast."

We said above that it was lucky this rout did not occur in April, and we must explain now why, after it had been deferred for two months, it was a bit more tolerable in June than in the earlier month. It was more tolerable for this reason, that succour was at hand. The poor harassed Governor had no other or newer resource than to assemble yet again the miserable chiefs who, as we have shown by our quotation from Captain Brackenbury, were more craven than their craven subjects. Of course it was not from such a source as this that effectual aid was to be expected. Certainly not. But on "the 7th June H.M.S. Barracouta, Captain Fremantle, steamed into the roads with a detachment of 110 Royal Marines, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Festing of the Royal Marine Artillery."—That is why the postponement of this rout for two months was such a merciful dispensation. In April it would have been ruinous, in June it was

remediable. In fact, the tide which had hitherto been setting against us really turned on 7th June, after which date, by hook or by crook, —for it was a desperate achievement, due wholly to the constancy and energy of those who were employed, and in no respect to the efficient action of the Home Government—we began to turn the tables on Koffee and his people.

The town of Elmina, though in our protectorate, was known to be to some extent favourable to the Ashantis, and to be supplying them. So the first move of our now strengthened force was to bring Elmina to its senses. By a sudden and simultaneous movement on the 9th of June, Festing assumed control of the fort and its guns, the boats of the Barracouta and other ships guarded the mouth of the river, and the ships kept watch against escape by sea. Between the river, the fort, and the sea, the disaffected portion of the town, standing on a peninsula, was contained. There was an exit to the west which was guarded by a force of Houssas. Things being thus far prepared, martial law was proclaimed, the inhabitants were ordered to give up their arms, and warned that, in case of refusal to yield them, the place would be bombarded after an hour should have been allowed for the removal of the innocent and helpless. It was necessary to carry this threat into execution; and, while the bombardment was proceeding, Ashanti troops showed themselves upon the neighbouring hills to the number of 2000 or thereabouts. Festing now turned out of the fort on to the beach with his men; and Fremantle with some of his crew landed and placed themselves under Festing's orders. They had a smart brush—our force driving away the enemy (who stood

their ground at first) in disorder, with a loss of between twenty and thirty men, while our loss was a mere nothing. The sailors now re-embarked, and the marines rested and dined; but Festing was quickly aware that the Ashantis in considerable force were advancing from the north upon the loyal quarter of Elmina. The Barracouta's men once more landed, this time under Lieutenant Wells. Festing's force advanced towards the enemy, who, being greatly superior in numbers, attempted to outflank them; but Wells and his sailors defeated this attempt by a brisk attack upon the overlapping wing. The enemy in his turn was outflanked, and made to stagger by a sharp Snider fire. The British line advanced, a running fight ensued, and fortunately for us over open ground. The Ashantis after making a brief stand on the plain, and a better one at the edge of a thick bush, finally retreated in confusion, leaving 200 dead. It was the finest opportunity afforded during the whole war of getting at the foe uncovered by the bush, and open to the action of our rifles. Our loss was one man killed, and an officer and three men wounded.

Ashanti valour, though it shines very bright beside Fanti valour, is nevertheless largely tempered by discretion. It will astonish no one who may have accompanied Captain Brackenbury to the point of his narrative which we have now reached to find that the action at Elmina, though it did not send them home, induced them to "keep dark" for some time. Now and again they made some parts of the protectorate feel their presence, but they kept out of the way of our forces till 14th August, when the ill-fated boat action on the Prah took place. The interval was marked by the setting in of a very severe rainy

season, which very much impeded military operations, and by the arrival of opportune reinforcements. The terrors of the tribes were always suggesting attacks, and if there was not much fighting there were plenty of alarms. A larger volunteer force was enrolled at Cape Coast. The munitions of war at the different stations were inspected and found to be not in satisfactory condition. But the health of the men was good until towards the end of June, and Lieutenant-Colonel Festing did what he could towards organising and disciplining the levies during this breathing time. By the 1st July considerable sickness had shown itself; but, as a counterpoise to this misfortune, Commodore Commerell arrived in the *Rattlesnake* on the 5th July, and on the following day the *Himalaya* came in with the headquarters—13 officers and 260 men—of the 2d West India Regiment. She brought also Lieutenant Gordon of the 98th Regiment, a volunteer who made himself very useful in many ways; and who at his landing was put in command of the *Houssas*, who were being strengthened. Another volunteer, Dr Home, C.B. and V.C., had also arrived, and very opportunely, for sickness was increasing. Indeed, in July, the greater part of the Marines who had come out with Colonel Festing had to be re-embarked for passage to England, the climate had so told upon them. The history of this period consists of marchings and countermarchings, according to the reports received, the strengthening of positions, and sanitary arrangements. The rains were so heavy and continued that the walls of the forts began to crumble; sickness was so rife that part of Government House was turned into a hospital. On the 9th August, the *Simoom* arrived with

200 more Marines who, for the present, were not landed.

It was in the hope of defeating, through the instrumentality of some chiefs, a reported intention of an Ashanti division to cross the Prah, and to form a junction with another division, also for the purpose of examining the river's banks, that Commodore Commerell, with a procession of boats, proceeded up the river on the 14th August. We will not here go over the whole sad story which is so well known. The boats, having committed no hostile act, were fired upon by unseen foes from the banks; several officers were shot down, and the expedition had to return to the ships. Captain Luxmoore, nearly fainting from his wounds, directed a fire into the bush from the boats, until the enemy nearly all retreated. Our loss in officers and men was considerable. The town of Chamah was bombarded and completely destroyed in revenge of this treacherous action.

The active and valuable exertions of Lieutenant Gordon, persisted in in spite of the climate, were very noticeable during August; on the 25th of which month, another volunteer, Captain Thompson of the 2d Queen's Bays, made his appearance on the coast. Gordon had begun, and proceeded some miles with, a road from Cape Coast towards the Prah, and the Governor was about once more to attempt offensive operations with the means at his disposal, employing Colonel Festing as his commander, when the notice of Sir Garnet Wolseley's and Captain Glover's speedy advent arrested active proceedings. Captain Glover arrived at Cape Coast on the 11th September, and Sir Garnet Wolseley reached Sierra Leone on 27th September, and Cape Coast on 2d October.

In sending out the two officers, whose operations from this point form the subject of our author's narrative, the Home Government still clung to the wild design of crushing the Ashanti power by means of a native force. Committing a staff of able and highly educated officers to the hazards of the African climate they did not mind, but the sending of European troops involved a responsibility which they shrunk from incurring, until urged by a resolute demand from the Commander on the station, the hazard of turning a deaf ear to which would have been far greater to themselves than the hazard of sending the proper force. If, after all, things ended as we desired they should, the favourable result was obtained in spite of a timid policy which might well have wrecked everything.

Captain Glover could hardly say that he was sinned against by the Government. He offered his services, and was very confident that he could carry out a design propounded by him. His mission may be described in few words as covering the plan of forming depôts on the river Volta to the eastward of the theatre of war, rousing, organising, and arming the tribes on its banks, receiving command of the Houssas, whom he was to augment, and, with the army so collected, marching westward and operating on the flank and rear of the Ashantis. Government declined to state more precisely what Glover was to do with his levies. He might attack the Ashantis or he might not; he might march to Coomassie or he might not. The *hope* was, as Captain Brackenbury thinks, that he, with his seasoned officers, familiar with the climate and the inhabitants, would make short work with the Ashantis, and put his heel upon

them before anything serious could be done in their front, thus solving the whole difficulty. We wonder whether they entertained any such hope at all, and whether, in sending Glover out so vaguely instructed, they may not have been just quieting their consciences with the reflection that they were doing *something*.

Except that he was to report to, and to be under the control of, the officer administering the government, and that he was to confine his recruiting operations to the Eastern tribes, Captain Glover was an independent commander. He knew of Sir Garnet Wolseley's appointment and probable line of operations, but he was not, in a military sense, subject to that officer. He seems to have been provided with steamers and his other requirements liberally enough. If his own estimate of his influence with the natives, and of the possibility of exciting them to action, had been a true one, he would unquestionably have played an important part—perhaps *the* most important part—in the war. But one does not fail to see—although our author says not so—that the confidence with which he undertook to discipline and lead into the field 10,000 native forces, must have had a most injurious effect in strengthening the Home Government in their unwise and timid policy of trusting to native force. Glover, who did not take the right view, had had experience of the Gold Coast: Wolseley, who from the first contended that by means of white troops *alone* could his object be attained, had no personal knowledge of the station. Ministers, therefore, were only too glad to lean on Glover. They furnished and despatched him according to his own recommendation, and, unfortunately, they at first insisted that Wolseley also

should face the enemy at the head of native troops only.

The British Government, no doubt, showed in many ways that they were not equal to the occasion. They did many things badly and said many things foolishly. But one thing they did fortunately, and one would, if possible, think they did it wisely. They selected the right man for the command of the expedition. The first sign of the good selection was the number of volunteers who presented themselves ready to take part in the expedition as soon as it became known under whom they were to serve.

"Sir Garnet's appointment was no sooner made known than he was besieged by officers desirous of serving under him. The difficulties of the expedition were known to be immense; the dangers of the climate had lost nothing in the telling. Every day the newspapers were filled with letters portraying the country in terms of the most appalling nature. Yet the greater the difficulties and the greater the dangers, the more did the prospect appear to attract those officers of our army—and happily they are many—who look on the study of war in peace as only the means to an end, and desire to put the result of their peace studies into practice in time of war. Many officers resigned excellent appointments for the chance of seeing service under one holding so high a name as a practical soldier; and the only difficulty was to select from the large list of volunteers."—P. 112.

Using and sifting the information at his disposal—it required an immense deal of sifting—we perceive that Sir Garnet Wolseley, while yet in England, got at the kernel of the nut,—saw plainly what he would have to do, and the only means by which it could be done. His first and chief demand was for white troops to accompany him, not to be wantonly exposed to the climate, but to be kept in hand for use

whenever they might be able to strike an important blow. These, as we know, were in the first instance refused; but he never wavered in his opinion, and the circumstances of the expedition as they became known only served to illustrate more and more his sagacity. His work was to drive the Ashantis back over the Prah, and then to follow and punish them until they should consent to be peaceful and amicable, should release their prisoners, and comply with various other terms necessary to our interests and to those of humanity. We know already what force he was to find at the Gold Coast to enable him to accomplish this work, and, knowing that, it is amusing to read a little bombast which occurs in one of Lord Kimberley's despatches.

"I need scarcely say that her Majesty's Government cannot for a moment listen to such preposterous demands, nor can they allow the territories of the tribes in alliance with her Majesty to be devastated, the inhabitants butchered or driven away into slavery, and all progress and commerce stopped on the coast by hordes of barbarians."

Considering what it was that had been submitted to for more than a hundred years, this was tall writing, and the "for a moment" exceeding good. There was much weak writing too. The General was exhorted to try again the stale device of negotiating with Koffee, pointing out our power (of which the king surely had his own ideas), and warning him of the advantage of submission, and the consequences of obduracy. Worse than that, he was desired to expend his strength and time, and those of his followers, in doing what by this time ought to have been admitted to be an impossibility—in making efficient soldiers of the native tribes. The

instructions of both the Colonial Office and the War Office are given in the work at length. If they reflect no credit upon either department, they throw much light upon the history of the war.

Pass we over the scandalous discomfort amid which Sir Garnet Wolseley and his officers made their voyage in the *Ambriz*. That is only an episode. The General, before he saw the coast of Africa, had made up his mind to form, if possible, two native African regiments from tribes of a little better temper than the Fantis. He did this, and bestowed the command of one on Lieutenant-Colonel Wood, of the other on Major Russell. He also, while at Sierra Leone, put in action many apparently excellent schemes for obtaining men, which bore fruit in some sort, but which ought to have borne much better fruit than they did.

Of course Sir Garnet Wolseley endeavoured, like a good soldier, to carry out his instructions, whatever he might think of them. Working on the old fallible lines, he really did wonders, for we must remember that, except that he had some 30 officers allotted for special service, and that he was well supplied with arms and stores, and that England was at last watching with some interest the proceedings on the Gold Coast, he was just in the same helpless plight in which his predecessors had stood, with perhaps this difference to his disadvantage—viz., that the tribes of the protectorate had very lately undergone a forcing process, had yielded their utmost crop of fighting, and had been soundly thrashed and routed on the 5th June. They were not likely, therefore, to respond very eagerly or even to lend their ears to the voice of the charmer, when he should again begin the old story

about patriotism, British protection, the power of union, and the like. Sir Garnet and his emissaries, however, plied them with palaver, money, arms, and gin, we will not say without results, but with the same partial, unsatisfactory results as have always followed these negotiations. The General had about 400 bayonets available for his land force, and he had the fleet to fall back upon: these were his resources whenever an attack should be threatened; and it was not long before the threat was heard. On the 4th October, Captain Glover sent word that there was reason to apprehend a descent of the Ashantis upon Cape Coast in great force. Warnings like that, whether resting on authentic information or not, created sad panics at Cape Coast and the other towns; it was known that the Ashantis were secretly getting supplies from certain villages; so to stop this traffic and to restore confidence, Sir Garnet Wolseley determined to chastise some of these villages before he had been a fortnight in the country. He managed his doings with the greatest secrecy. He diverted attention from his object by spreading a report that Glover was in danger. He contrived, without exciting suspicion of his design, to hold interviews with Colonel Wood at Elmina, and with Commodore Fremantle on board his ship. He took the *Housas* just arrived from Lagos, some sailors, with a 7-pounder gun (carried by *Kroomen*), about 150 marines, 200 labourers, and a detachment of West Indian troops, and with these, notwithstanding a slight contretemps in landing, marched away cleverly enough, Colonel Wood being in command of the force though the General accompanied it. There was some reason to believe that, spite of the precautions

observed, the enemy had notice of their coming. He showed himself in some force about the village of Essaman, which, nevertheless, was taken and burnt, and he seemed to be alert in the bush near Ampence. Four villages were burnt this day. The labourers showed themselves active in clearing the paths; the officers got a lesson in bush fighting; the effect of the gun and of rockets upon the enemy were proved; and the column executed a march of 21 miles without serious injury, thus demonstrating that a hard day in the bush and on the beach would not of necessity exhaust European frames. Sir Garnet Wolseley had written to England urging that an English force should be sent to him without delay; and he was enabled, from a day's experience in bush fighting, to adduce additional arguments in support of the demand.

For two months from this time, that is to say, until the 9th of December, the narrative may be said to treat wholly of the extraordinary forethought and amazing efforts which were displayed before the arrival of the white troops. We write thus advisedly, not overlooking the several serious struggles which preceded the withdrawal of the Ashantis, but regarding these struggles as incidental to the preparations. Not by his fault, but by the circumstances in which he was placed, characterised by him as "humiliating," the General was precluded from attacking the enemy as he would have desired to do: they, in fact, beat themselves to pieces in the vain attempt to gain some advantage over us before their departure. The achievements of this period, of which England may well be proud, were not the beating-off of the savage foe when he came in our way, but the patient,

systematic, incessant preparations which were going on all this time for the reception and rapid advance of the white troops. Everything was looked to in advance, and, considering the small number of directors, the difficulties presented by the climate and by the character of the country and the presence of the enemy, the amount of preparation made is simply astonishing. One cannot too much admire the energy which animated the few white men who had been thus landed on the Gold Coast to take their chances of life or death, in order that Government might arrive at a decision either to take active measures in that region or not.

Let us only tell over the weighty things that had to be attended to. There was the old, wearisome, impossible task of raising an army; there was the selection, and fortification of certain posts; a road 73 miles long, where no road existed before, had to be made fit for the march of troops; means of transport were to be provided for the Control and the Engineer Departments; stores and huts must be erected at the different stations to be used on the forward march, and a large camp or hutment constructed on the Prah near the point of passage; streams must be bridged, and especially the Prah river, whose bridge must moreover be secured by a *tête du pont*; and not the least of the undertakings was the designing and perfecting of a scheme for the accommodation and transport of the sick and wounded. There was enough here, one must think, to tax the energies of men in a temperate climate and a civilised country. We can only glance at the many things that were done, and refer the reader to our author for copious and valuable details. As to the raising of troops from the

protectorate, of course it was in the main the old story—kings and subjects immovable, or turning out only to fail at the time of need. The engineer works, as in the course of the narrative they are reported as progressing or completed, force one back upon the tales of childhood and suggest genii; for how, by natural means, they could be done it is impossible to form an idea. Major Home, the commanding Royal Engineer, seems to have been ubiquitous, clearing, fighting, fortifying, building all at once. Colonel Colley, the most active and efficient chief of the transport department, acquitted himself to perfection, having the brain to plan and the energy to carry out an effective system. Dr Home fortunately kept in working condition until he had elaborated an excellent scheme for the transport of the sick and wounded. It should be added that Captain Lait, R.A., during this same interval, raised and instructed a Moussa battery; and that Captain Huyshe of the Rifle Brigade was employed in making surveys and in selecting sites for encampments.

After the burning of Essaman the Ashantis retired inland. There are reports, not considered authentic, of their having had some encounters with our allies, but they kept out of the white man's way. After a time there were rumours that they meditated attacks upon some of our stations, and these obliged us to suspend our works and look after the foe a little. By-and-by it was known that he was breaking up his camp with the intention of retiring to the Prah, but still he tried to do a little mischief by the way, and gave us some hard work, to be again mentioned, at Abrakrampa.

We had thought to make extracts from reports of the General and others concerning the natives of the

protectorate, but refrain from doing so, seeing that the reports all say the same things. Cowardice, apathy except when the enemy was upon them, laziness, procrastination, breaches of engagements, were complained of generally; and many of the monarchs added to the fine qualities which they had in common with their tribes, a fondness for the bottle. After failing for days to march according to promise, a sovereign would be reported by our agents too drunk to move. Neither was this Bacchanalian disposition confined entirely to the Fantis. Amanquatia, Koffee's general, was once known, on the retreat towards the Prah, to have been carried after his army dead-drunk. The worry and misery inflicted by the wretches of Fantis must have been intense. Again and again when the Ashantis were broken up into sections on their retreat, an isolated division of them might have been annihilated if only our allies in tens of thousands would have followed a dispirited crowd retreating by thousands. Reduced as our force was to a mere handful of reliable men, we could do no more than hang on the flanks or rear of the enemy and rather hurry and embarrass his movements. We all remember Colonel Festing's beat up of a camp near Dunquah, an action memorable by five officers having been wounded in it and one killed.

"As soon as the enemy was found to be in force, Lieutenant Wilnot went to the front with his rockets, and was almost immediately, while in action, very severely wounded in the left arm; yet, in spite of this, he continued in action with the utmost gallantry, until about an hour later he was shot through the heart. Colonel Festing brought in his body from where it was lying among

the wounded troops 'in the extreme front of the action, and in so doing, was wounded by a slug in the hip."

Once on their return march the Ashantis tried their luck in an attack, and the place selected for their experiment was Abrakrampa, about 18 miles north of Cape Coast. This was the station where, it will be remembered, a Wesleyan mission church formed the keep, on the roof of which were mounted a light gun and a rocket-trough. With these weapons, Lieutenant Saunders,* R.A., did good service; and such was the spirit of the defence generally, that the enemy who, if he could have screwed himself up to it, might have walked over fort and men, deemed it expedient to keep near the shelter of the bush, and latterly to keep within it. His slugs and bullets which he kept flying with little intermission for two days, were happily not projected with very sure aim, or by the numbers whom he had brought up our little force must have been destroyed. Indeed, as our author shows, Amanquatia or whoever commanded, besides attacking timidly, failed to use his many advantages, and at last was glad to get away from the neighbourhood. Captain Brackenbury's accounts of the Fanti slaves freed by us after this action, and especially the anecdote of the Commendah woman found with her throat half cut, are very striking.

Without reliable information, and in pursuit of an enemy who was covered by a dense forest, through which he was retreating as fast as possible by paths familiar to him, it is not marvellous that our men were seldom after this able

* Poor Saunders, after returning home with the troops apparently in good health, and after being promoted to the rank of major, was seized with African fever in England, and died of the disease.

to strike even at the rear of the retreating force. Colonel Wood got a chance at Faysowah where the Ashantis turned to bay, and but for the ill behaviour of his men might yet have punished them; but as usual the natives on our side failed miserably, and little was effected. But the retreat continued to and over the Prah, and we were not destined to be engaged again with King Koffee's men, until we assailed them in a little better style in their native jungle.

"In England," says Captain Brackenbury, "this first campaign has not been properly recognised. No regiments with well-known names were employed; no troops had been sent out among the cheers of the people. Only a West India regiment, and a few detachments of marines and sailors, had been used, and a little band of officers, who had been looked upon almost as lunatics when they volunteered for such a task, and who had been sent out in a filthy steamer, and not even allowed to take soldier servants, that the experiment might be made upon the bodies of officers only, whether white men could stand a campaign in the West African bush."

Softly, gallant friend; wait a little until we who stayed at home have had time to digest what you have been telling us. If we did not "recognise" this first campaign, it was simply because till now we did not understand it. If, after your description of it, England should still refuse her recognition, we must e'en admit that we have deserved your reproof; but we are mistaken if England does not shortly acknowledge that these adventures of you and your *confères*, seen as a connected series of operations, give as fine an example of British courage, patience, and constancy, as has been placed on record this many a year!

By the end of November the protectorate was clear of Ashantis. Our

author thinks that they manifested considerable foresight and prudence in the conduct of their retreat. We should have been better convinced of their merit in this respect if they had made good their escape with a few thousand smart natives on their trail. As things were, we think they were highly favoured by fortune, and we judge of their military talents more by the mess they made of their attack on Abakraampa, than by the style of their departure from the protectorate. They had gone, however; and now for six weeks the whole of our force on shore was at liberty to address itself to the many operations still necessary before the next scene of the conflict, the invasion of the Ashanti territory, could be enacted. Captain Brackenbury has dwelt in considerable detail on the selection and provisioning of the stations where the white troops were to halt, and on the admirable transport arrangements, which only fell short of their author's intention by the partial failure (as usual) of the native carriers. Military men will read this chapter with interest, and admit that in an enterprise beset with unparalleled difficulties, everything was thought of, and an amazing deal (under the circumstances) was done.

On the 9th of December came the assurance that all this wrestling with difficulties would be followed by the operations which the General had so ardently desired, and which he hoped would be his crowning work. The Himalaya troop-ship arrived with the 2d battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and reinforcements for the Engineers and other departments. She was followed on the 12th by the Tamar with the 23d Royal Welsh Fusiliers and a half-battery of Artillery. On the 17th came the Sarmatian with the 42d Highlanders, many medical

officers, and more officers for special service. This last ship also brought Brigadier-General Sir A. Alison and his staff.

Sir Garnet Wolseley had, it is true, asked for three battalions of white troops. He had taken his measures in the hope that his urgent demand would be complied with. He did not know whether it would be complied with at all, or whether Ministers would come to a favourable decision early enough to save time for striking the blow which he meditated before the rains should have set in. His anxieties and labours would have been to but little purpose if he had not received in good time the support which alone could enable him to crown his work with a happy end. Many a time must these reflections have troubled him while he waited for intelligence. He had some reason to think that the Cabinet might at last lose heart, and decline to reinforce him from home. His relief of mind may be imagined when he learned that the first ship, with a white battalion on board, had arrived unheralded, and that other ships were following her with troops to complete his demand. They had not come with him, as he wished, and so the opportunity of crushing the Ashantis while they were yet south of the Prah had been lost; but they had come in time to be launched on Coomassie before the rains. They were present, that was a comfort indeed. Now it was only a question whether everything could be ready for the advance so as to save the precious days of favourable weather which would be required for the incursion. As it turned out, the work was just done as the weather broke up. In this matter the Cabinet had, after the receipt of Sir Garnet's demand, behaved with de-

cision and promptitude. Lord Kimberley's despatch sent in the Sarmatian was a sensible document, and gave evidence that the time of "deplorably scanty" information was beginning to pass away.

The ships with the regiments on board were sent to cruise till the end of the year. The Brigadier and his staff, with all who could assist in completing the preparations, were landed. All saw now that their object was within their reach. They who before worked so devotedly, must now have worked with the cheerfulness of hope. Our advance to the Prah was a safe event, as far as the enemy was concerned; whether our friends, the vile inhabitants of the protectorate, would, after all, prevent our getting there, was still an anxious question. These wretches, it seems, were not content with not aiding us as they ought; they literally impeded us where they could, so as to justify the bitter remark of one of the officers, that the only functions they could perform were to draw pay and get in the way. The commanding Royal Engineer wrote: "Much injury is done to the road, bridges, and fascines over swamps by the native allies, who tear up the bridges for firewood to save the trouble of cutting the firewood, and pull out the fascines for the same purpose; they also invariably use the road as a latrine, and as a convenient place of deposit for all rubbish, cutting down trees and throwing them across it in the most reckless manner." These allies, however, had yet to show the extent to which they could defeat the best-laid plans, and harass and annoy those who were labouring for their benefit. They had yet to feel, too, that the patience of the white man could be tampered with safely only up to a certain point. At last all was

reported ready for the march: the stations were prepared, the carriers were disposed at their posts; ammunition and stores had been sent forward. Wood's and Russell's regiments were already at the Prah. The Major-General proceeded thither on 27th December, leaving the Brigadier to direct the disembarkation. On the same day the troop-ship with the 1st West India Regiment arrived; and on this day also the Naval Brigade landed and began their march. It was about a week's journey. The first divisions got up well, and all would have been carried out according to programme, had not the native carriers after a day or two thought fit to paralyse the whole movement by deserting in large numbers. Here was a difficulty which, if not immediately overcome, must render the expedition abortive. As it was, the plan of the advance had to be changed; the regiments on the march were halted at intermediate stations, and the half-battery R.A. and a part of the 23d Regiment were re-embarked. But practically the difficulty was overcome. For the moment, the soldiers of the West India Regiment and of Wood's Regiment acted as carriers, though the former were not very well fitted for this work; and even the men of the 42d began to bend their backs to the burdens—but as soon as this was known they were, of course, forbidden to labour in that way. But a full restoration of the interrupted arrangements could be brought about only by putting such pressure on our allies as would operate as a caution for a few weeks. Accordingly the magistrates inflicted punishments on all such deserters as could be brought under the operation of the law: they even passed sentences of death, though that

penalty was not inflicted. The Brigadier at Cape Coast instituted a general search for runaways, of whom he found a few. But, as it was the fashion to desert by villages and even by tribes, more summary methods than the above had to be resorted to. The kings and chiefs when appealed to suggested that a little decapitation might be of service; but as men who are lazy with their heads on are not generally found to improve after these have been taken off, that expedient was not approved. But, inasmuch as the object of the desertions generally was that the men might go and play the sluggard in the villages, it was determined, with the sanction of the monarchs, to burn deserters out of their villages, and to make their women and children turn out to work. One or two villages were subjected to this discipline, the chiefs being fined for not enforcing the orders; and it was wonderful what an effect this severity had. The savages turned out by nations. *Pour encourager les autres* would have been no sarcasm, but the literal truth, in regard to the objects and effects of this necessary rigour. "Within twenty-four hours every town within ten miles had paraded all its men under its chiefs, and sent them in to Colonel Colley—pretty clear evidence of what is the right way of dealing with the West African native." So says our author, and we trust that his countrymen will lay his observation to heart. We consider it to be true of negroes in general.

The transport difficulty was at last overcome, although it caused a delay of five days; for it was not until the 20th January that the European troops commenced the passage of the Prah. During his halt on the banks of the river, the General had much correspondence

with King Koffee, who sent several embassies, hoping to make terms. One can scarcely doubt that he now desired peace, and expected to bring it about, as it was afterwards discovered that he had disbanded the army which had retreated from the protectorate under Amanquatia. He had, however, deceived himself as to the conditions on which our General would consent to withdraw his troops; and he, unhappily for himself, hesitated about making, and made only in part, the concessions on which we insisted. His great desire was to induce Sir Garnet Wolseley to halt, and he tried to stop the march, probably with the view of our being caught by the rains, or of gaining time to re-assemble his troops. Our demands were now put before him in such unmistakable terms that he began to see that he must yield something, though perhaps he fancied he could evade some of the requirements. Before the troops crossed the river, one of the prisoners, a German missionary, had been sent in. But things on our side were at last being done with a determination which he had not seen in us before. His only chance of escaping punishment now lay in making full reparation, and he lost that chance.

Sir Garnet Wolseley had calculated on finding his passage of the Prah opposed, and on having to fight his way from Prahsu forward; but as no enemy appeared for some days after he left the river, his advance was rapid, and he reached the Adansi hills by the date on which he had originally planned to be there, thus regaining on the march the time that had been lost while waiting for the transport. From the time of the first arrival of troops at the Prah, the country beyond it had been carefully and continually examined by

scouting parties; and now, when the main body was about to advance, a body of scouts was formed, and placed under command of Lieutenant Lord Gifford, whose cleverness, enterprise, and daring, contributed in no small degree to the subsequent success. After the scouts advanced the Engineers, to open a way and to prepare posts. Russell's Regiment were early at a station on the north side of the river. The Ashantis were encountered now and then by Lord Gifford, but they retired without making resistance. Thus we had penetrated twenty miles or thereabout, being nearly half-way, towards Coomassie, and had established posts along the route by the time the main body crossed the Prah. The marches of the first three days were without particular incident; and Captain Brackenbury takes this opportunity of describing the features of this part of the country, of showing what a plague of ants is like, how fetish is done to stop an army's advance, and how a "scare" can arise among black soldiers without any known cause. He has also to mention how sickness was already beginning to tell among the regiments and the Naval Brigade. On the 23d January, the General being then at a post called Moinsey, envoys arrived from Koffee, bringing with them the remainder of the white prisoners, and a despatch in which the king once more begged him to delay. Still Koffee deferred to make the complete submission which alone could save him. He kept back the captive Fantia, and he did not send hostages as he had been desired to do. Moreover, it had been ascertained that he was assembling his troops, so the plan of the expedition was in no way altered after the king's communication. It was necessary, however,

to halt a day or two, in order that a depot might be formed midway between the Prah and Coomassie; and it may be mentioned that the depots at the Prah, and all along the line, were being stored and kept complete in their transport power all the time that the force was moving on Coomassie, Colonel Coley being in charge of the stations, and of the transport along the whole line from the front to Cape Coast, and thus having entire control. The arrangements for transport and supply seem to have been admirable; one only wonders how, under the circumstances, they could be worked.

The advance of our force was not much interfered with by the enemy until the 31st January, when the English were within 25 miles of Coomassie. On the morning of that day, the Ashantis (to the number of over ten thousand) had come out to make a stand, and from then till the 4th February, Wolseley's little band was engaged in a series of encounters (only interrupted by the nights) of a character as extraordinary as ever occurred in warfare. Through a thick forest, swarming with unseen enemies, whose presence was known only by their fire, our troops, numbering altogether little over 2000, of whom about 1400 were Europeans, steadily advanced, winning their way step by step, establishing posts at convenient intervals as they went on, leaving detachments of their number to secure these points and guard the communications, and, of course, sending to the rear every day sick and wounded. Thus the numbers engaged on our side on the 4th February were less by about 700 men than those engaged on 31st January. No general view of any position was ever obtained from the first to the last of this five days' struggle. What manœuvres the

enemy's numerous bodies might be attempting — how his thousands might be secretly working through the forest, to fall in overwhelming numbers on our posts in rear, and to cut our communications, were things utterly unknown to our commanders, and things of which it was altogether unprofitable for them to think. They were just able to deal with the vastly superior numbers immediately in their front and on their flanks. They trusted that the enemy would interpose the great bulk of his forces between the attacking troops and Coomassie; they believed that the impression which they could make by means of their superior weapons and their superior mode of fighting, would suffice to rivet his attention to their front, and blunt his appetite for strategical devices; and so they confidently worked ahead, inflicting severe losses upon him at the points of contact, and finally so punishing him on our path, that he ceased to resist in any direction. Often while the head of our column was hotly engaged, the enemy would be heard assailing its flanks, or breaking across the communications in rear. These alarms were met as best they might be by the guards left behind, who were within supporting distance of each other, or by patrols passing from point to point; but they were never allowed to disturb the grand plan according to which all was proceeding, nor to arrest the advance of the head of the column upon Coomassie, the object of attack. Once, while our main body was between the river Oidah and Coomassie, it was known that the enemy had formed across the road in our rear. Had he known how to use his advantage, there might have been a very different story to tell; but by this time his military quali-

ties were accurately estimated : our force, instead of troubling itself about its communications, pressed with a new rush of energy on the savages in front. What then occurred we give in our author's words, which not only graphically depict the combat, but convey a good idea of what sort of amusement this daily bush-fighting in Western Africa was.

"The bush on both sides of the road in front of the village was filled with the enemy ; and at a point scarcely one hundred yards from the village, an immense fallen tree, lying almost across and beside the road, formed an ambuscade behind which a body of the enemy swept the path with their fire. While Major Rait brought Lieutenant Palmer's gun into action, and fired case at this ambuscade, Colonel M'Leod extended A company of the 42d into the bush on both sides of the road, supported it by B company under Lieutenant Brophy, and placed Captain Kidston's company in the road heading the regiment."

Then he quotes Colonel M'Leod's "modest report," and afterwards goes on as follows :—

"What the course of events actually was could be better told by another than by Colonel M'Leod himself, and is graphically described by Sir Archibald Alison in his despatch. Speaking thus of Colonel M'Leod, after describing the disposition of the troops, Sir Archibald says : 'Placing himself at their head, he gave the word to advance. I accompanied him with my staff. On first debouching from the village a tremendous fire was opened on the head of the column from a well-planned and strong ambuscade, six men being knocked over in an instant. But the flank companies worked steadily through the bush ; the leading company in the path sprang forward with a cheer, the pipes struck up, and the ambuscade was at once carried. Then followed one of the finest spectacles I have ever seen in war. Without stop or stay the 42d rushed on cheering, their pipes

playing, their officers to the front ; ambuscade after ambuscade, was successfully carried, village after village won in succession, till the whole Ashantis broke and fled in the wildest disorder down the pathway on their front to Coomassie. The ground was covered with traces of their flight. Umbrellas and war-chairs of their chiefs, drums, muskets, killed and wounded, covered the whole way, and the bush on each side was trampled as if a torrent had flowed through it. No pause took place until a village about four miles from Coomassie was reached, when the absolute exhaustion of the men rendered a short halt necessary. So swift and unbroken was the advance of the 42d, that neither Rait's guns nor the Rifle Brigade in support were ever brought into action. Though the enemy stood well at the entrance of the village of Orlahsu, it was yet evident at the first that they had lost their former self-confidence, and that in the face of a determined attack vigorously pushed home, they would no longer stand as they did at Amoaful."

Our difficulties in this warfare did not proceed from the enemy alone. Where neither friends nor foes could be seen, it required the greatest circumspection to avoid firing at allies and comrades. A detachment brought up in support, having always the impulse to fire at the enemy, could not see, and would not always remember, that English companies were extended between them and the foe. Once or twice wild senseless firing is reported, like that of the Houssas and other natives. Indeed, leading on was the simplest and easiest part of the officers' duties. They had to be constantly watching, constantly in motion. When one reads the details of what was done by day and by night, one wonders how any of them ever slept, or ate, or survived.

The enemy undoubtedly was brave, and there is reason to believe that he was fairly drilled and dis-

ciplined ; but military pretensions beyond that can hardly be allowed him. His tactics seemed to consist in the one expedient of overlapping the enemy's flank ; and as for strategy, if he had been up in only its rudiments, understood only how to cut off convoys and interrupt communications, and the importance of such acts, he might, with his numbers and his knowledge of the country have proved more than a match for our heroic band. Even on the occasion above described of his closing round our rear, he had not the sense to destroy our bridge over the Ordah, nor to take a single step that could impede the backward march ; and he abandoned his position across the rear when he understood that his friends in front had been overcome. This, we think, is a complete justification of the secondary importance given to flank and rear attacks in this campaign. To undervalue your enemy is a grievous error ; but to assess him at just what he is worth, no less and no more, surely argues a rare discrimination.

When our countrymen read, as they will read, the history of these events, when they feel their cheeks glow at the splendid qualities displayed by our officers all through the contest, and by our soldiers during the few memorable weeks that they were on shore, we trust they will remember that these are specimens of that army which Lord Cardwell, in his wisdom and his indulgence of Radical caprice, thought proper to remodel, and whose reform Mr Gladstone thought to be so urgently required, that he set the constitution at defiance in order that he might get his improving finger upon them without delay. We need hardly say that these are not the creations of Lord Cardwell's system ; they are the old stuff un-

sublimed by his hazardous process, and good stuff too. Pray Heaven we be not hereafter forced to sigh many a time over the old proverb, *Let well alone !*

It has been said how Captain Glover on the Volta was endeavouring to raise an army ; and it should also be mentioned that Captain Butler, to the westward of Wolsley's line of march, was also endeavouring to stir up kings and chiefs, and to bring them into the field, so that three different expeditions might converge on Coomassie. Neither officer met with the success that his abilities and exertions deserved. Glover was to only a small extent successful, and Butler cannot be said to have been successful at all. Howbeit their proceedings had a valuable moral effect ; for Koffee knew of what they were trying to do, and did not know of the disappointments which they were experiencing. His defence was certainly rendered feebler, and his submission expedited and completed, by the knowledge that armies were marching upon him from the east and west. Full accounts of the proceedings and fortunes of these officers will be found in the volumes under review.

When we have mentioned the entry into, and destruction of, Coomassie, we shall have sketched the outline of the war. It was necessary to show events in their due relations, because no one before Captain Brackenbury was in a position to give a connected history of them, and without an outline our remarks would hardly seem applicable. The facts and the connection of them are supported by the publication of official despatches, and of military orders and instructions, so that at last the public is let behind the scenes. It would have been more satisfactory if the General and his

royal adversary had met. Many of the disputed points could have been better discussed and arranged at a personal interview: besides which, it is disappointing not to know what manner of man it is whom we have fought and beaten. Suppose we console ourselves with the reflection that the slaughtering savage acquires a certain grandeur from his invisibility, and that the introduction of his power into the narrative, while his person is mysteriously absent, sorts with the devilish surroundings of Coomassie, and heightens the effect of them on the readers' minds.

We nowhere find Captain Brackenbury using anxious arguments to exalt the leader of the expedition; but his whole book, a very steady unvarnished history, is in effect a testimony of Sir Garnet Wolseley's eminent capacity. While we had only isolated acts, letters, or orders, to judge the General by, light and shade seemed both to abound in his character. He was shown to us in one communication acting with care, forethought, vigour, and promptitude; in the next losing his time in haranguing and making proclamations to our so-called allies, and in interchanging communications worse than useless with Koffee and his generals. His combats in the early days seemed to be sporadic clangs of arms, heard at uncertain intervals all over the protectorate, but having no meaning nor connection; indeed it looked as if the Ashantis, and not our side, were controlling events. Now we perceive that, whatever weakness or irresolution we may have seen, was the weakness or irresolution of the Government at home, weighing upon him like an incubus, preventing the operation of his clear judgment, driving him to folly. In every instance where he had seemed

to us to be going wrong, he is proved to have been tied down by the letter of his instructions. In all his own designs, we see that he never wavered from first to last. The ideas of the work before him which he formed in England, were true presentments of the achievements which he was to see completed. One has only to read his memorandum, penned before he left England, to learn how accurately he had conceived the character of the work before him, and the means of accomplishing it. In every point we see his forethought displayed. The article of the soldiers' dress was studied and determined by him; the mode of fighting, and the sanitary observances of the campaign, were clearly laid down, and never had to be modified; his order of battle in the last trying days was so sound that, in all the changes and chances of that protracted combat, the force was always well in hand, support was forthcoming when needed, advantages were immediately followed up, and we read of nothing like confusion or indecision. What he did in the protectorate during November and December can now be recognised as the exertion of a steady consistent pressure upon an enemy whom he could not for want of means eject by vigorous attacks. His patience and efforts here were crowned by complete success. His irresistible appeal of the 13th October brought him at last the means of doing the final stroke of his work. His calculations so nearly coincided with the event, that the first rainfalls, the precursors of the wet season, which would speedily have prostrated his whole force, occurred just as the goal was reached. Fortune, without doubt, must smile on the greatest and wisest efforts to make them successful; and it must be confessed that she often turned

the bright side of her face on Sir Garnet Wolsley; but the gleams from her countenance would never have brought him the credit which he enjoys had not his own ability prepared everything to take advantage of her favours.

There is another figure which, in the second volume of the narrative, is brought out in strong relief,—the second in command, Brigadier-General Sir Archibald Alison. We observe this officer, after Sir Garnet Wolsley had proceeded to the front at the end of December, landing and forwarding all the white troops and their accompaniments. By the time there is fighting to be done we find him up with the force, and at Amoaful and ever after in command of the front line, which did all its exploits by his direction and under his eye. If the force impelled by Sir Garnet Wolsley may be called the strong persistent wedge which penetrated Koffee's dominion, and rent it asunder, the Brigadier must be regarded as the point of the wedge, always most sensible of the enemy's power, always bound to make the earliest trial of that power. Clearly he was a most efficient right hand; the post of danger was his, the place where ready executive capacity was especially required. Through this exciting bush-fighting he is shown to us always in a shower of fire, cool, self-reliant, ordering the dispositions in the front, sending back lucid reports to his superior in rear. As we read the story we are impressed with the important part which he took in this trying warfare, and acknowledge how fairly he earned the admiration of his profession and of his countrymen.

It is with great satisfaction that we trace all through the war the excellent spirit in which the two services, military and naval, worked together. There is not a sound of bickering or jealousy, far less of

cross purposes or obstructiveness. The best spirit, the most cordial co-operation are apparent. And what we say of the two services may be said of the expedition generally; we have heard of no harsh judgment or recrimination passed from officer to officer. Every one seems satisfied that his brother, like himself, did his utmost, and did well.

We much regret to find that our author has so little hope of our being able to maintain on the Gold Coast such a force as will enable us to do our duty as protectors in a becoming manner. It is a fact which surprises us that the soldiers of the West India regiments cannot be effectively used in this respect. Yet Sir Garnet Wolsley, in his despatch of 13th October, quoting the medical reports of 1864, says "they suffer more from the effects of climate on their arrival than the white men do;" and in other parts of the work we are given to understand how, from being physically incapable of hard work, and unaccustomed to onerous duties, they are not suited to the purpose. We know not where or how the West India regiments may be recruited in the present day; but we are well assured that not so very long ago, say twenty years since, they were nearly all liberated African slaves, not Creole blacks, and therefore likely to have been, many of them, natives of the Gold Coast, captives or subjects perhaps of the kings of Ashanti, Dahomey, and similarly governed states. It is obvious that men so derived would for the most part stand the climate as well as King Koffee's troops; and if the West India soldiers be not now of this class, it would be easy to have them so. Physically these African recruits were often large framed, muscular, and, when it suited themselves, able to endure immense fatigue. If we were again to seek for

soldiers of this kind among the Houssas, Koosoos, or other somewhat martial tribes, they might surely be inured to the climate of the Coast, and even practised in bush-ranging. It must be remembered, too, that we have always been able to officer our West India regiments, that the West India climate is not very well suited to Europeans, and yet that the officers of these regiments have always taken their turn of service on the coast of Africa. What we have read does not convince us of the impossibility of maintaining a black force on the Gold Coast. We want them to keep our own allies in order as much as, or more than, to make war on our enemies; indeed there is much reason to think that if we could control our *protégés* there need not be much quarrelling. The Fantis and their immediate neighbours appear to be at present hopeless material for soldiers. Why they differ so from the Ashantis in respect of courage and energy is at present inexplicable; but the terror of the Ashantis, in which not the Fantis only, but other adjacent nations stand, is clearly brought out in the book. But if Fantis cannot be trained to fight, we see that with an adequate pressure they can be made to work. Now our military operations, if we undertake any, at the Gold Coast, will probably, for some time to come, be laborious rather than sanguinary. Clearing the bush, making roads, establishing posts, will be the principal of them. By the aid of efficient black troops we might certainly obtain from the Fantis the necessary

labour for these 'works. They can work well enough when they are made to do it, and, for their own sakes, they should be subjected to some compulsion. Once communication with Prahsu is opened, and a juster idea is formed of what can be gained from the white man as well as what must be suffered at his hands when he is roused, we are more likely to have the Ashantis seeking our friendship than picking quarrels with us. However it may be determined that this colony (for a colony we suppose it is to become) is to be defended, we trust that in future we shall keep there a sufficient force to make our name respected, and that we shall keep alive also the belief that a special force, as in 1873, will be forthcoming whenever circumstances may require it. If we are to do any good among the natives, we have a difficult enterprise before us. The tribes of the protectorate, "to whom labour is distasteful, who cannot bear regular discipline, and who would rather live on the fruits gathered for them by their women, and lie on their backs in idleness all day, than work regularly for any amount of pay,"* have a strong family likeness to negroes that we have met with in other parts of the world, and will be rather difficult to improve. It is no wonder that they do not know the use of a saw or file, and that they approximate to wild beasts without possessing the courage of ferocity. But even these will be in our eyes less revolting than the Ashantis with their nightly human sacrifices,† their cruel abominable

* Quoted from one of Sir G. Wolseley's despatches at p. 335, vol. i.

† "Our principal medical officer, Dr Mackinnon, was quartered at Coomassie in the house of the king's executioner, who paid him a visit on the night of our arrival, and told him that every day he killed two or three people; that he thought he killed at least a thousand a-year, and that the number which he had killed in the week preceding our arrival was so great that he could not tell how many victims he had slain.

fetish, and their inhuman treatment of their captives. Neither people, probably, will come very readily into our ways; and when we try to make them behave themselves, we may expect to find the humanitarians with their benevolent nostrums stepping in to mar the work. Koffee, after his punishment, must be already rising in the scale of natural history: a cat laid on his vile shoulders would make him a man and a brother.

But we will leave speculative questions, remembering that these form only a very small part of the book before us, which is essentially a narrative of facts. The facts are presented in a manner which will enable every seeker for information concerning the war to satisfy himself very agreeably. There is nothing of the dryness of a chronicle about the book, and yet it is manifest that its author has rigidly refrained from high colouring and strong criticism. Where he describes exploits which must of necessity rouse emotion, he invariably, where he can do so, uses the language of another and a senior officer: where such resource is not available he is guarded to a degree which must challenge the reader's respect for his impartiality, if it somewhat disappoints enthusiasm. Captain Brackenbury, we will not forget, filled a very confidential place on the staff of the expedition, and has now been intrusted with authentic and most important documents to enable him to draw up this much desired account. He does well, therefore, to

let his discretion and impartiality appear conspicuous even at the expense of embellishments which might be thought by some to improve the quality of his writing. We expect the general opinion to be that he has executed his work most creditably, and given evidence of his fitness in many respects for the office of a military historian. The energy must be immense which, immediately on return from such an exhausting climate, enabled him so rapidly to compile these two rather large volumes that do not contain a superfluous page, but are filled from cover to cover with essential matter, the omission of any of which we should regret. We must mention, too, with respect the maps and plans compiled by Lieutenant Cooper, 47th Regiment, documents which must have cost their author much labour and study, and which satisfactorily illustrate the narrative. Here and there in the book a little lapse reminds us of the short time available for revision. The writer did not perhaps anticipate the eagerness with which his pages would be perused; and so has often given us his dates in as short a form as possible, as "the 5th," "the 10th," and so on; but where the course of the narrative has been broken, as it often is, by the introduction of explanatory remarks or of relevant facts which occurred at another time, one is apt to forget the month, and must needs turn back, impatiently perhaps, some pages to recover it. A repetition of the month's name in the text or

Whenever a great chief dies a hecatomb* of human sacrifices is offered to the fetish; whenever a prince of the royal blood dies, all the princes have the right to slaughter every human being that they can see—and sallying out with their armed followers, they shoot down those who attempt to escape. Is it possible to imagine a more horrible condition of life, or a government which it is more desirable to break up and destroy?"—Brackenbury, p. 339, vol. ii.

* This reads a little Irish. Is it meant, we wonder, that just a hundred victims are slaughtered on every occasion, or only that a very large number suffer

on the margin would have obviated this. Again, we notice on page 75 of the first volume mention of the 2d West India Regiment as having been engaged under Colonel Festing on 12th June. Now the regiment did not arrive until 6th July; clearly, therefore, a company or detachment only of this regiment is intended to be spoken of. We were much puzzled, too, in the first volume, by the mention of a Gold Coast Corps, the presence of which had never been accounted for, and which we were obliged to rest content with believing to be the regiment before called the Cape Coast Volunteers, or some other local force called into existence during some of the panics mentioned in an early part of the history. One little passage in the second volume we cannot help remarking on, not because there has been any inadvertence in writing, but because it betrays a habit of thought engrained in the British military mind. We smiled over it as we read it, and so, doubtless, will many another of Captain Brackenbury's readers. When Sir Garnet Wolsley, calculating the enormous amount of transport that would be required forward from Cape Coast, found that the West Indian soldiers did not consume, but habitually sold, a part of their rations, he offered them money for this superfluous allowance in kind, being, as our author tells us, "desirous of reducing to the utmost extent the amount of transport required." The reason given surely quite justifies this arrangement; but the writer is not yet satisfied that he has shown all the merit of the plan, so he adds, "Thus, then, on giving to the West Indian soldier 9d., in addition to the native levy ration, with which he was well pleased, there was a clear gain of 11½d. per diem to the State for each man;

and in case of an advance beyond Prahsu this gain would be considerably increased." Eleven pence three farthings to the State for each man. Ye gods! think of that. But we will not attempt to be merry at this little outbreak of the economist, knowing as we do how every military man who ever puts forward a project, or asks for the most necessary supply, instinctively points out that what he demands can be done cheaply. That it will be useful or beneficial to the service is quite secondary to the consideration that it will cost little or nothing, or be the means of effecting a saving. We do not hold our officers responsible for this trick of theirs. It is the fault of our military system, which forces the Minister to look upon small economy in the same light in which the Greek orator regarded action—i.e., as the first and second and third thing needful.

We do not know that we are much taken with the idea of civilising the Africans by sending European or American gold-diggers among them, establishing these under Acts of Parliament, and protecting them in their business by Houssa police. The adventurers who generally make rushes at gold-diggings, are not people such as would be likely to have a regenerating influence upon the natives. It seems possible, too, that when they shall receive immigrants of this kind, the negroes also may require protection. Acts of Parliament seem to imply a magistracy, and many other, perhaps numerous, officials whom, if we have read our author aright, it would not be expedient to employ on the Gold Coast. Moreover, if adequate protection can be afforded either by Houssas or other levies, the problem of making a fitting beginning of government is solved without

the introduction of the diggers. We do not doubt that the notice of the existence of this gold, coming from so high authority, will speedily be followed up, and that we may hear more about the precious metal ; but this is likely to happen without an Act of Parliament. When one thinks of the Peruvians and their mines, it is hardly possible to help praying that even Fantis and Ashantis may be preserved from the visitation of Christian treasure-seekers. The Government has determined that we will not relinquish the foot-hold which we have acquired on the Coast ; and now that, thanks to Captain Brackenbury, we know something to be relied on about the country, and a great deal about the character of military operations to be conducted there, and about the people we shall have to deal with, we shall probably make good our settlement.

These trivial objections dismissed, we congratulate Captain Brackenbury on the position he enjoys as the narrator of these most interesting events. So strongly is he armed with undeniable authorities not many months old, that there is no other side to be heard, the public has not to weigh probabilities, but to accept what is beyond cavil.

He has furnished one other most honourable record of what our soldiers and sailors will dare, and of how much they can accomplish. He has shown, too, how their devotion can rectify the blunders and ignorance of those who profess to inspire and direct them. There is one reason, and one only, why we should desire to read an equally authentic account written by another hand, and that is, that a comrade's pen would probably tell us many things concerning Brackenbury's share in the honours of the campaign which he would not tell us himself. That his own name might figure in the story quite as creditably as many another name that he has celebrated we do not in the least doubt. And, in default of a better knowledge of his personal acts, it is some satisfaction to know what Sir Garnet Wolseley thought of him ; so perhaps we cannot better conclude this notice than by an extract concerning him from the General's despatch of the 5th February :—

“ Captain H. Brackenbury, my Assistant Military Secretary, a highly educated officer, has shown much practical ability in the field, and only requires opportunity for the development of great military talents.”

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCVI.

AUGUST 1874.

VOL. CXVI.

CONTENTS.

THE ABODE OF SNOW.—PART I.,	127
TO THE HEIGHTS.	
THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.—PART VIII., .	146
NEW BOOKS,—	166
ESSAYS BY RICHARD CONGREVE.	
OWEN'S 'THREADING MY WAY.' .	
MRS BARDAULD'S MEMOIRS.	
SONGS OF TWO WORLDS.	
ALICE LORRAINE: A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.—PART VI., .	184
SEVEN VILLAGE SONGS,	207
THE DAIRY-MAID.—DAWN.—MAY.—A DINNER TO REMEMBER.— LOVE.—BY THE WELLS.—SCHOOL-GIRL REBELS.	
THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA, BY THE COMTE DE PARIS, .	211
(LETTER TO THE EDITOR FROM A GENERAL OFFICER OF THE LATE CONFEDERATE ARMY).	
MONTERO'S FLIGHT,	231
THE AGRICULTURAL STRIKE,	233

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET,
AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications must be addressed.

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCVI.

AUGUST 1874.

VOL. CXVI.

THE ABODE OF SNOW.

PART I.—TO THE HEIGHTS.

I HAVE heard of an American backwoodsman who, on finding some people camping about twenty miles from his log cabin, rushed back in consternation to his wife and exclaimed, "Pack thee up, Martha—pack thee up; it's getting altogether too crowded hereabouts." The annoyance which this worthy complained of is very generally felt at present; and, go almost where he may, the lover of peace and solitude will soon have reason to complain that the country round him is becoming "altogether too crowded." As for the enterprising and exploring traveller who desires to make a reputation for himself by his explorations, his case is even worse. Kafiristan, Chinese Tibet, and the very centre of Africa, indeed remain for him; but, wherever he may go, he cannot escape the painful conviction that his task will ere long be trodden ground, and that the special correspondent, the trained reporter, will soon try to obliterate his footsteps. It was not so in older times. The man who went out to see a strange country, if he were fortunate enough

to return to his friends alive, became an authority on that country to the day of his death, and continued so for generations afterwards if he had only used his wits well. An accurate description of a country usually stood good for a century or two at least, and for that period there was no one to dispute it; but the Khiva of 1872 is fundamentally different from the Khiva of 1874; and could we stand to-day where Speke stood sublimely alone a few years ago at Murchison Falls, when he was accomplishing the heroic feat of passing (for the first time in authentic history) from Zanzibar to Cairo, through the ground where the Nile unquestionably takes its rise, we should probably see an English steamboat, with Colonel Gordon on board, moving over the waters of Lake Victoria Nyanza. For the change in the relations of one country with another, which has been effected by steam as a means of propulsion, is of a most radical kind; and it proceeds so rapidly, that by the time the little girls at our knees are grandmothers, and have been fired with that noble ambition to

VOL. CXVI.—NO. DCCVI.

see the world which possesses the old-ladies of our own day, it will be only a question of money and choice with them as to having a cruise upon the lakes of Central Africa, or going to reason with the Grand Lama of Tibet upon the subject of polyandry. Any one walking along the Strand may notice advertisements of "Gaze's annual tour to Jerusalem, Damascus, Nineveh, Babylon, the Garden of Eden, &c. &c." No doubt that sort of thing will receive a check occasionally; there has been a refreshing recurrence, within the last two months, of brigandage in Sicily and the Italian peninsula, which may serve to create a vacuum for the meditative traveller: and if a party of Cook's tourists were to fall into the hands of Persian or Kurdish banditti, the unspeakable consequences would probably put a stop to excursions to the Garden of Eden for some time to come; but still the process would go on of bringing together the ends of the earth, and of making the remotest countries familiar ground.

Such a process, however, will always leave room for books of travel by the few who are specially qualified either to understand nature or describe mankind; and there are regions of the world, the natural conformation of which will continue to exclude ordinary travellers, until we have overcome the difficulty of flying through the air. Especially are such regions to be found in the Himáliya—which, according to the Sanscrit, literally means "The Abode of Snow"—and indeed in the whole of that enormous mass of mountains which really stretches across Asia and Europe, from the China Sea to the Atlantic, and to which Arab geographers have given the expressive title of "The Stony Girdle of the Earth." It is to the loftiest valleys and almost the highest peaks of that range that, in this

and two or three succeeding articles, I would conduct my readers from the burning plains of India, in the hope of finding themes of interest, if not many matters of absolute novelty. I have had the privilege of discoursing in 'Maga,' from and on many mountains—mountains in Switzerland and Beloochistan, China and Japan—and would now speak

"Of vales more wild and mountains more sublime."

Often, of late years, when thinking of again writing in The Magazine, and describing new scenes, the lines have recurred to me with painful force which the dying Magician of the North wrote in pencil by Tweedside:—

"How shall the warped and broken board
Endure to bear the painter's dye?
The harp with strained and tuneless
chord,

How to the minstrel's skill reply?"

But the grandest mountains of the world, which have restored something of former strength, may perhaps suggest thoughts of interest, despite the past death-in-life of an invalid in the tropics. There is a lily (*F. cordata*) which rarely blossoms in India, unless watered with ice-water, which restores its vigour and makes it flower. So the Englishman, whose frame withers and strength departs in the golden sunlight, but oppressive air, of India, finds new vigour and fresh thought and feeling among the snows and glaciers of the Himáliya. If the reader will come with me there, and rest under the lofty deodar tree, I promise him he will find no enemy but winter and rough weather, and perhaps we may discourse not altogether unprofitably under the shadow of those lofty snowy peaks, which still continue

"By the sight
Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing,
Unswapt, unstained."

The change in modern travel has brought the most interesting, and

even the wildest, parts of India within easy reach for our countrymen. Bishop Heber mentions in his Journal that he knew of only two Englishmen—Lord Valencia and Mr Hyde—who had visited India from motives of science or curiosity, since the country came into our possession. Even thirty years ago such visits were unknown; and the present Lord Derby was about the first young Englishman who made our Indian empire a part of the grand tour. Nowadays, old ladies of seventy, who had scarcely ever left Britain before, are to be met with on the spurs of the Himáliya; and we are conveyed rapidly and easily over vast stretches of burning land, which, a few years ago, presented formidable obstacles to even the most eager traveller. On the great routes over the vast plains of Hindústan there is no necessity now for riding twenty miles a-day from bungalow to bungalow, or rolling tediously in a "palki gharri" over the interminable Grand Trunk Road. Even in a well-cushioned comfortable railway apartment it is somewhat trying to shoot through the blinding sunlight and golden dust of an Indian plain; and knowing ones are to be seen in such circumstances expending their ice and

soda-water upon the towels which they have wrapped round their heads. But we are compelled to have recourse to such measures only in the trying transition periods between the hot and cold seasons; because, when the heat is at its greatest, artificially-cooled carriages are provided for first-class passengers. Three days from Bombay and twenty pounds conveyance expenses will land the traveller at Masúri (Mussooree),* on the outer range of the Himáliya; and yet, if he chooses to halt at various places by the way, a single step almost will take him into some of the wildest jungle and mountain scenery of India, among the most primitive tribes, and to the haunts of wild animals of the most unamiable kind. Had the bishop-poet lived now he might have sung, with much more truth than he did fifty years ago,

"Thy towers, they say, gleam fair, Bombay,
Across the dark-blue sea;"

for the schemes of Sir Bartle Frere, energetically carried out by his successor, Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, have given that city the most imposing public buildings to be found in the East—if we except some of the Mohammedan mosques, with the

* The spelling of Indian names is at present in a transition state, though so much has been done to reduce it to one common standard that it is expedient to follow that standard now, which is the official system of spelling adopted by the Indian Government and usually followed by Dr Keith Johnston in his valuable maps. That system partakes of the nature of a compromise, for accents are only used when specially necessary; and in the lists drawn up by Dr W. W. Hunter they are used very sparingly, and are omitted in some cases where they might have been added with advantage. I have followed these official lists in almost every instance, except in using the word "Himáliya;" and the simple rules to be borne in mind in order to render their system of spelling intelligible are that,—

1. The long *a* sounds broadly, as in almond.
2. The short *a* without an accent, has usually somewhat of a *u* sound, as the *a* in rural.
3. The *i* with an accent, is like *ee*, or the *i* in ravine.
4. The *a* with an accent is like *oo*, or the *u* in bull.
5. The *e* has a broad sound, as the *a* in dare.
6. The *o* sounds openly as in note.
7. The *ai* sounds as in aisle, or the *i* in high.
8. The *au* sounds like *ou* in cloud.

palaces and tombs (for these, too, are public buildings) of the Mogul emperors—and in other ways, also, have made it worthy of its natural situation, and a splendid gate of entrance to our Indian empire. But half Europeanised as the capital of Western India is, within ten miles of it, in the island of Salsette, at the little-visited Buddhist caves of Kanhari, the traveller will find not only a long series of ancient richly-sculptured cave-temples and monastic retreats, but also the most savage specimens of animal and vegetable life, in a thick jungle which often seems alive with monkeys, and where, if he only remains over night, he would have a very good chance of attracting the attention of the most ferocious denizen of the Indian forest. Though the locomotive bears him swiftly and smoothly up the inclines of the Thull Ghaut, instead of his having to cross the Sáhyádri range by a bridle-path, or be dragged painfully by tortured bullocks at the rate of half a mile an hour, as was the case only a few years ago; yet he has only to stop at the picturesquely-situated bungalow at Egutpoora, and wander a little way along the edge of the great bounding wall of the Deccan, in order to look down immense precipices of columnar basalt, and see huge rock-snakes sunning themselves upon the bastions of old Marátha forts, and be startled by the booming cry of the Entellus monkey, or by coming on the footprints of a leopard or a tiger. And it may not be amiss, when writing of the Western Ghauts, to point out the remarkable parallelism, which has not before been noted, between these mountains and the Himáliya, for it may serve to make the contour of both ranges easily intelligible. Both are immense bounding walls; the one to the elevated plains of the Deccan, and the other, to the still more ele-

vated table-land of Central Asia. Carrying out this parallel, the Narbada (Nerbudda) will be found to occupy very much the same position as the Indus, the Sutlej as the Tápti, and the Godaveri as the Brahmapútra. All have their rise high up on their respective table-lands; some branches of the Godaveri rise close to the sources of the Narbada, just as the Indus and the Brahmapútra have their origin somewhere about Lake Manasarowar; and yet the former rivers fall into the sea on opposite sides of the Indian peninsula just as the two latter do. So, in like manner, the Tápti has its origin near that of the Narbada, as the Sutlej rises close to the Indus; and if we can trust the Sind tradition, which represents the upper part of the Arabian Sea as having once been dry land, there may have been a time within the human era when the Tápti flowed into the Narbada, as the Sutlej does into the Indus some way above the sea. There is no mountain group in the Highlands of Central India where the three southern rivers rise quite so close together as do the three northern rivers from the lofty and inaccessible Tibetan Kailas, but still there is a great similarity in their relative positions; and it is only when we think of the Sáhyádri and Himáliya as boundary walls that we can understand their relations to the table-land behind them, and their terrific fall to the low-lying land in front.

But there is no snow on the Sáhyádri mountains, so we must hurry on past Nisik, where there is a holy city scarcely less sacred than Benares in the estimation of the Hindus; so holy is it that the mere mention of the river on which it stands is supposed to procure the forgiveness of sins; and the banks of this river are covered by as picturesque ghauts and temples as those of the Gangetic city. No traveller

should omit stopping at Nāndgaum, in order to pay a visit to the immense series of carved hills, of rock-temples and sculptured caves, which make Ellora by far the most wonderful and instructive place in India. If we have to diverge from the railway line again into the upper Tāpti valley, we shall find that the basins of rich and once cultivated soil are covered by dense jungle of grass and bamboo, full of tiger, bear, bison, sambar and spotted deer, and inhabited, here and there, by Kurkies and other aboriginal tribes, but having a deadly climate during great part of the year. Approaching Khandwa, on the railway, we see the ancient and famous fort of Asirghar in the distance rising 850 feet above the plain, and 2300 feet above the sea; and Khandwa itself, which has been built with the stones from an old Jain town, is important now as a place where the whole traffic of Central India to Bombay meets, and as one terminus of a branch line of rail which takes into the great native state of India, and the capital of the famous Holkar. Here we enter into the Narbada valley, and are soon between two notable ranges of mountains, the Sūtpūra and the Vindhya. Ten years ago the Central Provinces were described as "for the most part a *terra incognita*;" and, though now well known, the Highlands of Central India present abundance of the densest jungle, full of the wildest animals and the most primitive of men. In the early dawn, as the railway train rushes along through the cool but mild air, are seen to the right an irregular line of picturesque mountains covered with thick jungle to their summits; and the Englishman unaccustomed to India, who leaves the railway and goes into them, will find himself as much out of his reckoning as if he threw himself overboard a Red Sea

steamer and made for the Arabian coast. The Narbada, which is the boundary between the Deccan and Hindūsthan proper, rises at Amartank, at the height of 5000 feet, in the dominions of the painted Rajah of Rewa, who was certainly the most picturesque figure in the great Bombay durbar two years ago; it enters the Gulf of Bombay at the cotton town of Bharuch or Broach, and to the English merchant is almost the most important of the Indian rivers. It is supposed that, in prehistoric times, its valley must have been a series of great lakes, which are now filled by alluvial deposits of a recent epoch; and the discovery of flint implements in its alluvium, by the late Lieutenant Downey, has indicated it as an important field for the researches of the archaeologist. Though its upper course is tumultuous enough, in deep clefts through marble rock, and falling in cascades over high ledges, it soon reaches a rich broad valley, containing iron and coal, which is one of the largest granaries and is the greatest cotton-field of India. Through that valley it runs, a broad yellow strip of sand and shingle; and it has altogether a course of about 800 miles, chiefly on a basalt bed, through a series of rocky clefts and valley basins.

If the traveller has come straight from Bombay, he will feel inclined to halt at Jabalpur (Jubbulpore) after his ride of twenty-six hours; but if his stay there be only for a day, he will do well, after seeing the novelty of a Thug school of industry, to hire a horse-carriage, and drive on about ten miles to the famous and wonderful Marble Rocks, where he will find a beautifully-situated bungalow for travellers, and an old but by no means worn-out Khansamah, who will cook for him a less pretentious but probably as good a dinner as he would find in the hotels of Jabal-

pur. The place I speak of presents one of those enchanting scenes which remain for ever vivid in the memory. The Narbada there becomes pent up among rocks, and falls over a ledge about thirty feet high, and then flows for about two miles through a deep chasm below the surface of the surrounding country, cut through basalt and marble, but chiefly through the latter. The stream above its fall has a breadth of 100 yards, but in the chasm of only about 20 yards; and the glittering cliffs of white marble which rise above it are from 80 to 120 feet high, and are composed of a dolomite and magnesian limestone. Such, briefly stated, are the constituents of the scene, but they are insufficient to explain its weird charm. I went up between the Marble Rocks in the early morning in a boat, by moonlight, and floated down in sunlight; and as we moved slowly up that romantic chasm, the drip of water from the paddles, and the wash of the stream, only showed how deep the silence was. A tiger had been doing some devastation in the neighbourhood, and one of the boatmen whispered that we might have a chance of seeing it come down to drink at the entrance of the cleft, or moving along the rocks above, which of course made the position more interesting. The marble walls on one side, which sparkled like silver in the moonlight, reflected so white a radiance as almost to illumine the shadow of the opposite cliffs; but the stream itself lay in deeper shadow, with here and there shafts of dazzling light falling upon it; and above, the moonbeams had woven in the air a silvery veil, through which even the largest stars shone only dimly. It did not look at all like a scene on earth, but rather as if we were entering the portals of another world. Coming down in the brilliant sunlight the chasm appeared less weird

but hardly less extraordinary. Large fish began to leap at the dragon-flies which skimmed over the surface of the water; monkeys ran along the banks above, and chattered angrily at us; many peacocks also appeared above, uttering their harsh cries; and the large bees' nests which hung every here and there from the Marble Rocks, began to show unpleasant symptoms of life. Let every visitor to this place beware how he disturbs these ferocious and reckless insects. They are very large; their sting is very poisonous, and they display a fury and determination in resenting any interference, which makes them most formidable enemies. Two Englishmen, I was told, were once floating through the chasm, when a ball, which one of them had fired at a peacock, slanted off from the rock and unfortunately happened to hit one of these nests. The consequence was that the bees immediately swarmed about the boat, and stung one of its occupants, who was unable to swim, so severely that he died from the effects. His companion leaped into the stream and floated down with it; but even then a cloud of bees followed him for a long way, watching his movements, and immediately attacked his face and every portion of his body which appeared for an instant above the surface of the water.

Allahabad, the capital of the North-West Provinces, has become one of the most important places in India from its position at the junction of two mighty rivers, and as the centre of the railway communication between Bombay, Calcutta, and the Panjab. It possesses a newspaper, the 'Pioneer,' which obtained great popularity all over India from the humour of its late editor, the Rev. Julian Robinson; and while its past is interesting from its connection with the Indian Mutiny and the stemming of the tide of mutiny, the

archæologist will find in it remains which are of great importance for the elucidation of Indian antiquity. English travellers will also find there the residence of the cotton commissioner, Mr Rivett-Carnac, who is so well known by his great efforts to enable India to meet the demands of Great Britain for its products, by his activity in collecting information of all kinds, and his extreme readiness in imparting it to those who are happy enough to come in contact with him.

But we must proceed towards the *Himāliya*; and in order to do so at once, I shall say nothing here of Cawnpore and Lucknow,* Delhi and Agra. They have been admirably described by several modern writers, but no description can give an adequate idea of the mournful interest excited by a visit to the two former, or of the dazzling beauty of the Taj Mahal and the Pearl Mosque of Agra. I shall only remark that those who visit the scenes of the Indian Mutiny may do well to inquire for themselves into the true history of that dreadful outbreak, and not allow themselves to be deceived by the palliating veil which such amiable writers as the late Dr Norman Macleod have drawn over it. That history has never been written; and I was assured by one of the special commissioners who went up with the first relieving force from Allahabad, that the Government interfered to prevent his publishing an account of it drawn from the sworn depositions which had been made before him. It is right that the Angel of Mercy should bend over the well at Cawnpore, and flowers spring from the shattered walls of the Residency at Lucknow; but the lessons of the Mutiny are likely to be in great part lost, if its unprovoked atrocities are

to be concealed in the darkness to which every humane heart must desire to relegate them.

Here, in the valley of the Ganges, we may be said to be at the base of the *Himāliya*, though even from near points of view they are not visible through the golden-dust haze of an Indian March. This valley runs parallel with the Stony Girdle for 1200 miles, itself varying from 80 miles in breadth at Monghir, to 200 at Agra; and is so flat as to suggest rather an immensely long strip of plain than anything like a valley. Those who do not think of venturing into the high and interior *Himāliya*, but yet wish to have something like a near view of the highest and grandest mountains in the world, will of course direct their steps to one or more of the hill-stations on its southern or south-western front, and each of the more important of these is a place of departure for the wilder and more inaccessible country behind. A brief glance at these latter will serve to expose the points from which the most interesting parts of the *Himāliya* are accessible.

To begin from the east, Dārjiling (*Dārjeeling*) is the great sanitarium for Bengal, and is usually the residence, for some portion of the year, of the Lieutenant-Governor of that province, and of his chief officers. A railway is in course of construction, or is to be constructed, which will greatly facilitate access to it. As it is, we have to go eleven hours by rail from Calcutta, four hours in a river steamboat, 124 miles in a dak gharry, bullock shigram, or mail-cart, then fourteen miles on horse-back or in a palanquin to the foot of the hills, and by similar means of carriage up to the top of them, in order to reach Dārjiling. In the rains this is a horrible journey

* These are two names, the spelling of which should have been left unaltered, even according to the Government's own views.

to make; and, except in the very hot season, the miasma of the Terai or jungle forest between Siligari and Pankabarri is so deadly that the traveller is always advised to pass it by daylight—a proposal which in all probability he will be glad to accede to, unless familiarity with tigers and wild elephants has bred in him a due contempt for such road-fellows. This makes Dárjiling not a very easy place to get at, and it has the additional disadvantage of being exceedingly wet and cold during the south-west monsoon—that is to say, from any time in the end of June till the beginning of October; but, notwithstanding these drawbacks, it recommends itself to the tourist who does not care to attempt tent-life in the mountains, on account of its magnificent view of the Himálya, and its vicinity to the very highest peaks of that mighty range. Gaurisankar, or Mount Everest, the culminating point of the earth's surface, and which rises to the height of 29,002 feet above the level of the sea, is in Nepal, and is not visible from the hill-station we speak of; but it can be seen, when weather allows, from an elevation only a day or two's journey from Dárjiling. Kanchinjanga in Sikkim, however, which is the second highest peak in the world, and rises to the height of 28,150 feet, is visible from Dárjiling; and no general view of the Himálya is finer, more characteristic, or more impressive, than that which we may have from the Cutcherry hill at Dárjiling, looking over dark range after range of hills up to the eternal snows of Kanchinjanga, and the long line of its attendant monarchs of mountains. Unfortunately Gaurisankar, the loftiest mountain of all, is out of the reach of nearly all travellers, owing to our weakness in allowing Nepal to exclude Englishmen from its territory; but if any one is very

anxious to try Chinese Tibet, he will find one of the doors into it by going up from Dárjiling through the protected state of Sikkim; but whether the door will open at his request is quite another matter, and if he kicks at it he is likely to find himself suddenly going down the mountains considerably faster than he went up them. *Verbum aut sapientibus*; but if one could only get through this door, it is a very short way from it to Lassa, the capital of Tibet, and the residence of the Grand Lama, which, possibly, is the reason why it is kept so strictly guarded.

Gaurisankar, and the highest peaks of the Himálya, are on the border between Nepal and Tibet, and form a group somewhat obtruding from the line of the main range. It is provoking that the weak foreign policy of the Indian Government—a policy, however, which has been very much forced upon it from home—should allow the Nepaleses to exclude English travellers from their territory, while at the same time we treat the former as friendly allies, and heap honours upon Jung Bahadur. To take such a line is always regarded in the East as a proof of weakness, which indeed it is; and the best commentary upon its effects is the belief, everywhere prevalent in India, that the Nana Sahib is, or for long has been, the protected guest of the Court of Katmandú. This policy places about 500 miles of the Himálya out of the reach of the English traveller, though these 500 miles contain the culminating point of the whole range, the most splendid jewel in the Stony Girdle of the Earth. There is another stretch of 500 miles to the east of Nepal, occupied by Bhotan, in which also no European can travel, owing to the character of the inhabitants and of the Government; so that it is only in the little

narrowed strip of Sikkim that one can get up at all to the main range of the eastern Himāliya; and thus we are practically shut out from a thousand miles of the Himāliya—from a thousand miles of the noblest mountains in the world, overlooking the Gangetic valley and the conquered provinces of British India. It follows from this that the traveller who wishes to enter among these giant mountains, and is not content with a view of them such as we have of the Oberland Alps from the summit of the Righi, must of necessity betake himself to the western Himāliya. It is true he may go up the Sikkim valley from Dārjiling to the foot of Kanchinjanga, but he is then confined to the narrow gorges of the Testa and the Rānjit. Moreover, it is only in summer that one can travel among the higher ranges, and in summer Sikkim is exposed to almost the full force of the Indian monsoon, which rages up to the snows of Kanchinjanga with a saturated atmosphere and the densest fogs. Pedestrianism and tent-travelling in such circumstances are almost out of the question; and as it is only when the traveller can get a snowy range between himself and the Indian monsoon that he can travel with any comfort, or even with safety, among the Himāliya in summer, he must perforce betake himself to their western section, if he desires to make acquaintance with the interior and higher portions of that mighty range.

Passing, then, over the 500 miles of Nepal, and casting one's longing look in the direction of Gaurisankar, we come to Naini Tal or Nyni Tal, which is the sanitarium of the North-West Provinces, as Dārjiling is of Bengal, and is visited every year by their Lieutenant-Governor, and a large portion of Allahabad society. It is a charming spot, with a beautiful little lake surrounded by wooded

mountains; but it is not in proximity to any high peaks, nor does it command views of the snowy ranges. It does not afford easy access to any of the points of special interest in the higher mountains, and we do not recommend the Himāliyan tourist to pay it a visit, for the time which it would occupy might be much better bestowed in other directions; but it has the advantage of having two outposts of civilisation between it and the snowy mountains,—namely, Almora, from which a long route by the base of Nanda Kut (22,536 feet high), will take up to another door into Chinese Tartary—and Rānikhet, to which the late Lord Mayo had some thought of removing the summer seat of the supreme Government from Simla, because it has abundance of wood and water, and is one of the very few places in the Himāliya where there is a little level ground.

The next sanitarium is Masūri, or Mussooree, which can be reached, through the Sewalik range and the beautiful valley of the Dehra Doon, in a long day from Saharunpore on the railway. It is not visited by any Government in particular; there is nobody to look after people's morals in that aerial retreat; and the result is, that though Masūri has much quiet family life, and is not much given to balls or large gay parties, it yet has the character of being the fastest of all the hill-stations, and the one where grass widows combine to allow themselves the greatest liberty. This is scandal, however—not exact science; and as I have something special to say about both Masūri and Simla, I shall only remark here that they present by far the best points of departure for a tour in the interior Himāliya; but it should be noted that it is almost impossible to cross the outer snowy range from the former station during July, August, and September, when the

monsoon is piling snow upon it, and beneath the snow-line the rivers are flooded.

The younger hill-stations of Dharamsala and Dalhousie are a long way to the north-west of Simla, and are so far from the line of railway to Lahore and from any carriage-roads, that they are not likely to be sought, in the first instance, by any tourist, however enterprising. But it may be remarked that they are convenient depots of the products of civilisation; that Dalhousie is a good starting-point for Kashmir, and that Dharamsala, where the houses stand at elevations of from about 4000 to 7000 feet high, rises out of the Kangra valley, which Lord Canning held to be the most beautiful district in India, with the exception of Kashmir, and which combines the advantages of tropical with Alpine climate and vegetation. Very far beyond these, at a height of about 7000 feet, we have Mari (Muree) which is the hill-station for the Panjab and its Lieutenant-Governor, and the great point of departure for Kashmir. It is only 40 miles distant from the Grand Trunk Road at Rāwal Pindi, and can be reached in hill-carts, so that it is really more accessible to the English tourist than some of the hill-stations which geographically may appear much nearer; but it is not in immediate proximity to any very high ranges, though sometimes a glimpse can be got from its neighbourhood of the wonderful peak of Nangha Parbat, which is 26,629 feet high. Close to the Indus, where the Himāliya have changed into the Hindū Kūsh, there is Abbotabad, which, though a military station and little over 4000 feet, is one of the points which command Kashmir; and it has beside it the sanitarium of Tandali, or Tundiani, which presents more extensive views from the height of 9000 feet. And here our line of sanitariums comes to an end; for though the plain of

our trans-Indus possession is bounded by the most tempting mountains, the lower ranges of the Hindū Kūsh, yet if the tourist makes even the slightest attempt to scale these, he will find that, between the Akound of Swat, the Amir of Kabul, and the officers of the British Government, he will have an uncommonly bad time of it, and may consider himself fortunate if he is only brought back neck and crop to Peshāwur (Peshawur) and put under surveillance or ordered out of the district.

Simla, as I have indicated, is the best starting-point for the inner Himāliya, besides being an interesting place in itself, as usually the summer residence of the Viceroy and the other chiefs of the supreme Government of India, though this year they have been detained in Calcutta by the Bengal famine. But Masūri is more easy of access; that place, or rather the closely adjacent military station of Landaur (Landour), commands a finer view of snowy peaks; and it is not necessary to descend from Masūri to the burning plains in order to reach Simla, as a good bridle-road, passing through the new military station of Chakrata, connects the two places, and can be traversed in fourteen easy marches, which afford very good preliminary experience for a tour in the Himāliya. In April of last year Masūri was the first elevation I made for, and eagerly did I seek its cool breezes after the intense heat of Agra and Delhi. Anglo-Indians are very hospitable towards English travellers; and as the thoughtful kindness of Sir William Muir, the then Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, had furnished me with some valuable letters of introduction, I could not but accede to his wish that I should go to Rūrki (Roorkee) and see the Engineering College there, the workshops, and

the works of the Ganges Canal. At Saharunpore, the railway station for Rûrki, there is a botanical garden, and a valuable collection of fossils, under the charge, and created by the labours, of Dr Jamieson, of the Forest Department, a relative and pupil of the well-known mineralogist, and one of the founders of the science of geology, who for fifty years occupied the post of Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. Of Rûrki itself, and its invaluable canal, which has done so much to prevent famine in the North-West Provinces, I hope to speak elsewhere. I was fortunate enough there to be the guest of Major Lang, the very able Principal of the Engineering College, who had formerly been engaged in the construction of "the great Hindûsthan and Tibet Road," which runs from Simla towards Chinese Tartary; and any doubts as to where I was bound for were soon entirely dissipated by the Principal's descriptions of Chini and Pangay, the Indian Kailas, and the Parang La. He warned me, indeed, not to attempt Chinese Tibet, lest the fate of the unfortunate Adolph Schlagentweit might befall me, and a paragraph should appear in the Indian papers announcing that a native traveller from Gartok had observed a head adorning the pole of a Tartar's tent, which head, there was only too much reason to fear from his description of it, must have been that of the enterprising traveller who lately penetrated into Chinese Tibet by way of Shipki. But then it was not necessary to cross the border in order to see Chini and the Kailas; and even his children kindled with enthusiastic delight as they cried out "Pangay! Pangay!"

As the greatest *mela* or religious fair of the Hindus was being held at this time at Hardwar (Hurdwar), where the Ganges is supposed to issue

from the Himâliya, I went over there to see that extraordinary scene, and was fortunate enough to hit upon the auspicious day for bathing. That also I must leave undescribed at present, and proceed in a *dooly* from Hardwar along a jungle-path through the Terai to the Dehra Doon and Masûri. This was my first experience of the Himâliya. In vain had I strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of their snowy summits through the golden haze which filled the hot air. Though visible from Rûrki and many other places in the plains at certain seasons, they are not so in April; but here, at least, was the outermost circle of them—the Terai, or, literally, the "wet land," the "belt of death," the thick jungle swarming with wild beasts, which runs along their southern base. It is not quite so thick or so deadly here between the Ganges and the Jumna, as it is farther to the east, on the other side of the former river, and all the way from the Ganges to the Brahmapûtra, constituting, I suppose, the longest as well as the deadliest strip of jungle-forest in the world. The greater cold in winter in this north-western portion, and its greater distance from the main range, prevent its trees attaining quite such proportions as they do farther east; but still it has sufficient heat and moisture, and sufficiently little circulation of air, to make it even here a suffocating hothouse, into which the wind does not penetrate to dissipate the moisture transpired by the vegetation; and where, besides the most gigantic Indian trees and plants—as the sissou, the saul tree, with its shining leaves and thick clusters of flowers, and the most extraordinary interlacing of enormous creepers—we have, strange to say, a number of trees and other plants properly belonging to far-distant and intensely tropical parts of the earth, such as the *Cassia*

elata of Burmah, the *Marlea begonioides* of Java, the *Duringia celosioides* of Papua, and the *Nerium odorum* of Africa. This natural conservatory is a special haunt for wild animals, and for enormous snakes such as the pythou. The rhinoceros exists in the Terai, though not beyond the Ganges; but in the part we now are—that between the Ganges and the Jumna—there are wild elephants, and abundance of tiger, leopard, panther, bear, antelope, and deer of various kinds. My Bombay servant had heard so many stories at Hardwar about the inhabitants of this jungle, that he entered into it with fear and trembling. If the word *hatti* (elephant) was uttered once by our coolies, it was uttered a hundred times in the course of the morning. Before we had gone very far, my dooly was suddenly placed on the ground, and my servant informed me that there were some wild elephants close by. Now, the idea of being in a canvas dooly when an elephant comes up to trample on it is by no means a pleasant one; so I gathered myself out slowly and deliberately, but with an alacrity which I could hardly have believed possible. Surely enough the heads and backs of a couple of large elephants were visible in the bush; and as they had no howdahs or cloths upon them, the inference was fair that they were wild animals. But a little observation served to show that there were men beside them. They turned out to be tame elephants belonging to a Mr Wilson, a well-known Himāliyan character, who was hunting in the Terai, and who seems to have been met by every traveller to Masūri for the last twenty years. I did not see him at this time, but afterwards made his acquaintance in the hotel at Masūri, and again in Bombay. It will give some idea of the abundance of game in this part of

the Terai to mention, that on this shooting excursion, which lasted only for a very few days, he bagged two tigers, besides wounding another which was lost in the jungle, three panthers, and about thirty deer. Mr Wilson has been called the “Ranger of the Himāliya,” and his history is a curious one. About thirty years ago he wandered up to these mountains on foot from Calcutta with his gun, being a sort of superior “European loafer.” There his skill as a hunter enabled him to earn more than a livelihood, by preserving and sending to Calcutta the skins of the golden pheasant and other valuable birds. This traffic soon developed to such proportions that he employed many *paharries* to procure for him the skins of birds and animals, so that his returns were not solely dependent on the skill of his own hand. He married a native mountain lady, who possessed some land, a few day’s marches from Masūri; and finally, by a fortunate contract for supplying Indian railways with sleepers from the woods of the Himāliya, he had made so much money that it was currently believed at Masūri when I was there that he was worth more than £150,000. I was interested in his account of the passes leading towards Yarkund and Kashmir, with some of which he had made personal acquaintance. I may mention, also, that he spoke in very high terms of the capacities, as an explorer, of the late Mr Hayward, the agent of the Geographical Society of London, who was cruelly murdered on the border of Yassin, on his way to the Pamir Steppe, the famous “Roof of the World.” It has been rumoured that Mr Hayward was in the habit of ill-treating the people of the countries through which he passed; but Mr Wilson, who travelled with him for some time, and is himself a great favourite with the

mountaineers, repelled this supposition, and said he had met with no one so well fitted as this unfortunate agent of the Geographical Society for making his way in difficult countries. I do not think that the least importance should be attached to accusations of the kind which have been brought against Mr Hayward, or rather against his memory. The truth is, it is so absolutely necessary at times in High Asia to carry matters with a high hand—so necessary for the preservation, not only of the traveller's own life, but also of the lives of his attendants—that there is hardly a European traveller in that region against whom, if his mouth were only closed with the dust of the grave, and there was any reason for getting up a case against him, it could not be proved, in a sort of way, that it was his ill-treatment of the natives which had led to his being murdered. I am sure such a case could have been made out against myself on more than one occasion; and an officer on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief in India told me that the people of Spiti had complained to him that a Sahib, who knew neither Hindusthani nor English, much less their own Tibetan dialect, had been beating them because they could not understand him. Now this Sahib is one of the mildest and most gentlemanly of the members of the present Yarkund Mission, and the cause of his energy in Spiti was that, shortly before, in Lahoul, several of his coolies had perished from cold, owing to disobedience of his orders, and, being a humane man, he was anxious to guard against the recurrence of such an event. But when treating of Kashmir I shall speak more openly about the story of Hayward's death, and only wish to note here the testimony in his favour which was borne by the experienced "Ranger of the Himāliya," who has become almost

one in feeling with the people among whom he dwells.

In the centre of this Terai, there is an expensively built police *chowkie*, in which I took refuge from the extreme heat of the day; but what police have to do there, unless to apprehend tigers, does not appear at first sight. It is quite conceivable, however, that the conservatory might become a convenient place of refuge for wild and lawless men, as well as for wild plants and wild beasts. Hence the presence in its midst of these representatives of law and order, who hailed the visit of a Sahib with genuine delight. The delay here prevented me reaching the cultivated valley of the Dehra Doon till midnight, so torches were lit long before we left the thicker part of the Terai; their red light made the wild jungle look wilder than ever, and it was with a feeling of relief that we came upon the first gardens and tea-plantations. There is no place in India, unless perhaps the plateaus of the Blue Mountains, which remind one so much of England as the little valley of the Dehra Doon; and Sir George Campbell has well observed that no district has been so happily designed by nature for the capital of an Anglo-Indian empire. It lies between the Sewalik or sub-Himāliyan range and the Himāliya itself. This former low line of hills, which is composed from the debris of the greater range, has its strata dipping towards the latter in a north-easterly direction, and consists of a few parallel ridges which are high towards the plains, but sloping in the direction of the Himāliya where there is any interval between. It contains an immense collection of the fossil bones of the horse, bear, camel, hyena, ape, rhinoceros, elephant, crocodile, hippopotamus, and also of the sivatherium, the megatherium, and other

enormous animals not now found alive. At some places it rests upon the Himáliya, and at others is separated from them by raised valleys. The Dehra Doon is one of those elevated valleys, with the Upper Ganges and Jumna flowing through it on opposite sides, and is about seventy miles in length and nearly twenty in breadth. It is sometimes spoken of, by enthusiasts for colonisation in India, as if the whole Anglo-Saxon race might find room to establish themselves there; but it is really a very small district, with almost all the available land occupied; and from Masúri we see the whole of it lying at our feet and bounded by the two shining rivers. It is a very pleasant place, however. Being so far north, just about 30° of latitude, and at an elevation of a little over 2000 feet, it enjoys a beautiful climate. Even in the hot season the nights and mornings are quite cool, which is the great thing in a hot country; the fall of rain is not so great as in the plains below or in the hills immediately above; and in the cold season the temperature is delightful, and at times bracing. I saw roses in the Dehra Doon growing under bamboos and mango-trees, and beds of fine European vegetables side by side with fields of the tea shrub. In one plantation which I examined particularly, the whole process of preparing the tea was shown to me. It was under the superintendence of a Celestial, and the process did not differ much from that followed in China, but the plants were smaller than those usually seen in the Flowery Land. After having been for long a rather unprofitable speculation, the cultivation of tea on the slopes of the Himáliya is now a decided monetary success; and the only difficulty is to meet the demand for Indian tea which exists not only in India and Europe but also in Central

Asia. Dr Jamieson of Saharunpore, who has interested himself much in the growth of tea in India, and pressed it on when almost everybody despaired of its ever coming to anything, was kind enough to give me a map showing the tea districts of the western Himáliya; and I see from it that they begin close to the Nepalese frontier at Pethoragurh in Kumaon. A number of them are to be found from a little below Naini Tal northwards up to Almora and Ránikhet. Besides those in the Dehra Doon, there are some in its neighbourhood immediately below Masúri, and to the east of that hill-station. Next we have those at Kalka on the way to Simla from Ambála (Umballa), at or rather just below Simla itself, at Kotghur in the valley of the Sutlej, and in the Kullú valley, so famed for the beauty and immortality of its women. And lastly, there is a group at Dharamsala, and in the Kangra valley and its neighbourhood. The cultivation of tea does not seem to get on in the Himáliya above the height of 6000 feet, and it flourishes from that height down to about 2000 feet, or perhaps lower. Some people are very fond of Indian tea, and declare it to be equal, if not superior, to that of the Middle Kingdom; but I do not agree with them at all. When my supplies ran out in High Asia, tea was for some time my only artificial beverage, though that, too, failed me at last, and I was obliged to have recourse to roasted barley, from which really very fair coffee can be made, and coffee quite as good as the liquid to be had under that name in half the *cafés* of Europe. It is in such circumstances that one can really test tea, when we are so dependant on it for its refreshing and invigorating effects; and I found that none of the Indian tea which I had with me—not even that of Kangra, which is the best of all—was to be compared

for a moment, either in its effects or in the pleasantness of its taste, with the tea of two small packages from Canton, which were given me by a friend just as I was starting from Simla. The latter, as compared with the Himāliyan tea, was as sparkling hock to home-brewed ale, and yet it was only a fair specimen of the ordinary better-class teas of the Pearl river.

Looking from Rajpore at the foot of the hills up to Masūri, that settlement has a very curious appearance. Many of its houses are distinctly visible along the ridges; but they are so very high up, and so immediately above one, as to suggest that we are in for something like the labours and the experience of Jack on the bean-stalk. In the bazaar at Rajpore, I was reminded of the Alps by noticing several cases of *goitre*: and I afterwards saw instances of this disease at Masūri; at Kalka, at the foot of the Simla hills; at Simla; at Nirth, a very hot place near Rampūr in the Sutlej valley; at Lippe, a cool place, above 9000 feet high, in Upper Kunawur, with abundance of good water; at Kaolang in Lahoul, a similar place, but still higher; at the Ringdom Monastery in Zanskar, about 12,000 feet high; in the great open valley of Kashmir; and at Peshāwar in the low-lying trans-Indus plains. These cases do not all fit into any particular theory which has been advanced regarding the cause of this hideous disease; and Dr Bramley has mentioned in the Transactions of the Medical Society of Calcutta, that in Nepal he found *goitre* was more prevalent on the crests of high mountains than in the valleys. The steep ride to Masūri up the vast masses of mountain, which formed only the first and comparatively insignificant spurs of the Himāliya, gave a slight foretaste of what is to be experienced among their giant central ranges.

Masūri, though striking enough, is by no means a picturesque place. It wants the magnificent deodar and other trees of the Simla ridge, and, except from the extreme end of the settlement, it has no view of the Snowy Mountains, though it affords a splendid outlook over the Dehra Doon, the Sewaliks, and the Indian plains beyond. The "Himalayan Hotel" there is the best hotel I have met with in India; and there are also a club-house and a good subscription reading-room and library. Not a few of its English inhabitants live there all the year round, in houses many of which are placed in little shelves scooped out of the precipitous sides of the mountain. The ridges on which it rests afford only about five miles of riding-paths in all, and no table-land. Its height is about 7000 feet—almost all the houses being between 6400 and 7200 feet above the level of the sea. But this insures a European climate; for on the southern face of the Himāliya the average yearly temperature of London is found at a height of about 8000 feet. The chief recommendation of Masūri is its equality of temperature, both from summer to winter and from day to night; and in most other respects its disadvantages are rather glaring. In April I found the thermometer in a shaded place in the open air ranged from 60° Fahr. at daybreak, to 71° between two and three o'clock in the afternoon; and the rise and fall of the mercury were very gradual and regular indeed, though there was a good deal of rain. The coldest month is January, which has a mean temperature of about 42° 45'; and the hottest is July, which has 67° 35'. The transition to the rainy season appears to make very little difference; but while the months of October and November are delightful, with a clear and serene sky, and an average temperature of 54°, the rainy season must be horrible,

exposed as Masúri is, without an intervening rock or tree, to the full force of the Indian south-west monsoon. The Baron Carl Hügel mentions that when he was there in 1835, the rain lasted for *eighty-five days*, with an intermission of only a few hours. It cannot always be so bad as that at Masúri in summer, but still the place must be exceedingly wet, cold, and disagreeable during the period of the monsoon; and it is no wonder that, at such a season, the residents of the Dehra Doon much prefer their warmer and more protected little valley below.

Notwithstanding the attractions of the "Himalayan Hotel," I would recommend the visitors to Masúri to get out of it as soon as possible, and to follow the example of the American who said to me after forty-eight hours he could stand it no longer, and that he wanted "to hear them panthers growling about my tent." The two great excursions from this place are to the Jumnotri and the Gangotri peaks, where the sacred rivers, Jumna and Ganges, may be said to take their rise respectively. These journeys involve tent-life, and the usual concomitants of Himáliyan travel, but they are well worth making; for the southern side of the sunny Himáliya in this neighbourhood is grand indeed. It is only fifteen marches from Masúri to the glacier from which the Ganges is said to issue, though, in reality, a branch of it descends from much further up among the mountains; and these marches are quite easy except for nine miles near to the glacier, where there is "a very bad road over ladders, scaffolds, &c." It is of importance to the tourist to bear in mind that, in order to pursue his pleasure in the Himáliya, it is not necessary for him to descend from Masúri to the burning plains. The hill-road to Simla I have already

spoken of. There is also a direct route from Masúri to Wangtú Bridge, in the Sutlej valley, over the Burand Pass, which is 15,180 feet high, and involving only two marches on which there are no villages to afford supplies. This route to Wangtú Bridge is only fourteen marches, and that place is so near to Chini and the Indian Kailas that the tourist might visit these latter in a few days from it, thus seeing some of the finest scenery in the snowy Himáliya; and he could afterwards proceed to Simla from Wangtú in eleven marches along the cut portion of the Hindústhan and Tibet road. There is another and still more interesting route from Masúri to the valley of the Sutlej over the Nila or Nilung Pass, and then down the wild Buspa valley; but that pass is an exceedingly difficult one, and is somewhere about 18,000 feet high, so no one should attempt it without some previous experience of the high Himáliya; and it is quite impassable when the monsoon is raging, as indeed the Burand Pass may be said to be also. The neophyte may also do well to remember that tigers go up to the snow on the south side of the Himáliya; and that, at the foot of the Jumnotri and Gangotri peaks, besides "them panthers," and a tiger or two, he is likely enough to have snow bears growling about his tent at night.

I had been unfortunate in not having obtained even a single glimpse of the snowy Himáliya from the plains, or from any point of my journey to Masúri, and I learned there that they were only visible in the early morning at that season. Accordingly I ascended one morning at daybreak to the neighbouring military station of Landaur, and there saw these giant mountains for the first time. Sir Alexander Burnes wrote in his 'Travels into Bokhara,' &c.—"I

felt a nervous sensation of joy as I first gazed on the Himalaya." When Bishop Heber saw them he "felt intense delight and awe in looking on them." Even in these anti-enthusiastic times I fancy most people experience some emotion on first beholding those lofty pinnacles of unstained snow, among which the gods of Hindústan are believed to dwell. From Landaur a sea of mist stretched from my feet, veiling, but not altogether concealing, ridge upon ridge of dark mountains, and even covering the lower portions of the distant great wall of snow. No sunlight as yet fell upon this dark yet transparent mist, in which the mountainous surface of the earth, with its black abysses, seemed sunk as in a gloomy ocean, bounded by a huge coral-reef. But above this, dazzling and glorious in the sunlight, high up in the deep blue heavens, there rose a white shining line of gigantic "icy summits reared in air." Nothing could have been more peculiar and striking than the contrast between the wild mountainous country below—visible, but darkened as in an eclipse—and these lofty domes and pinnacles of eternal ice and *névé*. No cloud or fleck of mist marred their surpassing radiance. Every glacier, snow-wall, icy *aiguille*, and smooth-rounded snow-field, gleamed with marvellous distinctness in the morning light, though here and there the sunbeams drew out a more overpowering brightness. These were the Sumnōtri and Gaugōtri peaks, the peaks of Badrināth and of the Hindu Kailas; the source of mighty sacred rivers; the very centre of the Hīmāliya; the *Himmel*, or heaven of the Teuton Aryans as well as of Hindu mythology. Mount Meru itself may be regarded as raising there its golden front against the sapphire sky; the Kailas, or

"Seat of Happiness," is the *cælum* of the Latins; and there is the fitting, unapproachable abode of Brahma and of his attendant Gods, Gandharvas and Rishis.

But I now felt determined to make a closer acquaintance with these wondrous peaks—to move among them, upon them, and behind them—so I hurried from Masūri to Simla by the shortest route, that of the carriage-road from the foot of the hills through the Sewalik to Saharūnpore; by rail from thence to Ambāla, by carriage to Kalka, and from Kalka to Simla in a *ghanapan*, by the old road, which, however, is not the shortest way for that last section, because a mail-cart now runs along the new road. Ambāla, and the roads from thence to Simla, present a very lively scene in April, when the Governor-General, the Commander-in-Chief, the heads of the supreme Government, their baggage and attendants, and the clerks of the different departments, are on their way up to the summer retreat of the Government of India. It is highly expedient for the traveller to avoid the days of the great rush, when it is impossible for him to find conveyance of any kind at any price—and I did so; but even coming in among the rag-tag and bobtail,—if deputy commissioners and colonels commanding regiments—men so tremendous in their own spheres—may be thus profanely spoken of,—there was some difficulty in procuring carriage and bungalow accommodation; and there was plenty of amusing company,—from the ton-weight of the post-office official, who required twenty groaning coolies to carry him, to the dapper little lieutenant or assistant Deputy Commissioner who cantered lightly along parapetless roads skirting precipices; and from the heavy-browed sultana of some Gangotic station, whose stern look palpably

interrogates the amount of your monthly *paggur*, to the more lily-like young Anglo-Indian dame or damsel, who darts at you a Parthian yet gentle glance, though shown "more in the eyelids than the eyes," as she trips from her *jhampun* or Bareilly dandy into the travellers' bungalow.

In the neighbourhood of Simla there is quite a collection of sanitariums, which are passed, or seen, by the visitors to that more famous place. The first of these, and usually the first stopping-place for the night of those who go by the old bridle-road from Kalka, is Kus-sowli, famous for its Himáliyan beer, which is not unlike the ordinary beer of Munich. It is more rainy than Simla, more windy, and rather warmer, though as high or a little higher, and is chiefly occupied as a depot for the convalescents of European regiments. Close to it rises the barron hill of Sonawur, where there is the (Sir Henry) Lawrence Asylum, for boys and girls of European or mixed parentage, between 400 and 500 being usually supported and educated there at the expense of Government. Two other sanitariums, Dagshai (Dugshaie) and Subáthu (Subathoo), are also military depots; the latter having large barracks, and houses with fine gardens and orchards. The British soldier improves greatly in strength and appearance on these heights; but it is said he does not appreciate the advantages of being placed upon them. He does not like having to do so much for himself as falls to his lot when he is sent to the mountains. He misses the Indian camp-followers, who treat him below as a Chota Lord Sahib; and, above all, he misses the varied life of the plains, and the amusement of the bazaar. I am afraid, too, mountains fail to afford him much gratification after

his first burst of pleasure on finding himself among and upon them. "Sure, and I've been three times round that big hill to-day, and not another blessed thing is there to do up here!" I heard an Irish corporal indignantly exclaim. To the officers and their families the hills are a delightful change; but to the undeveloped mind of Tommy Atkins they soon become exceedingly tiresome, though I believe the soldiers enjoy much being employed in the working parties upon the roads, where they have the opportunity of laying by a little money.

The mountains between Kalka and Simla are wild and picturesque enough, but they give no idea of either the grandeur or the beauty of the Himáliya; and the traveller should be warned against being disappointed with them. No ranges of eternal snow are in sight; no forests of lofty deodar; no thick jungle, like that of the Terai; no smiling valleys, such as the Dehra Doon. We have only the ascending of steep bare mountain-sides, in order to go down them on the other side, or to wind along bare mountain-ridges. The hills either rest on each other, or have such narrow gorges between, that there is no room for cultivated valleys; and their faces are so steep, and so exposed to the action of the Indian rains, that all the soil is swept away from them; and so we have nothing to speak of but red slopes of rock and shingle, with only a few terraced patches of cultivation, and almost no trees at all, except in the immediate vicinity of the military stations. The worst parts of Syria would show to advantage compared with the long approach to Simla. I understand, however, that the actual extent of cultivation is considerably greater than one would readily suppose, and occasionally the creeping vine and the cactus do

their best to clothe the rocky surface. On ascending the Simla ridge itself, however, a change comes over the scene. Himáliyan cedars and oaks cover the heights and crowd the glades; rhododendrons, if it be their season of bloom, give quite a glory of colour; and both white and red roses appear among the brambles and berberies of the thick underwood: a healthy resinous odour meets one from the forest of mighty pine-trees, mingled with more delicate perfumes; beds of fern with couches of moss lie along the roadside; masses of cloud come rolling down the valleys from the rounded, thickly-wooded

summit of Hatto; deep glens, also finely wooded, fall suddenly before our feet: on the one side, over a confusion of hills and the edifices of Subáthu and Dagshai, we have glimpses of the yellow burning Indian plain; on the other, through the oak branches and the tower-like stems of deodar, there shines the long white line of eternal snow upon the giant mountains of Chamba, Kúlú, and Spiti. It was a matter of life or death for me to reach those snowy solitudes, and I found the words of Mignon's song in 'Wilhelm Meister' flitting across my brain, and taking a new meaning:—

Know'st thou the land where towering cedars rise
In graceful majesty to cloudless skies;
Where keenest winds from icy summits blow
Across the deserts of eternal snow?
Know'st thou it not?

Oh there! oh there!

My wearied spirit, let us flee from care!

Know'st thou the tent, its cone of snowy drill
Pitch'd on the greenward by the snow-fed rill;
Where whiter peaks than marble rise around,
And icy plough-shares pierce the flower-clad ground?
Know'st thou it well?

Oh there! oh there!

Where pipes the marmot—fiercely growls the bear!

Know'st thou the cliffs above the gorges dread,
Where the great yaks with trembling footsteps tread,
Beneath the Alp where frolic ibex play,
While snow-fields sweep across the perilous way?
Know'st thou it thus?

Go there! go there!

Scale cliffs, and granite avalanches dare!

Know'st thou the land where man scarce knows decay,
So nigh the realms of everlasting day;
Where gleam the splendours of unsullied truth,
Where Durga smiles, and blooms eternal youth?
Know'st thou it now?

Oh there! oh there!

To breathe the sweetness of that heavenly air!

THE STORY OF VALENTINE ;

AND HIS BROTHER.

PART VIII.—CHAPTER XXII.

VAL's letter was of a character sufficiently exciting to have made Dick forget anything less important than the crisis which had thus happened. Its object was to invite him to Oxford, to a place somewhat similar to that which he had held at Eton, in one of the great boating establishments on the river. The master was old, and wanted somebody of trust to superintend and manage his business, with a reasonable hope of succeeding to him. "You had better come up and talk it over," wrote Val, ever peremptory. "I have always said you must rise in the world, and here is the opportunity for you. They have too much regard for you at Eton to keep you from doing what would be so very advantageous ; therefore come up at once and look after it." Dick's heart, which had been beating very low in his honest breast, overwhelmed with fear and forebodings, gave one leap of returning confidence ; but then he reflected that his mother must be made the final judge, and with a sickening pang of suspense he "knocked off" his work, and rowed himself across to the little house at the corner. His mother was wearied and languid with her long walk on the day before. She had paused in the midst of her morning occupations, and Dick found her seated in the middle of the room, with her back turned to the window, and her face supported on her hands. She was gazing at the wall opposite, much as she gazed into the distant landscape, not seeing it, but longing to see through it—to see something she could not see. She started

when Dick came in, and smiled at him deprecating and humble. "I was resting a moment," she said, with an air of apology that went to his heart. "Have you forgotten something, Dick?"

"No, mother, but I've heard of something," he said, taking out his letter. This made her sit upright, and flushed her cheek suddenly with a surprised alarm for which he could not account—for which she herself could not account ; for it was perhaps the first time in her life that it had occurred to her what would happen if Dick found out the secret of his own story. The possibility of Valentine doing so had crossed her mind, and she had shrunk from it. But what if Dick should find out? the idea had never entered her imagination before.

"It's a letter from Mr Ross, mother," said Dick, steadily looking at her. "He says he has heard of a place for me at Oxford where he is himself—a place where I should be almost master at once, have everything to manage, and might succeed, and get it into my own hands. Mother, that would please you? Now to think you should like that when you can't endure this! It would be the same kind of place."

"Don't be hard upon me, Dick," she said, faltering, and turning away her eyes that he might not see the strange light in them—which she was herself aware must be too remarkable to be overlooked. "I can't answer for my feelings. It's a change, I suppose—a change that I want. My old way I can't go back to, for more things than one. I'm

too weak and old ; and more than that, I'm changed in my mind. Dick, I think it will be a comfort to you to tell you. It aint only my limbs, boy, nor my strength. My mind's changed ; I couldn't go on the tramp again."

"No, mother ? thank God !"

"I don't thank God," she said, shaking her head. "I'm not glad ; but so it is, and I want a change. Let us go, boy. Please God, I'll be happier there."

"Mother," said Dick, anxiously, "your looks are changed all at once. I'm going to ask you a curious question. Has it anything to do with—Mr Ross ?"

She made no answer for the moment, but leant her head upon her hands, and looked vaguely at the wall.

"I know it's a curious question," repeated Dick, with an attempt at a smile. "But you were satisfied as long as he was here ; and since he's gone you have fallen back—only since he's gone ! You never got that longing sort of look while he was here. What has Mr Ross to do with you and me ? Mother—don't you suppose I think it's anything wrong, for I don't—but what has he to do with you and me ?"

"Nothing—nothing, Dick," she cried—"nothing ; never will have, never can have. Don't ask me. When I was young, when I was a girl, I knew his—people—his—father. There, that's all. I never meant to have said as much. There is nothing wrong. Yes, I suppose it's him I miss somehow. Not that he is half to me, or quarter to me, that you are—or anything to me at all."

"It's very strange," said Dick, troubled ; "and somehow I feel for him as I never felt for anybody else. You knew his—father—?"

"I won't have any questions from you, Dick," she cried, passionately, rising from her chair. "I

told you I knew his—people. Some time or other I'll tell you how I knew them ; but not now."

"I wonder does he know anything about it," said Dick, speaking more to himself than her. "It's very strange ; he said he thought you were a lady, mother, and that he had seen you before——"

"Did he ? God bless him !" cried the woman, surprised by sudden tears. "But I aint a lady—I aint a lady," she added, under her breath ; "he was wrong there."

"You have some lady ways, mother, now and again," said Dick, pondering. "It is strange. If you knew his people, as you say, does he know ?"

"Not a word, Dick, and he mustn't know. Remember, if it was my last word—he mustn't know ! Promise me you'll not speak. If he knew and they knew—they'd—I don't know what they mightn't do. Dick, you will never betray your mother!—you will never—never——"

"Hush, mother dear ; you are worrying yourself for nothing," said her gentle boy. "If there's nothing wrong, what could they or anybody do ? Of course, I won't say a word. All the safer," he added, with a laugh, "because I don't know the words to say. When you keep me dark, mother, I can't give out any light to other people, can I ? It's the surest way."

She took no notice of this implied reproof, the most severe that had ever come from Dick's gentle lips. She was another creature altogether from the languid woman whom he had found sitting there in the midst of the untidy room. A new light had come into her eyes—all her stupor and weariness were over. Dick was startled, and he was a trifle hurt at the same time, which was natural enough. If there had been any

material for jealousy in him, I think it must have come into being at that moment, for all his love had not called forth from his mother one tittle of the feeling which to all appearance an utter stranger awoke. Dick sighed, but his nature was not in the smallest degree self-contemplative ; and he shook the momentary feeling away ere it had time to take form. "If I can get leave, I'll go up to Oxford and see about it to-morrow," he said. When he had come to this conclusion, he went towards the door to return to his work, leaving her active and revived, both in mind and body. But he stopped before he reached it, and turned back. "Mother," he said, with a little solemnity, "Mr Ross will be only about two years at Oxford. What shall we do when he goes away ? We cannot follow him about wherever he goes."

"God knows," she said, stopping short in her sweeping. "Perhaps the world may end before then ; perhaps——. We can't tell," she added solemnly, bowing her head as if to supreme destiny, "what may happen any day or any year. It's all in God's hand."

Dick went away without another word. He arranged to go to Oxford, and did so, and found Val, and finally made an agreement to take the situation offered him ; but this little prick to his pride and affection rankled in his mind. Why should Mr Ross be so much more to her than himself, her son, who had never left her side ? "It is strange," he said, with a sense of injury, which grew fainter every moment, yet still lingered. He looked at Val with more interest than ever, and a curious feeling of somehow belonging to him. What could the link be ? Dick knew very little about his own history ; he did not know whose son he was, nor what his mother had been. The idea, indeed,

gleamed across his mind that Val's father might have been his own father, and this thought gave him no such thrill of pain and shame as it would naturally have brought to a young man brought up in a different class. Dick, with the terrible practical knowledge of human nature which belongs to the lower levels of society, knew that such things happened often enough ; and if he felt a little movement in his mind of unpleasant feeling, he was neither horrified by the suggestion of such a possibility, nor felt his mother lowered in his eyes. Whatever the facts were, they were beyond his ken ; and it was not for him to judge them. Pondering it over, however, he came to feel with a little relief that this could not be the solution. He knew what the manners of his class were, and he knew that his mother had always been surrounded by that strange abstract atmosphere of reserve and modesty which no one else of her degree resembled her in. No, that could not be the explanation. Perhaps she had recognised in Val the son of some love of her youth whom she had kept in her thoughts throughout all her rougher life. This was a strangely visionary hypothesis, and Dick felt how unreal it was ; but what other explanation could he make ?

The situation at Oxford was a great "rise in the world" to Dick. It was a place of trust, with much better wages than he had at Eton, and a little house close to the river-side. His Eton employer grumbled a little, and said something about a want of gratitude, as employers are so apt to do ; but eventually it was all arranged to Dick's satisfaction and benefit. He and his mother took possession of the little house in May, so quickly was the bargain made ; and when she made her first appearance at Oxford,

she had put off the last lingering remnants of the tramp, and looked after the furniture and fittings-up with a languid show of pleasure in them, such as she had never exhibited before. She changed her dress, too, to Dick's infinite pleasure. She put off the coloured handkerchief permanently from her head, and adopted a head-dress something of the same shape,—a kerchief of white net tied under her chin, which threw up her still beautiful face, and impressed every one who saw her with Val's idea that she had been a lady once. This strange head-gear, and the plain black gown without flounces or ornament which she wore constantly, made people think her some sort of a nun; and the new man at Style's and his mother became notables on the river-side. They had a little garden to the house, and this seemed to please her. She filled it with common sweet-smelling flowers, and worked in it, with a new-born love for this corner of earth which she could call hers; and every day she stood looking over her little garden wall, and saw Val and his boat go by. This kept the rhythm of her life in cadence, and she was livelier and more ready in conversation and intercourse with her good son than she had ever been.

As for Val, after the kind thought which made him send for Dick and warmly plead his cause with the boatbuilder on the river-side, there were moments when he felt a certain embarrassment about what he had done. Dick, too, had changed, as well as himself. He could not speak to him as of old, or give him half-crowns, or trust to him to do whatever he wished. In the last case, indeed, he might have trusted Dick entirely; for his gratitude, and what is more, his affection, for his young patron, was unbounded. But Val no longer liked to suggest what

Dick would have been but too happy to do. The vagrant whom he had taken up had become in a manner Val's equal. He was wiser than the other, though he did not know a tenth part so much; and though he owed everything he was to Val's boyish interposition in his favour, yet he had a great deal in him which Val had not originated, and which, indeed, was quite beyond him. The undergraduate of high degree did not know how to treat the young man who was still so lowly. He could not ask him to his rooms, or bid him to eat at his own table, half out of a lingering social prejudice, half because he had an uncomfortable knowledge of what people would say. He was as much his friend as ever, but he did not know how to show it. Now and then he went to the little house, but Dick's mother gave him sensations so very strange that he did not care to go often; and had he gone very often, his tutor, no doubt, would have taken notice of the fact, and set it down to a love of low society, as his Eton tutor had done. Altogether, the situation was full of embarrassment, and the intercourse not half so easy as it had been. To be sure, the external advantages were certain; Dick had a much better situation and a bright prospect before him, and this was so much gained. Val's advice to him about rising in the world had been wonderfully carried out. He had risen in the world, and got on the steps of the ladder. Indeed, Dick might almost have been said to have attained all that a person of his class could ever attain; he might make a great deal more money, but he could not materially advance his position. Val was still, and perhaps more than ever, above him, since as they both progressed into manhood, their respective positions began to be more sharply defined: and

nothing in the world could ever make it possible for Lord Eskside's heir to say to the young boatbuilder, "Come up higher." And yet Val had lost all power of treating him as an inferior. It was a curious problem, infinitely more difficult, as was natural, to the generous young fellow on the higher level, than to the lowlier lad who made no pretensions to any sort of dignity, and never "stood upon" a quality which he did not suppose himself to possess.

There happened, however, a curious incident in Val's last summer at Oxford, which he indeed did not know, but which affected Dick strangely enough. One summer morning (it was in Commemoration week, when the mornings are somewhat languid) Dick's mother was seated in the little parlour facing the river, which her son had furnished with all the care of an untaught *connaisseur*. Half the things in it were of his own making; but there were many trifles besides which he had "picked up," with that curious natural fancy for things pretty and unusual which was innate in him. It was a strange incongruous room. The floor was covered with a square of old Turkey carpet, the subdued harmonious colours of which, and soft mossy texture, were Dick's delight. The little table, covered with the old faded embroidered shawl, stood in the window; an old-fashioned glass which Dick had "picked up" was on the mantelpiece, reflecting some china vases which his mother had bought, and which showed her taste to be of a different character from his. Prettily carved bookcases of his making were fitted into the corners; and a common deal table, without any cover, stood just under one of them, with a large brown earthenware basin on it, before which his mother sat shelling peas for Dick's dinner. She had "a girl" now to help her with the work, and it was her son's desire that she should sit in the parlour.

But as it was not within the poor soul's possibilities to shut herself up to needlework or any lady-like occupation, she brought in her peas to shell there, and sat alone, contented enough, yet oppressed with the sense that within a few days the same blank which she had before experienced would fall on the earth and skies. It was a bright morning, still cool but full of sunshine, which just touched the old-fashioned window-sill, upon which lay Dick's carving materials and a book or two—not, I am sorry to say, books intended to be read, but only to get designs out of, and suggestions for work. The river lay broad in the sunshine, relieved by here and there the bright green of some willows: the softened sounds outside, the soft silence within, were harmonious with the subdued sensations of the lonely woman, in whom all seemed stilled too for the moment. The shadow hung on her, but it had not yet fallen, and her mind was less excited than it had been—more able to endure, less intolerant of pain. Thus she sat absorbed in her homely occupation, when she heard voices approaching through the soft air. One of them she recognised at once with a thrill of pleasure to be Val's. He was coming slowly along, pointing out everything to some one with him. The woman dropped the peas out of her hands, and listened. The window was open, and so near the road that every sound was distinctly heard. It was some time before any one replied to Val, and the listener had leisure enough for many wild fears and throbs of anxious suspense. At last the answer came—in a lady's voice, which she knew as well as if she had heard it yesterday, with its soft Scotch accent, its firm tone and character, unlike any other she knew. The woman rose suddenly, noiselessly, to her feet; she grew white and blanched, as with deadly terror.

"Here is where Brown lives," said Val, in his cheery voice—"and his mother, whom I want you particularly to see. A nice little house, isn't it? Stop and look at the boats down the river before we go in. Isn't it pretty, grandma? not like our Esk, to be sure, but with a beauty of its own."

"Far gayer and brighter than Esk, certainly," said Lady Eskside, quite willing to humour the boy; though her own opinion of the broad, flat, unshadowed, and unfenced Thames was not too flattering. She stood leaning upon his arm, wrapt in a soft Elysium of pride and happiness. The lovely morning, and the good accounts she had been hearing of her boy, and the fact that he was going home with her, and that she was leaning on his arm, and seeing more beauty in his kind young face than the loveliest summer morning or the loveliest sun could have shown her—all combined to make everything fair to Lady Eskside. She was going to visit his humble friends—to seal with her approbation that kindly patronage of the "deserving" poor, which is as creditable to their superiors as a love of low society is discreditable. They stood together talking for a minute at the open door.

At that same moment Dick was on his way to the back door which communicated with the boatbuilding-yard—but was met, to his wonder and dismay, by his mother, flying from the house with a face blanched to deadly paleness, and a precipitate haste about her, which nothing but fear could have produced. She seized him by the arm without a word—indeed she was too breathless and panting to speak—and dragged him with her, too much amazed to resist. "For God's sake, what is the matter, mother?" he said, when surprise would let him speak. She made no answer, but holding fast by him, took refuge in a boat-

house built against the side wall of the little back yard through which she had flown. Dick, who was a patient fellow, not easily excited, stood by her wondering, but refraining to question when he saw the state of painful excitement in which she was. "Listen!" she said, under her breath; and presently he heard Val's voice in the yard calling her. "Mrs Brown!" cried Val, though it was the first time after her disavowal of it that he had used that name, which was now adopted by everybody else, as of course the name of Dick Brown's mother. "I can't think where she can have gone to," he added, with some vexation; "and I wanted you to see her specially—almost more than Brown himself."

"Well, my dear, it cannot be helped," said the voice of Lady Eskside, much more composed than Val's—for I cannot say that she was deeply disappointed. "No doubt the honest woman has run out about some needful business—leaving her peas, too. Come, Val, since you can't find her; your grandpapa will be waiting for us, my dear."

"I can't see Brown either," he said, with still greater annoyance, coming back after an expedition into the yard. "The men say he went home. I can't tell you how annoyed I am."

"Well, well, I can see them another time, my dear," said my lady, smiling within herself at the boy's disappointment—"and we must be going to meet your grandfather. I wonder where she got that cover on her table. I had a shawl just like it once; but come, dear, come; think of my old lord waiting. We must not lose any more time, Val."

Dick put his arm round his mother; he thought she was going to faint, so deadly white was her face—white as the kerchief on her head. She laid her head on his

shoulder, and moaned faintly. Her closed eyes, her blanched cheeks, her lips falling helplessly apart, gave Dick an impression of almost death.

"Mother, tell me, for God's sake ! who is this, and what is the matter with you ?" he cried.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"You must hold yourself ready to be called back at a moment's notice, Val," said the old lord. "It must be some time next year, and it may be any day. That is to say, we can scarcely have it, I suppose, before Parliament meets, except in some unforeseen case. Therefore, see all you can as soon as you can, and after February hold yourself in readiness to be recalled any day."

"Certainly, sir," said Val, with a blithe assent which was trying to his grandfather. He was quite ready to do anything that was wanted of him—to make up his mind on any political subject on the shortest notice, and sign anything that was thought desirable ; but as for personal enthusiasm on the subject, or excitement in the possibility of being elected member for the county, I am afraid Val was as little moved as the terrier he was caressing. Perhaps, however, he was all the more qualified on that account to carry the traditionary principles of the Rosses to the head of the poll, and to vote as his fathers had voted before him, when they had the chance,—or would have voted, had they had the chance. Val was setting out on his travels when this warning was given. He was going to see his father in Florence, and, under his auspices, to visit Italy generally, which was a very pleasant prospect. Up to this time he had done the whole duty of boy in this world ; and now he had taken his degree, and had a right to the prouder title of man.

Not that Val was very much changed from his Eton days. He was still slim and slight, notwith-

standing all his boating. His brown complexion was a trifle browner, if that were possible, with perpetual exposure to the sun ; his hair as full of curls, and as easily ruffled as ever, rising up like a crest from his bold brown forehead ; and I do not think he had yet got his temper under command, though its hasty flashes were always repented of the moment after. "A quick temper, not an ill temper," Lady Eskside said ; and she made out that Valentine Ross, the tenth lord, her husband's father—he whose portrait in the library her son called "a Raeburn," and between whom and Val she had already attempted to establish a resemblance—was very hasty and hot-tempered too ; which was an infinite comfort to her, as proving that Val got his temper in the legitimate way—"from his own family"—and not through that inferior channel, "his mother's blood." He was slightly excited about the visit to his father, and about his first progress alone into the great world—much more excited, I am sorry to say, than he was about representing the county ; but on that point Lord Eskside did everything that was necessary, filling up what was wanting on Valentine's part in interest and emotion. He had again filled Rosscraig with a party which made the woods ring with their guns all morning, and talked politics all night ; and there was not a voter of importance in the whole county who had not already been "sounded," one way or other, as to how he meant to dispose of his vote. "The first thing to be done is to make sure of keeping the Radicals out," Lord Eskside said ;

for, indeed, a Whig lawyer was known to be poisoning on well-balancing wing, ready to sweep down upon a constituency which had always been staunch—faithful among the faithless known. The present Member, I must explain, was in weak health; and but for embarrassing his party, and thwarting the cherished purpose of Lord Eskside, who was one of the leading members of the Conservative party in the county, would have retired before now.

Val's term of residence at home was not, therefore, much more than a visit. He did what an active youth could do to renew all his old alliances, and climbed up the brae to the Howan many times without seeing any of the family there, except the younger boys, who were mending of some youthful complaint under Mrs Moffatt's care, and who looked up to him with great awe, but were not otherwise interesting to the young man. "Are any of the others coming—is your mother coming—or Vi?" said Valentine; but these youthful individuals could afford him no information. "Oh ay, they're maybe coming next month," said old Jean, who took a feminine pleasure in the dismay that was visible in Valentine's face. "They were here a' the summer, June and July; and I wouldna wonder but we'll see them all October—if it's no too cauld," the old woman added, with a twinkle in her eye.

"What good will that do me?" said Val; and he leaped the dyke, and went home through the ferns angry with disappointment. And yet he was not at all in love with Violet, he thought, but only liked her as the nicest girl he knew. When he remarked to Lady Eskside that it was odd to find none of the Pringles at the Howan, my lady arose and slew him on the spot. "Why should the Pringles be at the Howan?" she

said; "they have a place of their own, where it becomes them much better to be. To leave Violet there so long by herself last year was a scandal to her mother, and gave much occasion for talking."

"Why should it give occasion for talking?" said Val.

"A boy like you knows nothing about the matter," the old lady answered, putting a stop to him decisively. Perhaps that was true enough; but it was also true that Val took a long walk to the linn next day, and sat down under the bushes, and mused for half an hour or so, without quite knowing what he was thinking about. How clearly he remembered those two expeditions, mingling them a little in his recollection, yet seeing each so distinctly! the small Violet in her blue cloak, sleeping on his shoulder (which thought made him colour slightly and laugh in the silence, such intimate companionship being strangely impossible to think of nowadays), and the elder Violet, still so sweet and young, younger than himself, though he was the very impersonation of Youth, repeating all the earlier experiences except that one. "By Jove, how jolly Mary is!" said Valentine to himself at the end of this reverie; and when he went home he devoted himself to Miss Percival, who was again at Rosscraig, as she always was when Lady Eskside was exposed to the strain and fatigue of company. "Do you remember our picnic at the linn last year?" he said, standing over Mary in a corner after dinner, to the great annoyance of an elderly admirer, who had meant to take this opportunity of making himself agreeable to a woman who seemed the very person to "make an excellent stepmother" to his seven children. Mary, who was conscious of some small degree of the worthy man's meaning, was grateful to Val for once; and enjoyed, as the quietest

of women do, the discomfiture of her would be suitor.

"Yes," she said, smiling; "what of it, you unruly boy?"

"I am not a proper subject for such epithets," said Val. "I have attained my majority, and made a speech to the tenantry. I say, Mary, do you know, that's a lovely spot that linn. I was there to-day——"

"Oh, you were there to-day?"

"Yes, I was there. Is there anything wonderful in that?" said Val, not sure whether he ought not to take offence at the laughing tone, which seemed to imply something. "Tell Violet, when you see her, that it was uncommonly shabby of her not to come this year. We'd have gone again."

"There's a virtue in three times, Val," said Mary. "If you go again, it will be more than a joke; and I don't think I'll give your message to Vi."

"Why should it be more than a joke? Or why should it be a joke at all?" said Val, reddening, he scarcely knew why. He withdrew after this, slightly confused, feeling as if some chance touch had got at his heart, giving it a *dinnle* which was half pleasure and half pain. Do you know what a *dinnle* is, dear English reader? It means that curious sensation which you, in the poverty of your language, call "striking the funny bone." You know what it is in the elbow. Valentine had that kind of sensation in his heart; and I think if this half-painful jar of the nerve lasted, and suggested quite new thoughts to the boy, it was all Mary Percival's part. I am happy to say that her widower got at her on Val's withdrawal, and made himself most overpoweringly agreeable for the rest of the night.

And then the boy went away on his grand tour, leaving the old people at home rather lonely, long-

ing after him; though Lord Eskside was too much occupied to take much notice of Val's departure. My lady was very busy, too, paying visits over all the country, and paying court to great and small. She promised the widower her interest with Mary, but judiciously put him off till Miss Percival's next visit, saying, cunningly, that she must have time to prepare her young friend for the idea, and trusting in Providence that the election might be over before an answer had to be given. It was gratifying to the Esksides to find a devoted canvasser for Valentine in the person of Lord Hightowers, the only possible competitor who could have "divided the party" in the county. Hightowers, however, was not fond of politics, and had no ambition for public life; it would have suited him better to be a locksmith, like Louis Seize. And among them all, they got the country into such a beautiful state of preparation that Lord Eskside could scarcely contain his rapture—and having laid all his trains, and holding his match ready, sat down, in a state of excitement which it would be difficult to describe, to wait until the moment of explosion came.

In other places, too, Valentine's departure had caused far more excitement than he was at all aware of. He had seen and said good-bye to Dick, with the most cordial kindness, on the day he left Oxford. But Val had not failed to remark a gravity and preoccupation about his humble friend which troubled him in no small degree. When he recounted to Dick the failure of Lady Eskside and himself on the day before, the young man had received the information with a painful attempt to seem surprised, which made Val think for a moment that Dick's mother had avoided the visit of set purpose. But as he knew of no hidden importance in this, the

idea went lightly out of his head ; and a few days after he remembered it no more. Very much more serious had been the effect upon Dick. His mother's flight and her panic were equally unintelligible to him. The thought that there must be "something wrong" involved, in order to produce such terror, was almost irresistible ; and Dick's breeding, as I have said, had been of that practical kind which makes the mind accustomed to the commoner and vulgarer sorts of wrong-doing. He did not insist upon knowing what it was that made her afraid of Val's grandmother ; but her abject terror, and the way in which she dragged him, too, out of sight, as if he had been a partner of her shame, had the most painful effect upon the young man. In the rudimentary state of morals which existed among the class from which he sprang, and where all his primitive ideas had been formed, dishonesty was the one crime short of murder which could bring such heavy shame along with it. He who steals is shunned in all classes, except among the narrow professional circles of thieves themselves ; and Dick could not banish from his thoughts a painful doubt and uncertainty about his mother's relations with "Mr Ross's people." She herself was so stunned and petrified by the great danger which she seemed to herself to have escaped, that she was very little capable of giving a rational explanation of her conduct. "You knew this lady before, mother?" said Dick to her, half pitifully, half severely, as he took her back to the parlour and placed her in a chair after the visitors were gone. "Yes," she answered, but no more. He asked her many other questions, but nothing more than repeated Yes or No could he get in reply.

I do not know what wild sense of peril was in the poor creature's heart. She feared, perhaps, that they could

have taken her up and punished her for running away from her husband ; she felt sure that they would separate her from her remaining boy, though had they not the other, whom she had given up to them ? and in her panic at the chance of being found out, all power of reasoning (if she ever had any) deserted her. Ah, she thought to herself, only a tramp is safe ! As soon as you have a settled habitation, and are known to neighbours, and can be identified by people about, all security leaves you : only on the tramp is a woman who wishes to hide herself safe. In her first panic, the thought of going away again, of deserting everything, of taking refuge on those open roads—those outdoor bivouacs which are full in the eye of day, yet better refuges than any mysterious darkness—came so strongly over her, that it was all she could do to withstand its force. But when she looked at her son, active and trim, in his boatbuilding-yard, or saw him studying the little house at night, with his tools in his hand, to judge where he could put up something or improve something,—his mother felt herself for the first (or perhaps it was the second) time in her life, bound as it were by a hundred minute threads which made it impossible for her to please herself. It was something like a new soul which had thus developed in her. In former times she had done as the spirit moved her, obeying her impulses whenever they were so strong as to carry everything else before them. Now she felt a distinct check to the wild force of these impulses. The blood in her veins moved as warmly as ever, impelling her to go, and she knew that she was free to go if she would, and that Dick too could be vanquished, and would come with her, however unwillingly. She was free to go, and yet she could not. For the first time in her life she had

learned consciously to prefer another to herself. 'She could not ruin Dick. The struggle that she maintained with her old self was violent, but it was within herself, and was known to nobody; and finally, the new woman, the higher creature, vanquished the old self-willed and self-regarding wanderer. She set herself to meet the winter with a dogged resolution, feeling less, perhaps, the absence of that visionary solace which she had found in the sight of Val, in consequence of the hard and perpetual battle she had to fight with herself. And, to make it harder, she had not the cheery gratitude and tender appreciation of the struggle, which had rewarded her much less violent effort before. Dick was gloomy, overcast, pondering upon the strange thing that had happened. He could not get over it: it stood between him and his mother, making their intercourse constrained and unhappy. Had she *robbed* the old lady from whom she had fled in so strange a panic? Short of that, or something of that kind, why, poor Dick thought, should one woman be so desperately afraid of another? If he did not, it is true, say, or even whisper to himself, this word so terrible to one in his insecure position, working his way in the world with slow and laborious advances; but the suspicion rankled in his heart.

All this time, however, the woman neither thought of setting herself right by telling him what her mystery was, nor once felt that she was wronging Dick by keeping the secret of his parentage so closely hidden from him. It did not occur to her that by doing this she was doing an injury to her boy. The life of gentlefolks—the luxurious and elegant existence into which her husband had tried to tame her, a wild creature of the woods—had been nothing but misery to her;

and I doubt whether she was capable of realising that Dick, so different from herself in nature, would have felt differently in respect to those trammels from which she had fled. Had she been able to think, she would have seen how—unconsciously, with the instinct of another race from hers—the boy had been labouring all his life to manufacture for himself such a poor imitation of those trammels as was possible to him; but she was little capable of reasoning, and she did not see it. Besides, he was hers absolutely, and she had a right to him. She had given up the other, recognising a certain claim of natural justice on the part of the father of her children; but in so doing she had gone as far as nature could go, giving up half, with a rending of her heart which had never healed; but no principle of which she had ever heard called upon her to give up the whole. The very fact of having made a sacrifice of one seemed to enhance and secure her possession of the other—and how could she do better for Dick than she had done for herself? But this question had not even arisen in her mind as yet. She feared that *they* had hidden emissaries, who, if they found her out, might take her remaining child from her; but that he was anyhow wronged by her silence, or had any personal rights in the matter, had not yet entered into her brooding, slowly working, confused, and inarticulate soul.

In one other house besides, Val and his concerns were productive of some little tumult of feeling—not the least important of the many eddies with which his stream of life was involved. Mr Pringle was almost as much excited about the approaching conflict as Lord Eskside. He saw in it opportunities for carrying out his own scheme, which he called exposure of fraud, but which to others much more re-

sembled the vengeance of a disappointed man. He was the bosom friend of the eminent lawyer who meant to contest Ekside in the Liberal interest, and had no small share in influencing him to this step. His own acquaintance with the county, in the position of Lord Ekside's heir-presumptive in past days, had given him considerable advantages and much information which a stranger could not easily command; and with silent vehemence he prepared himself for the conflict—contemplating one supreme stroke of revenge—or, as he preferred to think, contemplating a full exposure to the world of the infamous conspiracy against his rights and those of his children, from which the county also was now about to suffer. He did not speak freely to his family of these intentions, for neither his wife nor his children were in harmony with him on the subject; but this fact, instead of inducing him to reconsider a matter which appeared to other eyes in so different a light, increased the violence of his feelings, just in proportion to the necessity he felt for concealing them. It was even an additional grievance against Valentine, and the old people who had set Valentine up as their certain successor, that the lad had secured the friendship of his enemy's own family. Sandy, who was by this time a hard-working young advocate, less fanciful and more certain of success than his father—though a very good son, and very respectful of his parents, had a way of changing the subject when the Ekside business was spoken of which cut Mr Pringle to the quick. He could see that his son considered him a kind of monomaniac on this subject; and indeed there was sometimes very serious talk between Sandy and his mother about this *idée fixe* which had taken hold upon the father's mind. But perhaps there was not

one of them that had the least idea it would lead to anything painful except poor little Violet, who was very fond of her father, and in whose childish heart Val had established himself so long ago. She alone was certain that her father meant mischief—mischief of a deeper kind than mere opposition to his election, such as Mr Pringle, as tenant of the Hewan and the land belonging to it, had a right to make if he pleased. Violet watched him with a painful mixture of dread lest her father should take some unworthy step, and dread lest Valentine should be injured, contending in her mind. She could scarcely tell which would have been the most bitter to her; and that these two great and appalling dangers should be combined in one was misery enough to fill her young soul with the heaviest shadows. This she had to keep to herself, which was still harder to bear, though very usual in the troubles of youth. Everything which concerns an unrevealed and nascent love,—its terrors, which turn the very soul pale; its partings, which press the life out of the heart; its sickness of suspense and waiting,—must not the maiden keep all these anguishes locked up in her heart, until the moment when they are over, and when full declaration and consent make an end at once of the mystery and the misery? This training most people go through, more or less; but the trial is so much harder upon the little blossoming woman that the dawns of the inclination, which she has never been asked for, are a shame to her, which they are not to her lover. Violet did not venture to say a word even to her mother of her wish to be at the Hewan while Val was there—of her sick disappointment when she found he had gone away without a chance of saying good-bye; and though she did venture to whisper her fears lest

papa might "say something to hurt poor Val's feelings," which was a very mild way of putting it—she got little comfort out of this suppressed confidence. "I am afraid he will," Mrs Pringle said. "Indeed, the mere fact that your papa is Mr Seisin's chief friend and right-hand man, will hurt Val's feelings. I am very sorry, and I think it very injudicious; for why should we put ourselves in opposition to the Eskside family? but it cannot be helped, and your papa must take his way."

"Perhaps if you were to speak to him," said Vi, with youthful confidence in a process, than which she herself knew nothing more impressive, and even terrible on occasion.

"Speak to him!" said Mrs Pringle; "if you had been married to him as long as I have, my dear, you would know how much good speaking to

him does. Not that your papa is a bit worse than any other man."

With this very unsatisfactory conclusion poor Violet had to be satisfied. But she watched her father as no one else did, fearing more than any one else. Her gentle little artifices, in which the child at first trusted much, of saying something pleasant of Val when she had an opportunity—vaunting his fondness for the boys, his care of herself (in any other case the strongest of recommendations to her father's friendship), his respect for Mr Pringle's opinions, his admiration of the Hewan—had, she soon perceived, to her sore disappointment, rather an aggravating than a soothing effect. "For heaven's sake, let me hear no more of that lad! I am getting to hate the very sound of his name," her father said; and poor Violet would stop short, with tears springing to her eyes.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Valentine went off gaily upon his journey, without any thought of the tragic elements he had left behind him. I think, had Dick been still at the rafts at Eton, his young patron would have proposed to him to accompany him to Italy in that curious relationship which exists in the novel and drama, and could perhaps exist in former generations, but not now, among men—as romantic humble servant and companion. But Dick was grown too important a man to make any such proposal possible. Valentine dallied a little in Paris, which he saw for the first time, and made his way in leisurely manner across France, and along the beautiful Corniche road, as people used to do in the days before railways were at all general, or the Mont Cenis tunnel had been thought of. He met, I need not add, friends at

every corner—old "Eton fellows," comrades from Oxford, crowds of acquaintances of his own class and kind—a peculiarity of the present age which is often very pleasant for the traveller, but altogether destroys the strangeness, the novelty, the characteristic charm, of a journey through a foreign country. A solid piece of England moving about over the Southern landscape could not be more alien to the soil on which it found itself than were those English caravans in which the young men travelled; talking of cricket if they were given that way—of hits to leg, and so many runs off one bat; or, if they were boating men, of the last race, or what happened at Putney or at Henley—while the loveliest scenes in the world flew past their carriage-windows like a panorama. I think Mr Evelyn saw

a great deal more of foreign countries when he made the grand tour; and even Val, though he was not very learned in the jargon of the picturesque, got tired of those endless *réchauffés* of stale games and pleasures. He got to Florence about a fortnight after he left England, and made his way at once to the steep old Tuscan palace, with deeply corniced roof and monotonous gloom of aspect, which stood in one of the smaller streets opening into the Via Maggio on the wrong side of the river. The wrong side—but yet the Pitti palace is there, and certain diplomatists preferred that regal neighbourhood. Val found a servant, a bland and splendid Italian majordomo, waiting for him when he arrived, but not his father, as he had half hoped; and even when they reached the great gloomy house, he was received by servants only—rather a dismal welcome to the English lad. They led him through an endless suite of rooms, half lighted, softly carpeted, full of beautiful things which he remarked vaguely in passing, to an inner sanctuary, where his father lay upon a sofa with a luxurious writing-table by his side. Richard Ross sprang up when he heard his son announced, and came forward holding out his hand. He even touched Valentine's face with his own, first one cheek, then the other,—a salutation which embarrassed Val beyond measure; and then he bade him welcome in set but not unkindly terms, and began to ask him about his journey, and how he had left "everybody at home."

This was only the third time that Val had seen his father, and Richard was now a man approaching fifty, and considerably changed from the elegant, still young diplomatist, who had surveyed with so little favour fourteen years ago the boy brought back to him

out of the unknown. Richard's first sensation now on seeing his son was one of quick repugnance. He was so like—the vagrant woman against whom Mr Ross was bitter as having destroyed his life. But he was too wise to allow any such feeling to show, and indeed did his best to make the boy at home and comfortable. He asked him about his studies, and received Val's half-mournful confession of not having perhaps worked so well as he might have done, with an indulgent smile. "It was not much to be expected," he said; "lads like you, with no particular motive for work, seldom do exert themselves. But I heard you had gained reputation in a still more popular way," he added; and spoke of the boat-race, &c., in a way which made Val deeply ashamed of that triumph, though up to this moment he had been disposed to think it the crowning triumph of his life. "You were quite right to go in for it, if your inclination lies that way," said his bland father. "It is as good a way as another of getting a start in society." And he gave Val a list of "who" was in Florence, according to the usage established on such occasions. He even took the trouble of going himself to show him his room, which was a magnificent chamber, with frescoed walls and gilded ceilings, grand enough for a prince's reception-room, Val thought; and told him the hours of meals, and the arrangements of the household generally. "My house is entirely an Italian one," he said, "but two or three of the people speak French. I hope you know enough of that language at least to get on easily. Your own servant, of course, will be totally helpless, but I will speak to Domenico to look after him. If you know anything at all of Italian, you should speak it," he added, suavely; "you will find it the greatest help to you in your

reading hereafter. Now I will leave you to rest after your long journey, and we shall meet at dinner," said the politest of fathers. Val sat staring before him half stupefied when he found himself left alone in the beautiful room. This was not the kind of way in which a son just arrived would be treated at Eakside. How much he always had to explain to his grandmother, to tell her of, to hear about! What a breathless happy day the first day at home always was, so full of talk, news, consultations, interchange of the family nothings that are nothing, yet so sweet! Val's journey had only been from Leghorn, no farther, so he was not in the least fatigued; and why he should be shut up here in his room to rest he had not a notion, any desire to rest being far from his thoughts. After a while he got up and examined the room, which was full of handsome old furniture. How he wished Dick had been with him, who would have enjoyed all those cabinets, and followed every line of the carvings with interest! Valentine himself cared little for such splendours. And finally he went out, and found as usual a schoolfellow round the first corner, and marched about the strange beautiful place till it was time for dinner, and felt himself again.

It was very strange, however, to English—or rather Scotch—Valentine, to find himself in this Italian house, with a man so polished, so cultivated, so exotic as his father for his sole companion. Not that they saw very much of each other. They met at the twelve o'clock breakfast, where every dish was new to Val, for the *ménage* was thoroughly Italian; and at dinner on the days when Richard dined at home. Sometimes he took his handsome boy with him to great Italian houses, where, in the flutter of

rapid conversation which he could not follow, poor Val found himself hopelessly left out, and looked as *gauche* and unhappy as any traditional lout of his age; and sometimes Val himself would join an English party at a hotel, where the hits to leg and the Ladies' Challenge Cup would again be the chief subjects of conversation; if not (which was still more dreary) the ladies' eager comparing of notes over Lady Southsea's garden party, or that charming Lady Mary Northwood's afternoon teas. On the whole, Val felt that his father's banquets were best adapted to the locality; and when a lovely princess, with jewels as old as her name and as bright as her eyes, condescended to put up with his indifferent French, the young man was considerably elated, and proud of his father and his father's society—as, when the same fair lady congratulated Richard upon the *beaux yeux* of Monsieur *son fils*, his father was of him.

One of the rare evenings which they spent together, Val informed his father of Lord Eakside's eager preparations for the ensuing election, and of the place he was himself destined to take in the eyes of his county and country. Richard Ross did not receive this information as his son expected. His face grew immediately overcast.

"I wonder my father is so obstinate about this," he said. "He knows my feeling on the subject. It is the most terrible ordeal a man can be subjected to. I wish you had let me know, all of you, before making up your minds to this very foolish proceeding. Parliament!—what should you want with Parliament at your age?"

"Not much," said Val, somewhat uneasy to hear his grandfather attacked by his father, and a little dubious whether it became him to take the old man's side so warmly

as he wished; "but I hope I shall do my duty as well as another," he said, with a little modest pride, "though I have still everything to learn."

"Do your duty! stuff and nonsense," said Richard; "what does a lad of your age know about duty? Please your grandfather you mean."

Val felt the warm blood mounting to his face, and bit his lip to keep himself down. "And if it was so, sir," he said, his eyes blazing in spite of himself, "there might be worse things to do."

Richard stopped short suddenly and looked at him—not at his face, but into his eyes, which is of all things in the world the most trying to a person of hot temper. "Ha!" he said, with a soft smile, raising his eyebrows a little in gentle surprise, "you have a temper, I see! how is it I never found that out before?"

Val dug his heels into the rich old Turkey carpet; he pressed his nails into his flesh, wounding himself to keep himself still. One glance he gave at the perfect calm of his father's face, then cast down his eyes that he might not see it. Richard looked at him with amused calculation, as if measuring his forces, then waited, evidently expecting an outburst. When none came, he said with that precise and nicely modulated voice, every tone of which ministers occasions of madness to the impatient mind—

"Of course, with that face you must have a temper; I should have seen it at the first glance. But you have learnt to restrain it, I perceive. I congratulate you—it augurs well for your success in life."

Then he fell back quite naturally into the previous subject, changing his tone in a moment to one of polite and perfect ease.

"I am sorry, as I said before, that my father is so obstinate. Why doesn't he put in some squire or

other whom he might influence as much as he pleases? But you; I tell you there isn't such an ordeal in existence. Everything a man has ever done is raked up."

"They may rake up as much as they please," said Val, with a violent effort, determined not to be outdone by his father in power of self-control. His voice, however, was unsteady, and so was the laugh which he forced. "They may rake up as much as they please; I don't think they can make much of that, so far as I am concerned."

"So far as you are concerned!" repeated Richard, impatiently. "Why, if your grandaunt made a *faux pas* a hundred years ago, it would be brought up against you. You! It was not robbing of orchards I was thinking of. My father is very foolish; and it is wilful folly, for I told him my sentiments on the subject."

"I wish, sir, if it was the same to you, you would remember that my grandfather—is my grandfather," said Val, not raising his eyes.

"Oh, very well. He is not my grandfather, you see, and that makes me, perhaps, less respectful," said Richard. "You have taken away my comfort with this news of yours, and it is hard if I may not abuse somebody. Do you know what an election is? If your great-grandaunt, as I said, ever made a *faux pas*—"

"I don't suppose she did," said Val. "Why should we be troubled about the reputation of people who live only in the picture-gallery? I am not afraid of my grandaunt."

"It is because you do not know," said Richard, with a sigh. "Write to your grandfather, and persuade him to give it up. It is infinitely annoying to me. Tell him so. I shall not have a peaceful moment till it is over. One's whole history and antecedents delivered up to the

gossip of, a vulgar crowd ! I think my father must have taken leave of his wits."

And he began to pace about the great dimly-lighted room in evident perturbation. The rooms in the Palazzo Grazini were all dimly lighted. A few softly burning lamps, shaded with delicate *abât-jours*, gave here and there a silvery glimmer in the midst of the richly - coloured and balmy darkness—just enough to let you see here a picture, there a bit of tapestry, an exquisite cabinet, or some priceless "bit" of the sumptuous furniture which belongs of right to such houses. Richard's slight figure moving up and down in this lordly place, with impatient movements, disturbed its calm like a pale ghost of passions past.

"Every particular of one's life !" he continued. "I told him so. It is all very well for men who have never stirred from home. If you want to save us all a great deal of annoyance, and yourself a great many stings and wounds, write to your grandfather, and beseech him to give it up."

"I will tell him that you wish it, sir," said Val, hesitating ; "but I cannot say that I do myself, or that I distrust his judgment. Will you tell me what wounds I have to fear should they bring up all my antecedents—every particular of one's life?"

Richard eyed his son from the shade in which he stood. Val's face was in the full light. It was pale, with a certain set of determination about the mouth, on which there hovered a somewhat unsteady smile. He paused a moment, wondering how to reply. A dim room is an admirable field for deliberation, with one face in the shade and the other in the light. Should he settle the subject with a high hand, and put the young man

summarily down ? Should he yield ? He did neither. He altered his voice again with the consummate skill of a man trained to rule his froward sentiments, and knowing every possible way of doing so. He laughed softly as he ran up to the table, throwing off his impatience as if it had been a cloak.

"A snare ! a snare !" he said. "If you think I am so innocent as to fall into it, or if you hope to see me draw a chair to the table and begin, 'My son, listen to the story of my life,' you are mistaken, Val. I am like most other men. I have done things, and known people whom I should not care to have talked about—and which will be talked about inevitably if you are set up as a candidate for Eskside. Never mind ! I shall have to put up with it, I suppose, since my father has set his heart upon it ; but I warn you that it may come harder on you than me ; and when I say so I have done. Give me your photographs, and let me look over them—a crowd of your Eton and Oxford friends, I suppose."

Val looked at his father with a question in his eyes, which he tried to put with his lips, and could not. During all these years he had thought little enough of his mother. Now and then the recollection that there was such a person wandering somewhere in the world would come to him at the most unlikely time—in the middle of the night, in the midst of some moment of excitement, rarely when he could make any inquiries about her, even had it been possible for him to utter any inquiries. Now at once these suppressed recollections rushed into his mind. Here was the fountain-head of information ; and no doubt the story which he did not know, which no one had ever told him, was *what* his father feared. "Father," he began, his mouth growing dry

with excitement, his heart beating so loudly he could scarcely hear himself speak.

Probably Richard divined what he was going to say—for Val, I suppose, had hardly ever addressed him solemnly by this title before. He called him "Sir" when he spoke to him, scarcely anything else. Richard stopped him with a rapid movement of his hand.

"Don't, for heaven's sake, speak to me so solemnly," he said, half fitfully, half playfully. "Let me look at your photographs. There is a good man here, by the way, where you should go and get yourself done. The old people at home would like it, and it might prove a foundation, who knows, for the fine steel engraving of the member for Eakside, which no doubt will be published some day or other. Come round to this side and tell me who they are."

The words were stopped on Valentine's lips ; and if any one could have known how bitter these words were to him, his relinquishment of the subject would be more comprehensible to them. Are we not all glad to postpone a disagreeable explanation ? "It must be done some time," we say ; "but why now, when we are tolerably comfortable ?" Valentine acted upon this natural feeling. His sentiments towards his father were of a very mingled character. He was proud of him—impressed by him—he even admired the man who was so completely unlike himself—admired him and almost disliked him, and watched him with mingled wonder and admiration. He had never had a chance of regarding him with the natural feelings of a child, or forming the usual prejudices in his behalf. He met him almost as one stranger meets another, and could not but judge him accordingly on his merits rather than re-

ceive him blindly, taking those merits for granted, which is in most cases the more fortunate lot of a son. His father was only a relation of whom he heard very little, and with whom he was upon quite distant and independent, yet respectful, terms. They were both glad, I think, to take refuge in the photographs ; and Richard asked with a very good grace, "Who is this?" and "Who is that?"—through showers of young Oxford men and younger Etonians. When he had made his way through them, there was still a little pack of cards to be turned over—photographs not dignified enough to find a place in any book. Hunter the gamekeeper, Harding the butler, his wife the housekeeper, and many other humble personages, were amongst them ; and Richard turned them over with more amusement than the others had given him. Suddenly, however, his remarks came to a dead stop. Val, who was standing close by him, felt that his father started and moved uneasily in his chair. He said nothing for the moment ; then in a voice curiously unlike his former easy tones, yet curiously conquered into a resemblance of it, he said, with a little catching of his breath, "And who is this, Val?"

It was a scrap of an unmounted photograph, a bit cut off from the corner of a river scene—a portrait taken unawares and unintentionally by a wandering artist who was making studies of the river. It was Dick Brown's mother, as she had been used to stand every day within her garden wall, looking at Val's boat as it passed. Val had seen the picture with the above figure in it, and had bought and kept it as a memento of two people in whom he took so much interest : for by an odd chance Dick was in it too, stooping to push off a boat from the little pier close by, and very recognisable

by those who knew him, though his face was scarcely visible. "Oh, sir," said Val, instinctively putting out his hand for it, "that is nothing. It was taken by chance. It's the portrait of a woman at Oxford, the mother of a fellow I know."

"A fellow you know—who may that be? is his portrait among those I have been looking at? This," said Richard, holding it fast and disregarding Val's hand, which was stretched out to take it, "is an interesting face."

What feelings were in the man's breast as he looked at it who can tell? Surprise, almost delirious, though he hid it as he had trained himself to hide everything; quickspringing curiosity, almost hatred, wild eagerness to know what his son knew of her. He made that remark about the interesting face not unfeelingly, but unawares, to fill up the silence, because everything in him was stirred up into such wild impulses of emotion. The light swam in his eyes; yet he continued to see the strange little picture thus blown into his hand as it seemed by some caprice of fate. As for Valentine, he felt a repugnance incomprehensible to himself to say anything about Dick or his mother, and could have snatched the scrap of photograph out of his father's hand, though he could not tell why.

"Oh, it is not much," he said—"it is not any one you would know. It is the mother of a lad I took a great fancy to a few years ago. He was on the rafts at Eton, and used to do all sorts of things for me. That's his mother, and indeed there's himself in the corner, if you could see him. I found it in a photograph of the river; and as I knew the people, and it is so seldom one sees people who are unconscious of their likenesses being taken, I bought it; but of course it has no interest to any one who does not know the

originals," and he put out his hand for it again.

"Pardon," said Mr Ross, severely—"it has an interest. The face is a very remarkable face, like one I remember seeing years ago. What sort of a person was her son?"

By skilful questions he drew from Val all that he knew: the whole story of Dick's struggle upwards; of his determination to do well; of the way he had risen in the world. Val mixed himself as little as he could with the narrative, but could not help showing, unwittingly, how much share he had in it; and at last grew voluble on the subject, flattered by the interest his father took in it. "You say the son was at the rafts at Eton, and yet this picture was taken at Oxford. How was that?" said Richard. Val was standing behind him all this time, and their looks had not met.

"Well, sir," said Val, "I hope you won't think, as Grinder did, that it was my love of what he called low society. If Brown is low society, I should like to know where to find better."

"So Grinder said it was your love of low society?"

"He wrote to my grandfather," said Val, sore at the recollection, "but fortunately they knew me better; and when I explained everything, grandmamma, like the old darling she is, sent me ten pounds to buy Brown a present. I got him some books, and crayons, and carving things——"

"Yes; but you have not told me how this came to be taken at Oxford," said Richard, persistent.

"Well, sir, I was going to tell you. I heard that old Stylis wanted a man. Stylis, perhaps you recollect him, down at—— Yes, that's him. So I told him I could recommend Brown, and so could Lichen, who had been captain of the boats in my time. Lichen of

Christ's Church. You won't know his name? He rowed stroke——"

"Yes, yes; but let us come back to Brown."

"There is not much more," said Val, a little disconcerted. Styliis took him on our recommendation, and hearing what an excellent character he had—and that's where he is now. He and his mother have got Styliis's little house, and the old man's gone into the country. I shouldn't wonder if Brown had the business when he dies. He has got on like a house on fire," said Val—"educated himself up from nothing, and would be a credit to any one. I've always thought," said the lad, with an innocent assumption of superior right, "that he cannot have been born a cad, as he seemed when I first saw him, for the mother looks as if she had been a lady. You laugh, sir, but I daresay it's true."

"I was not laughing," said Richard, bundling up the photographs together, and handing them over to his son; "indeed, I think you have behaved very creditably, and shown yourself capable of more than I thought. Now, my dear fellow, I'm going to work to-night. Take your pictures. They have concerned me very much; and I think you should go to bed."

Val had been doing a great deal that day, and I think he was not sorry to take his father's advice. He gathered all his treasures together, and bade him a more cordial good-night than usual, as he went away with his candle through the dim suite of rooms. As soon as he had turned his back, Richard Ross pushed away his papers he had drawn before him, and watched the young figure with its light walking down the long vista of curtained rooms. The man was not genial enough to let that same gentle apparition come in and illuminate with love the equally dim and lonely

antechambers of his heart; but some thrill of natural feeling quickened within him, some strange movement of unwonted emotion as he looked after the lad, and felt how wonderful was this story, and how unwittingly, in natural friendliness of his boyish soul, Val had done a brother's part to his brother. The idea moved him more than the reality did. He took up the little photograph again, which he had kept without Valentine's knowledge, and gazed at it, but not with love. "Curse of my life," he said to himself, murmuring the words in sonorous Tuscan, which he spoke like a native, and clenched his teeth as he gazed at the image of the woman who had ruined him, as he thought. She had been a lady once!—he laughed within himself secretly and bitterly at the thought—a lady! the tramp-girl who had been his curse, and whom he had never been able to teach anything to. When the first vehemence of these feelings was over, he sat down and wrote a long letter to his confidential solicitor in London, a man to whom the whole story had long been known. And I do not think Richard Ross had sound sleep that night. The discovery excited him deeply, but not with any of the pleasure with which a man finds what he has lost, with which a husband might be supposed to discover the traces of his lost wife and child. No; he wanted no tamed tramp to disgrace him with her presence, no successful mechanic-son to shame his family: as they had chosen, so let them remain. He had not even any curiosity, but a kind of instinctive repugnance, to his other son. And yet he was pleased with Valentine, and thought of the boy more kindly, because he had been kind to his lost brother. How this paradox should be, I am unable to explain.

NEW BOOKS.

THERE are few things easier to the philosopher and critic than to attack existing religion. The mere fact that it is existing connects the most divine faith with the human imperfections of its believers, and throws the mist of many a futile interpretation and stupid comment upon the purest and most celestial verity; not to speak of the still more evident practical difficulty of reconciling the blunders, faults, or even crimes, of those who profess to follow it, with its teachings—a visible discrepancy which always gives room for the blaspheming of the adversary. This is easy enough; and there has come at periodical intervals, through all the Christian era, a time when it has become a sort of fashion to indulge in railings to this effect; nay, even to go farther, and denounce Christianity itself as a thing ended and over—as a religion which has had its day—as a spiritual system effete, and falling useless, unadapted to the requirements of the time. The present moment is one of those frequently recurring periods; and we are all tolerably well accustomed to hear words said, which to our fathers would have seemed blasphemy, without wincing. Many a witling is to be heard complacently declaring that the old faith is not “up” to the requirements of the day; and that Christianity has become blear-eyed and paralysed and old, as John Bunyan, no witling, but deceived as all men so easily are, once described his Giant Pope. Christianity survives the clatter of ill tongues, as Giant Pope survived the inspired dreamer’s ignorant certainty; and so long as the men

who thus execute their will upon religion live securely under her shadow, they are safe, and no particular harm is done. So long as no rebuilding is required, the work of destruction is always entertaining to the human spirit. From the baby to the philosopher, we all rejoice in the dust and the clamour of demolition, even when it is but imaginary. But when the iconoclast leaves the facile sphere in which he has it all his own way, and can knock down every man of straw he pleases to set up, and takes in hand a painful attempt to set something new in the place of the old, then difficulties arise and multiply round. Few people venture to undertake so difficult a task; and this makes it all the more wonderful when we suddenly light, amid all the tumults of ordinary existence, upon an individual who has actually ventured to throw himself into the forlorn hope, and become an apostle of a bran-new creed, with new principles, new worship, and new hopes.

We are not, for our own part, deeply interested in M. Comte any more than we are in Joe Smith or the Prophet Mormon; but such a revelation as that which is given to us by M. Comte’s chief disciple* in England, is full of interest to the curious spectator. Mr Congreve’s book contains his opinions on a great many subjects, political, social, and as he chooses to use the word, religious; but those opinions are not nearly so interesting, so strange, so novel, or so amusing as the spectacle of himself which he here sets up before us. Were it not that this odd and startling exhibition of simplicity, devotion, and faith, does all that such fine

* *Essays, Political, Social, and Religious.* By Richard Congreve. Longmans, 1874.

qualities can to redeem the foolishness, and vanity, and emptiness of the system of which Mr Congreve is a priest, we could scarcely venture to insist upon such a portrait of a living man; but the lines are drawn by his own hand and not by ours; and an exhibition more pathetic or more humorous has seldom been given to the world. The artist, however, is entirely unconscious at once of the pathos and the humour; and the quaint mixture of philosophical atheism and materialism, with the form and essence of a home missionary report, or Methodist class teacher's account of his "work" and all its helps and hindrances—is made in the most perfect good faith, and with the profoundest seriousness, with all the self-belief of an apostle. Such qualities are rare in the world; and of all places in which to look for them, it is like enough that the Church of Humanity would have been the last which we should have tried. Neither is it we or any profane spectator who has brought to light the private meetings of the Positivist community, and the discourses of the gentle, narrow, expansive, and excitable enthusiast, who thus mixes up the smallest of parochial details with the widest of doctrinal abstractions, and announces the vast claims of a Priesthood destined to hold in its hands the education of all the world, in the same breath with which he utters a plaintive doubt whether the body to which this Priesthood belongs will ever be able to acquire for itself a room in which to hold its worship! most whimsical blending of the possible and impossible. Mr Congreve was, we believe, in other times, a man of distinction in the world which he has quitted; but we have nothing to do with his career before he reached the mental cloister in which he worships the Founder of his new faith.

No son of Benedict or of Francis ever more entirely separated himself from the world. The hair-shirt and the coarse gown were as nothing in comparison with the new, strange panoply of motive and thought in which this priest of a new religion has clothed himself. The picture of himself and his strange brotherhood which he sets before us is often, as we have already said, as touching as it is odd—and, what is more strange still, as commonplace as it is quaint and out of the way.

It must be allowed that to start a bran-new religion, so low down here in the nineteenth century, is such a task as the strongest might quail before. None of those accessories which were of such infinite service to the old primeval fathers of human belief, so much as exist nowadays. Those stories which the wise call myths, but which the unlearned always take for gospel, can no longer do the philosophical framer of a new creed any service. He cannot, alas! call to his aid those impersonations upon which all old beliefs are founded—those gods who still hold a lingering poetical sway in the classic soul of here and there a dainty Grecian, in academic Oxford or elsewhere. Neither Apollo nor Brahma can aid him. Neither can he get the help of the strong hand as Mohammed did, and add temporal ascendancy, power, and greatness to celestial rewards as inducements to believe. The last new religion of all (except M. Comte's) has seized perhaps the only weapon remaining of a fleshly kind, and supports its ethical system (if it has one) by such social overturn as brings it within a vulgar level of popular effectiveness; but even if this instrument had not been appropriated, we doubt whether that vulgar instrumentality which does well enough for the Salt Lake City, would have answered

in Paris, where there are less means of actual expansion, and where the houses are not adapted for patriarchal institutions. That which M. Comte and his followers call the Religion of Humanity, is thus deprived of all extraneous aid. M. Auguste Comte himself, and Madame Clotilde de Vaux, are the sole objects of its mythology; and sufficient time has scarcely elapsed since these great personages left the world, to permit any gentle illusion of the imagination, any softening mist of antiquity to fall upon the sharp outlines of the real. And this creed, which has no personal foundation except the life of a Frenchman of the nineteenth century, no doctrines but abstract ones, no rewards, no punishments, no hopes, no terrors—nothing tangible enough, indeed, to come within the mental range of ordinary mortals—is the religion which Mr Congreve is personally propagating at 19 Chapel Street, Bedford Row, in rooms which the community has at last procured, and adorned with busts, &c., to make them fit for the lofty purpose of regenerating the world—and of which he sets up the ensign and symbol in this book, so that circles out of the reach of Chapel Street may hear and know and seek that shrine, to be instructed in the religion of the later days. A bolder enterprise was surely never undertaken by any sane (or for that matter, insane) man.

We have said that Mr Congreve is much more interesting to us than the founder whom he worships. Of M. Comte we have nothing to say. He had at least all the *elan* and the satisfaction of an inventor launching forth a new thing into the world, and doubtless found in it enough of personal gratification and elevation to make up for any trouble in arrang-

ing the canons of his faith. His disciple is infinitely more disinterested. To him, we presume, the Religion of Humanity has brought much loss—it can have brought no gain. Neither honour nor applause, nor even respect, can have come to him from his devotion to a set of principles which affect the general world with wonder or with ridicule only—not even with that vague admiration for something beautiful, that moral approbation of something good, mixed up with error, which every genuine Belief has secured from its candid critics. The tenets which good sense rejects are often lovely to the imagination, and those which are condemned by the heart, lay, in some cases, a bond of logical truth upon the understanding from which it cannot escape even if it would. But we find it impossible to conceive that either the general heart, mind, or imagination, could find anything in the Gospel which Mr Congreve believes so fervently to justify the childlike devotion which he gives it, or to vindicate the wonderful faith and self-abnegation which are apparent in these essays. We say to vindicate his self-abnegation; for every sacrifice, to gain respect, must be capable of vindication on some reasonable ground; and this vindication has scarcely ever been wanting even to fanatics. Putting aside Christianity—which we are not prepared to discuss on the same level with any other belief prevalent among men, but which we believe to be as much nobler and loftier in its earthly point of view as it is diviner in every sanction and authority of heaven—there is no one of what are commonly called the false religions of the world, for which a man's sacrifice of himself might not be justified by the judgment of his fellows, on condition of his personal faith in it. We can understand and respect

the Mohammedan, the Hindoo, even the gentleman whom, under the name of a Fetishist, Mr Congreve admits into his fullest fellowship, and whose adoration of his grim symbol of Godhead, refers, we do not doubt, dimly to some spiritual being. The old gods of Greece are so vague and far off that it is hard to realise the time when there was any general faith in Jupiter or Apollo. Yet even for Apollo and Jupiter it is possible to understand that a man might have lived and died, feeling in those high-seated shadows of Olympus some glory above himself, some greatness, soiled by fleshly symbol and imperfect revelation, but still more glorious than anything of earth—something which could understand the worshipper, and comprehend his littleness in its greatness, and overshadow him with sublime wings of spiritual reality, according to the vision of the inspired Hebrew. With all these worshippers we have a certain sympathy. Such as their gods were, they were still beyond, above themselves; deifications, if you choose, of their own ideal, but yet proving that divine birthright of human nature, the necessity for an ideal—the yearning of mankind for some stay and refuge above itself. Wherever a man believes that he has found this, however erroneous his conclusions may be, or ill-founded his confidence, he has yet a right to the sympathy of his fellows, and to their respect, for whatever sacrifice he may make.

But what shall we think of the man who sacrifices himself, his reason and learning, and all his advantages, at the shrine of an abstraction which it requires a very great effort to apprehend at all, and which, being apprehended, is nought, and never can be but nought; too unsubstantial even to be called a vision, too vague to be realised? The Positiv-

ist philosophy is one thing, the Religion of Humanity another: and it is one of the most curious revenges of Nature, that the most materialistic of all philosophical systems—that which binds earth and heaven within iron bands of immovable, irresistible, physical law, rejecting all mind, all thought, all soul in the government of the universe—should be thus linked to the most vague, abstract, and fantastic faith that ever entered into the imagination of man. Or perhaps, indeed, it would be better to say that this fanciful foolish faith is but a piteous effort of the mind to compensate itself somehow for a thralldom more than the spirit of man can bear; setting up a dim image of itself—poor soul!—not much knowing what it means, upon the ravaged altar, to get a little cold comfort out of that in the absence of any God or shadow of a God. The fruitless prayers, the faint hymns that rise before this darkling shrine, what can there be on earth more pathetic?—last effort of humanity, which must cry out in its trouble, and babble in its joy, to something—to the air, to the desert, to the waste sands and seas, if to nothing that can hear, and feel, and respond.

We will, however, permit Mr Congreve himself to describe the object, or rather objects, of worship to which he has devoted himself. He explains to us, first, how M. Comte became enlightened as to the central point in his creed; how he “stood revealed to himself, and his work also stood in a new light before him.” “The unity of the human race, over whose progress he had pondered, had long been a conviction with him; with the conception, too, of humanity as a higher organism, he had familiarised himself, and by the light of that conception had interpreted its past and

meditated on its future." But when, in the course of events, M. Comte met Madame de Vaux, and felt himself stimulated and enlightened by "the genuine human love of a noble woman," his previous conclusions all at once took force and form. "The conviction became faith; the organism in which he believed claimed and received his veneration and his love—in other words, his worship." In such a delicate argument it is necessary to be perfectly clear and definite in expression: the conviction which became faith was that of the "unity of the human race;" the organism which received his worship was Humanity. Mr Congreve adds his own profession of faith.

"We who share that faith, that veneration, that love; we who would worship as he worshipped; we who would preach by our lives, and, when possible, by our spoken or written words, that great Being whose existence is now revealed—that Being of whom all the earlier divinities which man has created as the guardians of his childhood and early youth are but anticipations,—we can appreciate the greatness of the change which his labour has effected. We can see, and each in his several measure can proclaim to others, that what was but a dim instinct has become a truth, in the power of which we can meet all difficulties; that where there was inquiry there is now knowledge; where there was anxious searching there is now possession; that uncertainty has now given way to confidence, despondency to courage. We see families forming into tribes, and tribes into cities or states, and states into yet larger unions. . . . We feel that the ascending series is not complete; that as the family in the earliest state is at war with other families—the tribe at war with other tribes, so the nations and races are at variance with each other; and that as the remedy in each previous case has been the fusion of the smaller into the larger organism, so it must be still the same if the process is to be completed, and that no more than the

single family or the isolated tribe can the greatest nation or the most powerful race stand wholesomely alone. All must bend, all must acknowledge a common superior, a higher organism, detached from which they lose themselves and their true nature, become selfish and degraded. Still higher organisms there may be; we know not. If there be, we know that we cannot neglect the one we know, nor refuse to avail ourselves of the aid which it can give us when once acknowledged and accepted.

"We accept it then, and believe in it. We see the benefits Humanity has reaped for us by her toilsome and suffering past; we feel that we are her children, that we owe her all; and seeing and feeling this, we love, adore, and serve. For we see in her no mere idea of the intellect, but a living organism within the range of our knowledge. The family has ever been allowed to be real; the state has ever been allowed to be real; St Paul felt, and since him, in all ages, Christians have felt, that the Church was real. We claim no less for Humanity; we feel no less that Humanity is real, requiring the same love, the same service, the same devotion. . . . In the exercise of her power she proceeds to complete herself by two great creations.

"As we contemplate man's action and existence, we are led to think of the sphere in which they take place, and of the invariable laws under which they are developed. We rest not then in any narrow or exclusive spirit in Humanity, but we pass to the Earth, our common mother, as the general language of man, the correct index to the universal feeling, has ever delighted to call her, and from the earth we rise to the system of which she is a part. We look back on the distant ages, when the earth was preparing herself for the habitation of man, and with gratitude and love we acknowledge her past and present services. . . . The invariable laws under which Humanity is placed have received various names at different periods. Destiny, Fate, Necessity, Heaven, Providence, all are many names of one and the same conception—the laws that man feels himself under, and that without

the power of escaping from them. We claim no exception from the common lot. We only wish to draw out into consciousness the instinctive acceptance of the race, and to modify the spirit in which we regard them. We accept, so have all men : we obey, so have all men. We venerate, so have some in past ages or in other countries. We add but one other term, we love. We would perfect our submission, and so reap the full benefits of submission in the improvement of our hearts and tempers. We take in conception the sum of the conditions of existence, and we give them an ideal being and a definite home in Space—the second great creation which completes the central one of Humanity. In the bosom of Space we place the World—and we conceive of the World, and this our mother earth, as gladly welcomed to that bosom with the simplest and purest love, and we give our love in return.

'Thou art folded, thou art lying,
In the light that is undying.'

"Thus we complete the Trinity of our Religion—Humanity, the World, and Space. So completed, we recognise its power to give unity and definiteness to our thoughts, purity and warmth to our affections, scope and vigour to our activity. We recognise its power to regulate our whole being ; to give us that which it has so long been the aim of all religion to give—internal union. . . . It harmonises us within ourselves by the strong power of love, and it binds us to our fellow-men by the same power. It awakens and quickens our sympathy with the past, uniting us with the generations that are gone by firmer ties than have ever been imagined hitherto. It teaches us to live in the interest and for the good of the generations that are to follow in the long succession of years. It teaches us that for our action in our own generation, we must live in dutiful submission to the lessons of the past, to the voice of the dead, and at the same time we must evoke the future by the power of imagination, and endeavour so to shape our action that it may conduce to the advantage of that future."

This full exposition of the Religion of Humanity will, we fear, make

many a reader lose himself in sheer confusion and bewilderment ; for if his attention has faltered for a moment, it is not so easy to take up the thread or identify the "being" whose existence Mr Congreve tells us "is now revealed," or those still more shadowy abstractions which complete, as he says, "the Trinity of our religion." For ourselves we are bound to say, though not willing altogether to own ourselves deficient in that attribute, our imagination sinks back appalled at the tremendous strain thus made upon it. The divine Trinity of the Christian Faith has tried many a devout soul into which doubt or unbelief never entered ; but the Trinity of the Humanitarian goes a long way beyond the Athanasian Creed. How are we to lift our minds to the supreme regions in which Humanity means not a vast multitude of faulty men and women, "but a great Being"—where the Earth prepares herself for the habitation of man, and Space welcomes the Earth into her bosom "with the simplest and purest love"? The words alone make the brain reel. We can but gasp and gaze at the speaker who deals familiarly with such unknown quantities, and professes even to "love" the Space which is one of his divinities. How does a man feel, we wonder, when he loves Space? Is the emotion stupendous as its object? In the nature of things it must be, we should suppose, a chilly sort of passion, not making a very great demand upon the feelings.

We are half inclined to laugh, but rather more than half inclined to a very different exercise when we turn from the belief thus propounded to the person who sets it forth, with all that gentle reiteration which belongs to the preacher, and an apparent warmth of pious sentiment such as must be peculiar

to the man. Many wonderful phenomena 'has the conjunction of atheism and faith produced in the world; for indeed an unbelieving head and a credulous heart are often enough conjoined, and the marriage has produced abortions of strange delusion enough to astonish the most experienced observer: but very seldom, we think, has any one ventured to stand up before a world, still in its senses, and propound so extraordinary a faith, so piously, so fervently, so simply, as Mr Congreve has done. He has the first qualification of a preacher—the art of believing what he himself says, and believing it with earnest force and conviction. These words sound much too real when we think what are the objects of his faith; and yet, so far as he is concerned, they are evidently true. No lukewarm zeal shines through the discourse, but a real warmth, which increases still more the amazement with which we gaze at the man. However woful and wonderful his creed may be, he believes it by some extraordinary witchcraft. He talks to us of Humanity and Space as a man might talk of God and Christ, with moisture in his eyes and a certain expansion and glow of being, as if the words inspired him. Strange fact!—but true. Almost we wish, for Mr Congreve's sake, that we could respect his belief more, and feel his abnegation of all reasonableness more justifiable. If he were a Mohammedan, or a Buddhist, or a born Brahmin, it is with a kind of reverence that we should contemplate the believer so profoundly certain of his faith and eager to extend its sway. But after we have heard him hold forth for pages together about Humanity and Space, about the Founder and his memory, about the duties of the new-born tiny sect, and their fellowship of the saints with the congregation

in Paris and that in America—when the tension of our wondering gaze relaxes, what utterance is possible to the beholder but that tremulous laugh which is the only alternative of weeping, over the prelections of this gentle enthusiast, this amiable fanatic? A laugh is a sorry performance as commentary in such a matter; but there is only one other alternative which could express the puzzled bewilderment and painful wonder which rise in our minds; and indeed even tears do not render so well the pity and amusement, the sympathy and impatience, the admiration we feel for the loyal disciple, the sense of provoked vexation and annoyance with which we look upon the wasted man.

We cannot venture in our limited space to quote much more largely from the curious book, which, however, is but little likely, we should suppose, to meet with many readers. The mixture of home mission details with the grandeur of this philosophical religion, is still more odd here than it generally is when mixed up with genuine feeling and serious thought. Some of these contrasts, indeed, are too comical to be passed without notice. In one of these discourses, for instance, we are taught what is the office of the Priesthood (when formed) in the Religion of Humanity, how wide are their claims, and how lofty is the position they aspire to. Such claims Mr Congreve tells us—and with truth—no Christian priest would venture to put forth; and wisely—for if he did, no community would ever allow them. But the Priesthood of Humanity will take higher ground than is possible to that of Christendom. Here is the statement of their claims:—

"I begin by restating what I have often stated before—my conviction that for the full meeting of the difficulties, for the satisfactory accomplish-

ment of the work of education in all its complexity, there is no other power but religion to which we can profitably appeal; that for the instruction of this and other nations, we must rely on a religious organisation,—on the organisation, that is, of a body of men animated by the same religious convictions, undertaking the task in the same spirit as a religious duty, and making its performance the ground of their whole existence and action—the justification of their being an organisation. In other words, none but a Priesthood can be qualified to instruct—none but a Priesthood can duly guide society to the right conception of education, to the right conception of its more peculiar organ—the family, and of its own action in subordination to that organ. Then arises the question, Is there such a body? There exist Priesthoods around us of more or less power and cohesion. But there is not which would claim to answer to the description given. . . . The new Priesthood of Humanity now in the slow process of formation enters then on ground not previously occupied, when it claims for itself the province of higher instruction as its peculiar work, its *raison d'être*—the great primary object of its existence and action, that on which all its other functions are seen to rest. It is as yet, as I said, but in the process of formation; it needs long and vigorous efforts from all the servants of Humanity to aid it in its constitution; but whilst recognising these facts, we who, by the force of circumstances and the exigencies of our position, are, however imperfectly, members of this nascent organisation, must not shrink from claiming for it that which is to be its appropriate province. It, and it alone, if worthy of its place, can instruct the children of Humanity with the complete instruction which they need for the purposes of their being. It is enough that others serve another power, and cannot therefore be consequent servants of Humanity. They might, and they will, to a great extent, and most usefully, give the same knowledge, but they cannot give it with the same logical consistency as we do. They may help us, but we finally supersede them.”

The reader will perceive that no pope, no mediæval priest, ever made a vaster claim, or set up a more infallible right. When what is technically called an “Appeal” is made for the Home Mission, for the favourite parochial scheme of evangelisation, or for the missionary to the heathen, conventionally so called, it is of ordinary usage to give a wide and vague description of the blessings to be secured by the special “work” for which the sympathies of a Christian people are appealed to; but few, even of the most fervent, venture to say “this agency, and this alone, can instruct” the ignorant. We, and we alone, are the men who can save our race. This, however, Mr Congreve says without hesitation; to him it is *tout simple*. Of all the complicated subjects in the world, this one of “education is the most difficult; but he is provided with the machinery which can solve all difficulties, the organisation which has the final power in its hands. What is the appeal he makes after this grand introduction? Has he a Priesthood ready to enter upon its work; has he a band of eager disciples ready, if only the means are furnished, to set the new world in the right way at once; has he an Apostolate at least, wanting only that “penny siller” which is nowadays the indispensable condition of all benevolent enterprises? We turn the page, and we find stated in all simplicity the modest boundary of the new Religion’s hopes.

“Those who recognise the insufficiency of other educational schemes, the incompetence of other clergies, . . . to all such I appeal for aid in forwarding the formation of the new Priesthood. I cannot say how urgent I think this question, how important is a steady unintermittent effort to base on a solid foundation the fund for the

Priesthood of the human faith. . . . Immediately this only concerns one, but that one is of the highest importance. To form a fund sufficient, both in amount and certainty, to dispense with the great pressure upon our director's energies, that is the most immediate object we can set before us. I may do what he would not do, urge this on all Positivists, and, indeed, on all who sympathise with us from outside."

Alas for the world and its chance of renovation! alas for the children of Humanity whom only the Priesthood of Humanity can fully instruct! There is but one priest in question, one man whom all Positivists are entreated to unite in making a provision for, so that he may devote all his energies to the new-born Church. From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step. Surely the members of the young community, were they half as much in earnest as Mr Congreve, would soon find means of liberating M. Lafitte, the spiritual director of their sect, the head of their religion, so to speak, from the temporal work which divides his thoughts with the care of his flock. If it is true, according to the vulgar idea, that liberality in offerings is the best sign of warm partisanship and strong conviction, then we fear Positivism, after all, must have a weaker claim upon its votaries than is to be desired. In the same discourse, a page further on, the preacher makes another most modest suggestion, too gentle to be called an appeal, which still further exposes the unfortunate contrast between the splendid pretensions of the new sect, and the means it possesses of carrying them out.

"Secondly, I think we should keep before us the question of acquiring some room or rooms where lectures might be given, where even more elementary teaching might be given if wanted—a Positive school or institute,

as it might be called. This is a point which already has struck some of our body. I can only beg of them not to lose sight of it, but to see how far and where it is realisable. . . . It remains essential for us in any case to see whether we can provide ourselves with a local habitation—a seat of Positivism."

Was there ever a more modest, more touching suggestion of a want? What! one room only, one poor room! to make a home for a great philosophy, a universal religion? We do not know how the reader may feel, but we confess that our first impulse was to reply promptly—Yes, certainly, you amiable soul! you shall have a room, and that at once. Poor though we are, (and where is the critic who is not poor?) we can yet manage to make this little sacrifice, nay, even to buy a plaster bust or two to adorn the same and make you happy. We put on record the instinctive response of our heart, in which we have no doubt the reader will sympathise, for our own satisfaction, and because perhaps it may please Mr Congreve to hear of it. But we have great pleasure in informing the public that the sacrifice which we were so genially disposed to make has not been necessary, but that the Positivist body itself has proved equal to the task imposed upon it, and that the Room has been attained. Here is our mild Apostle's own account of so gratifying a fact:—

"In England, during the past year, we have made a great advance. When, on the last anniversary of this festival, I mentioned certain objects as desirable, I had little expectation that we should, by the next anniversary, have got so far towards their attainment. We have been now for nine months in possession of this room, and the gain to our cause has been, and will be, undoubtedly great. It gives us a centre of action, a place to which those who wish to hear more of our teaching

may come, as well as a rallying-point for ourselves; and it gives us, moreover, what is on all grounds so valuable to us, a sense of permanence. It gives us the unity of place in exchange for the unpleasant but necessary changes to which we were previously driven. It enables our associations to fix themselves, and to gain the strength which fixity gives. It is in the highest degree calculated to promote our sense of order. There is good reason, I think, to hope that it will give a very strong impulse to our progress. Nor is it the mere room we have, but in the collection of the busts of the calendar which ornament our walls, together with the pictures which, as the room becomes drier, may be added in increasing numbers, we see not merely with gratitude the liberality of our members, but the evidence of that worship of the dead which is characteristic of Positivism, and the beginnings of that artistic development which it sets before it as one of its great ends. None can enter the room and give the most passing attention to that series of busts without being struck with the historical character which attaches to our religion. They should be, and will be, a valuable impression* for all, and the Positivist cause is much indebted to those who have placed them there."

We cannot conclude more fitly than with this gratifying announcement. The Room (it is surely worth a capital) is situated in Chapel Street, Bedford Row, No. 19. There Mr Congreve preaches on Sunday mornings, taking "the practical and religious side of the subjects," and Mr Beely on Sunday evenings taking "the historical side." These all men who will may be informed by the collection of busts and the pictures, which no doubt has been added to by this time; there we may learn how to say a litany to Humanity, and pray to

that great Being, and contemplate, in and through Humanity, the august figure of M. Comte. There, too, we may be taught how to love Space, and to understand the responsive passion of that highly comprehensible entity. Furthermore, if you wish it, dear reader, you may there be initiated into the dates and names of the new religion, and date your letter, Moses 19th, instead of January 19th, Aristotle instead of March, Dante instead of July, Gutenberg instead of September; and so forth. The first day of Moses in the 86th year of the blessed French Revolution, for instance, would be the date in the Calendar at No. 19 Chapel Street, Bedford Row, for what we called the 1st of January 1874 in profane parlance. Think of that, all who aspire to superiority and singularity! To be sure, in the present rudimentary state of the community, this system of dates is troublesome, since the old-world, effete Christian date must still be added to insure comprehension; but in the natural course of events the old must displace the new, and this unsatisfactory state of affairs will no doubt come to an end.

We may add, however, that there is a great deal of political matter in Mr Congreve's large volume, which, as less interesting to ourselves than his creed and religious organisation, we have left out of consideration. There, the reader whose mind is more interested in public matters than in those which concern individual character and development, may find fully set forth Mr Congreve's reasons for thinking that Government ought to give up Gibraltar, free the Fenian prisoners, and abandon India; and ought not

* We feel too much attached to Mr Congreve to criticise his grammar or his mode of expressing himself; but it troubles our limited intelligence to know how a series of busts can be "a valuable impression." We admit, however, that after our effort to comprehend the love of Space and the worship of Humanity, we may have got a little confused as to what words mean.

to have undertaken the Abyssinian and Ashantee expeditions. These are questions into which we do not feel disposed to enter; but as it is possible they may be thought by some the most important things in the collection, we feel bound to let the reader know that Mr Congreve has let loose his opinion upon these subjects of general interest, apart from the Religion of Humanity. How far his opinions are either wise or original, or like to claim the sympathy of the English public, we decline to pronounce any judgment. The latter part of his volume is much more entertaining, touching, and interesting to ourselves.

And when we thus issue forth, drawing the long breath which relieves the soul after a strain of attention, from that shadowy world of visions in which—strange contradiction in terms!—the Positivists find refuge for their spiritual part, it is a comfort to lay hold upon tangible earth again by means of one or two essays in biography which console us by their reality and substantial flesh and blood, after the ethereal mists we have been pursuing.

We can scarcely say of the man whose quaint autobiography * comes nearest to our hand, that he was of any importance whatever to his century or country; and yet he and his father before him have attracted more personal notice than many much more notable persons, so curiously unequal is the distribution of that popular observation and comment which men call fame. There is not much in Mr Robert Dale Owen in his own person to call for public attention; but he was the son of one of those singular men, who, uniting extreme energy, zeal, and a kind of genius for business to a large amount of

odd ideas and visionary plans, are at once the most successful and the most unsuccessful, the greatest prodigies and the greatest failures of their time. Robert Owen, the cotton-spinner of New Lanark, richest, busiest, and most thriving of millowners, with his little industrial colony thriving round him, and his schools and his co-operative institution, and all the benevolent whims with which he surrounded himself, is as striking a figure as could well appear in the featureless world of mercantile exertion; and his semi-tragical end—when theory got uppermost, and good sense went to the winds, and all the honest money he had earned in Scotland to the advantage of everybody round him, got dissipated in the dreary vanity of his great communistic whim in America—throws a melancholy dramatic interest into the story, which is so full of vicissitude. His son's account of the Scotch community which thrived so well, and the American community which was a dead failure, could scarcely fail of a certain interest; and the book is curious enough in many respects, though its literary pretensions are of the lowest. It appeared originally, we are told, in the shape of a series of articles in the 'Atlantic Monthly Magazine,' the author being a naturalised American, though born and for the first twenty years of his life living in Scotland. We are not fond of renegades of any description, and should be as little prepossessed in favour of an American who made himself an Englishman, as of the Englishman who becomes by preference a Yankee citizen. And the book is the product of one of those curiously uneducated minds which no amount of training can ever suffice to teach, and whose total absence of culture does not necessarily re-

* *Threading my Way*: by Robert Dale Owen. Trübner & Co., 1874.

sult from ignorance, but from some strange incapacity for acquiring the tone, and accent even, of educated persons. The writer has had as good, nay, perhaps a better education than most of us—having travelled much, and seen a good deal of the world in various countries, and having been educated, for some of the most important years of his life, in the curious school at Hofwyl, perfectest of visionary establishments, where letters and art were taught as well as democracy and self-government, regardless of expense. But notwithstanding this, and his possession, for all his youthful life at least, of every advantage which the sons of rich men possess, every line in the volume, every page of the story, conveys the same impression of utter commonness, and the absence of that larger atmosphere in which the worst trained of men who is a gentleman, lives and breathes. We regret to have to use an expression which seems to refer to social position as a final test of that subtle *tone* which is often of more importance in a man than all he knows or all he inherits. But it is not in reality social position to which we refer; for many men much less well off than Mr Dale Owen, much less used to the accessories of wealth, and of no more exalted descent, have possessed this fine and high atmosphere to the full, and read and looked infinitely better gentlemen than some princes and dukes. But the son of Robert Owen of New Lanark is not one of those favoured mortals. He is full of the disadvantages which beset new men and new worlds alike. It would be wrong to say that this characteristic was peculiarly American; for the highest height of over-refinement is quite as characteristic of the writers of that recent continent as this lower strain; and most eminent Americans, in print, at least, have

taken the utmost pains, to serve themselves heirs of the large inheritance of literature, finding in letters and the gentle society of cultivated minds the true atmosphere of gentlefolks. Mr Robert Dale Owen, however, is not "gentle." He has known a great many notable people in his day; has hob-and-nobbed with Bentham and Brougham; and helped to receive Grand-dukes of Russia, and great personages of every complexion, in his father's house; has, he takes pains to inform us, good Scotch blood in his veins, and was brought up at his school with German potentates of all the ranks of nobility; but notwithstanding all this, he writes like the traditional *quaker*, owing nothing evidently to all the long results of time, and inheriting no educated sense, no cultivation of nature. We do not say that his book is vulgar, because it pretends to very little, and pretension is indispensable to vulgarity; but it is totally wanting in what we call, for want of a better expression, the tone of good society, the subtle something which shows an educated and cultivated mind. This want gives a curious narrowness to the man whom prejudice compels to write ordinarily good English, and who knows grammar and the rules of composition. It does not tell to the same extent on a lower level where he who is simply a son of the people expresses individual sentiments with the racy boldness of a language unfettered by prejudice. As usual it is the middle man, neither gentle nor simple—the intermediate class, which has neither the breadth of the educated, nor the bold certainty of the uneducated—who comes to greatest grief in the field of literature; and it would be hard to find a better example of this than in this volume, which contains but

the earlier part of the autobiographer's life, and no doubt is to be followed in due time by other chapters approaching it more nearly to the present day.

The credit of the great cotton-spinning establishment at New Lanark has been attributed by the world almost entirely to Robert Owen, philanthropist and theorist; but, with the usual injustice of popular judgment, few have taken notice of the fact that this great industrial experiment, in which money-making was conjoined with benevolence, was really established by that steady old Scotch sectary, David Dale, who set everything going, the benevolences as well as the spinning-jennies, and made himself rich and a great many smaller people comfortable, without any particular flourish of trumpets on the subject. His successor, however, who had the benefit of a great many theories and visionary vagaries of all kinds, has made noise enough in the world; and it would be curious, if our time served, to compare the father's account of himself with the son's account of the father, a contrast always quaint, and full of a half-whimsical, half-humiliating lesson as to the unconscious vanity of every self-estimate; but this we have no space to enter into. The first Robert Owen made a great fortune so long as he held by his legitimate work, and had all sorts of learned and great persons to visit him and inspect his little industrial town, its schools and friendly schemes of all kinds. His family seem to have been trained to help and be of service in the great work from their earliest days; the sons and daughters teaching the little workers in the mills with praiseworthy devotion, though the boys themselves were fifteen and sixteen before any attempt seems to have been made for their own instruction. The account of Hofwyl, the school to which, as

the very acme and perfection of schools, they were finally sent, is quaintly grand and inflated, with an odd simplicity of delight in the princes, dukes, counts, &c., who there were called plain Carl and Alexander, which is veiled under republican satisfaction and naïve amazement that the noble lads commanded no particular reverence among their comrades, a result which might have been seen without going so far as Hofwyl. When the young Owens came home from their school, they found that their father, forsaking the safe ways of cotton-spinning and money-making, had taken in hand to reform the world, a much less profitable occupation. It was in the year 1817 that he took this tremendous enterprise in hand; and at a meeting at the London Tavern he threw down his first challenge to the world. Mr Robert Dale Owen does not approve of the views of Mr Robert Owen, and is very willing to acknowledge that this new step in his life was a mistake; and it is easy to imagine the consternation of the good people at the London Tavern, when, coming together to hear a well-known millowner expound his successful schemes for the education of his mill-children, they found themselves suddenly called upon to "denounce and reject all the religions of the world!" "What has hitherto retarded the advancement of our race to a high state of virtue and happiness?" asked this visionary; and he devoted himself to the reply with such a concentration of enthusiastic self-confidence and excited vanity as is half laughable, half tragical. "Who can answer that question?" cries the cotton-spinner; "who dares answer it but with his life in his hand—a ready and willing victim to truth and to the emancipation of the world from its long bondage of error, crime, and misery? Behold that victim! On

this day ! in this hour ! even now ! shall those bonds be burst asunder, never more to reunite while the world lasts."

Self-made men are necessarily self-confident; but we do not remember anything to match this insane outburst of vanity. Fortunately for the world the power to make a great fortune does not necessarily involve much power in other directions; and men who have attained this desirable end are not generally disposed, after their own fortunes are made at least, to lend any hand in social overthrow. This tragical folly, suddenly bursting out in the life of a man who had managed his affairs with common-sense up to this moment, however perverse his personal notions might be, is as strange a revelation as ever was made. It might be due, perhaps, to some subtle disorder of the brain in the elder Owen, whose declining career seemed to have dated from the time when, poor soul ! he declared himself about to break the bonds of the universe at once and for ever.

The son meantime maintained his independent career, and took it into his youthful head to fall in love with a child of ten at one of his father's schools, a certain Jessie, of whose beauty he writes some glowing descriptions, and who was, by the intervention of a sister, brought into his father's house in the position of an adopted child, but with the secret intention of being trained romantically as the bride of the eldest son. Jessie grew everything that heart could desire, though but the daughter of one of the "hands" at the cotton-mills. In eight or ten months she "had made wonderful proficiency on the piano," and could take a part in a duet; while her manners were perfect, and her beauty daily developed under the young man's impassioned eyes. However, the course of this true love, though the chau-

nel was prepared so carefully, did not run any smoother than others. There was a moment, indeed, when Jessie seemed as if she loved in return; but at that time, unfortunately, Robert was trammelled by a promise not to say anything till she should be older, and the golden opportunity was lost. Before he came back from his first visit to America she was married. They met, notwithstanding, years after, and had a little *effusion du cour* over their failure to understand each other at the right time, which gives an almost equally romantic conclusion to the innocent little idyl.

"Just at first I could scarcely recognise in the comely matron the Jessie of my youth, until she smiled. But we met twice or thrice, and talked over the olden time, very quietly at first. During my last visit, I asked her if she had ever known that I loved her, and that I had wished to make her my wife. She said it had several times occurred to her as possible, even before I left Braxfield the first time for America; that she felt sure of it during the woodland walk, and especially while we sat together in that secluded spot, with the birds only for witnesses; but when I had departed to another hemisphere with no promise of return, and without declaring myself, she had felt sure it was because of her humble parentage, and so had given up all idea that she would ever be my wife. Then with a frankness which even as a child she had always shown towards me, she added that she never could tell when she first loved me; and that if during that last walk I had asked her to become my betrothed, she would have said Yes with her whole heart and soul. The tears stood in her eyes as she said this; and she followed it up by saying, 'I wished to meet you once, and to tell you this. But I know that you will feel it to be best that we should not see each other nor write to each other any more.'"

This is a pretty enough termination to a quaint romance, and leaves a little fragrance of sentiment about the story such as the imagination

loves. As, however, we are more in the way of strange religionists and anti-religionists than of love-stories, we will give the reader a glimpse of a very different kind of meeting. It is a dinner-party in the house of Bentham, who had read young Owen's book, and desired to see him.

"Our dinner-party consisted of John Neal of Maine—the author of 'Logan,' and other works, and then, I think, an inmate of Bentham's house—and three or four others whose names I cannot recall. I shall never forget my surprise when we were ushered by the venerable philosopher into his dining-room. An apartment of good size, it was occupied by a platform about two feet high, and which filled the whole room, except a passage-way some three or four feet wide, which had been left so that one could pass all round it. Upon this platform stood the dinner-table and chairs, with room enough for the servants to wait upon us. . . . The dinner passed cheerfully amid the lively, and, to me, most interesting conversation of our host; but I observed that he did not touch upon any of the topics of the day, nor allude to recent events, political or social; while his recollections of the past were vivid and ready. His talk ran chiefly on those principles of morals and jurisprudence which have made his name famous. When the cloth was drawn, and we had sat for some time over our wine and walnuts, Bentham pulled a bell-rope that hung on his right. 'John, my marmalade!' he called out to the servant who entered; then to us—'That Scotch marmalade is an excellent digester. I always take a little after dinner.' When another half-hour had passed, he touched the bell again. This time his order to his servant startled me: 'John, my night-cap!' I rose to go, and one or two others did the same. 'Ah!' said Bentham, as he drew a black silk night-cap over his spare grey hair, "you think that's a hint to go? Not a bit of it. Sit down; I'll tell you when I am tired. I am going to *vibrate* a little; that assists digestion too."

"And with that he descended into the trench-like passage of which I have spoken, and commenced walking briskly back and forth, his head nearly on a level with ours as we sat. Of course we all turned towards him. For full half an hour, as he walked, did he continue to pour forth such a witty and eloquent invective against kings, priests, and their retainers, as I have seldom listened to. Then he returned to the head of the table, and kept up the conversation without flagging till midnight, when he dismissed us. His parting words to me were characteristic: 'God bless you, if there be such a Being! and at all events, my young friend, take care of yourself.'"

These last words sound familiar, as if we had heard them before, and may not be original on Bentham's part; but the picture is droll enough. We doubt very much, however, how far it is philosophical or admirable to indulge in eloquent invectives against kings and priests when neither of these despised sections of humanity are present to speak for themselves. If kings and priests, on the other hand, were to indulge in eloquent invectives against philosophers, we know what the critics and the world would say.

Here is another little book,* in which are summed up the records of another life, a pious and spotless existence, of which indeed there is little to say, as it contains little, except a chronicle of modest duty, lighted up with a gentle light of genius, not dazzling but genuine, which lends grace and sweetness to an existence spent among the troubles, and sorrows, and labours of ordinary humanity. Such of us as have had the 'Hymns in Prose' and 'Early Lessons,' either as means of helping ourselves over the first steps to knowledge, or—which is more interesting—of softening that painful passage to our children, will remember gratefully the name

* Memoir of Mrs Barbauld: by her great-niece, Anna Letitia Le Breton. London, 1874.

of Mrs Barbauld. Her biographer tells us that both Dr Johnson and Charles Fox, authorities of weight, though very different in character, lamented that she should have wasted her talents in books for children; but the charming prettiness of those simple descriptions of nature which are to be found in the 'Hymns in Prose' ought to haunt many a child's ear and leaven its imagination. Mrs Barbauld was Miss Aikin by birth, of a somewhat literary family, and made her first reputation in her maiden name. We do not pretend to know anything about the poems which were supposed in the end of last century to make that name illustrious; but the reputation thus acquired was enough to make the young lady known to many literary persons, with whom she kept up a correspondence all her life, couched in those terms of mutual compliment which have now gone out of use to a great extent, but which undoubtedly made a great part of the pleasure of her life. She married the son of a French refugee, a young man destined for the Church, but who became a Dissenter, as all the Aikins were. In those days, it would seem, the office of a Dissenting preacher was so very little likely to lead to wealth, that educational work of one kind or other almost always accompanied it. Mr Barbauld, so long as he remained sane, kept a school, in which his wife actively assisted him, teaching a class of small boys—for whom, and her nephew and adopted child Charles Aikin, she wrote her books—and managing the business of the establishment. The husband, however, had madness in his blood; and after the long anguish of endurance during many years with which Mrs Barbauld supported and concealed his condition, she was compelled at last to separate from him in peril of her life. The unfortunate man soon after eluded his

keeper and drowned himself. This melancholy shadow upon her life is very briefly and modestly told; and the sufferings of the woman, who was so full of fine sense and high perceptions, shut up with a madman, in constant danger from his violence, but heroically supporting this "rather than allow him to be irritated by necessary restraint," are made nothing of in a sensational point of view; and yet they must have been something terrible to contemplate. She was over sixty before she was released from this fearful bondage, and she seems to have mourned truly for the poor maniac who tried to kill her. Poor soul! her gentle poems, her pleasant letters, her literary reputation, must have made but a poor set-off against this domestic skeleton. A great number of the letters given in this little volume are from Miss Edgeworth, and they are full of old-fashioned congratulations and compliments, and guesses at such and such a paper in such and such a magazine, "which, from the excellence of the writing, . . . we are persuaded could be written by nobody but our friend Mrs Barbauld." Nor does she on her side hesitate to return the gentle flattery which would seem to have been current coin of society in those days. Other voices less conventionally exact in due return for praise, render tribute to her in these pages. Sir James Mackintosh, no contemptible critic, declares, in a letter to a third person, that "if ever there was a writer whose wisdom is made to be useful in time of need, it is Mrs Barbauld." Here, too, is a more charming and touching compliment still. The narrator is Mr Henry Crabbe Robinson, so well known in the literary circles of his time.

"It was after her death that Lucy Aikin published Mrs Barbauld's works, of which I gave a copy to Miss Wordsworth. Among the poems is a stanza

on Life, written in extreme old age. It had delighted my sister, to whom I had repeated it on her deathbed. It was long after I gave these works to Miss Wordsworth that her brother said, 'Repeat me that stanza by Mrs Barbauld.' I did so. He made me repeat it again; and so he learnt it by heart. He was at the time walking in his sitting-room at Rydal, with his hands behind him, and I heard him mutter to himself, 'I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things, but I wish I had written those lines.'

The stanza in question is as follows, and the reader will not wonder at Wordsworth's admiration. It is the concluding verse of a little poem not quite equal in merit to this brief but perfect flower of tender human sentiment and true poetry with which it ends.

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy
weather;

'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;

Then steal away, give little warning,

Choose thine own time:

Say not Good-night, but in some brighter
clime

Bid me Good-morning."

One could almost suppose that this beautiful verse had suggested to Coleridge the similar lines which will occur to the reader in the little poem which he calls, we think, 'Youth and Age.' It is the appropriate swan-song of so modest, spotless, and sweet a life.

One bit of verse cannot stand alone. It is the delightful privilege of poetry to suggest ever other and other echoes which fill the air with widening circles of sweet sound. Few things are more difficult than to decide upon a new poet. From Lord Jeffrey's famous blunder down to the less notable critics of to-day, the mistakes that have been made have been many; and he would be

a bold man who would, with such examples before him, predicate hastily the downfall of any mild new-risen star in the poetical horizon. The "New Writer"* who, with somewhat proud humility, takes this vague title as his *nom de plume*, has met with a very good reception from the critical craft;—nor would we differ broadly from this decision, though we doubt whether there is so much promise in these productions as there is said to be. "Promise" is the most subtle of all things to identify; and it is just as likely that the gentle excellence which is elevated by this title into brevet rank in the highest regions is not promise at all, but the best of which the author is capable, either now or at any after-time. We are disposed to be of this opinion in respect to the New Writer, some of whose smaller lyrics are very perfect, and bear the marks of careful finish, and the advantage of that good taste, which is a sixth sense—essence and completion of all the rest—to writers in general. His longer poems charm us less; and there is one of them which he calls "An Apology," in which, with something of the pride that apes humility (though with many charming lines and pretty verses), this neophyte accounts to the world for not following Mr Browning or Mr Swinburne, but choosing his own way. Now it is always well, both in literature and in life, to choose one's own way, so long as one does not make the choice the occasion of invidious reflections upon one's neighbour's way; much less upon the ways of one's elders and superiors. Honest, hard-working Martha, in that most significant domestic story, told eighteen hundred years ago, was irreproachable, and unapproached, in her house-keeping, till she found fault with

* Songs of Two Worlds: by a New Writer.

her sister, who was not made in the same mould. The lesson is one of the profoundest and the simplest possible. We are perfectly willing to accept "A New Writer" on his own merits; but it is unnecessary for any new writer to explain elaborately why he does not write like Shakespeare, nor approve of that poet's theories. That the reader, however, may see in what charming verses this anonymous poet demonstrates the superiority of his own choice of subject, we quote a few lines from the "Apology," which is no apology at all, but an Assault, if we understand the meaning of the word:—

"Most precious all, yet this is sure,
The song which longest shall endure
Is simple, sweet, and pure.

Not psychologic riddles fine,
Not keen analysis combine
In verse we feel divine.

Not fierce o'erbalanced rage alone,
Which mingles the rhyme and dulls the
tone—

They may not sing who groan.

But a sweet cadence wanting much
Of depth perhaps, and fire, but such
As finer souls can touch

To finer issues—such as come
To him who far afield must roam,
Thinking old thoughts of home.

Or who in Sabbath twilight hears
His children lip a psalm, and fears
Lest they should see his tears.'

This is his own account, given with a considerable amount of literary Pharisaism, of his own performance in the way of subject and species of poetry. That we may give our own opinion of what the New Writer can do best, we add one scrap of a song which might have been written in the days when song was supreme, the days when the tenderest and most delightful of gallants sang with manly grace and a dainty conventionalism which is full of nature—those songs to *Anthea* and *Althea*, and the rest, which

charm the hearts out of us still. The writer of to-day is more conscious of the sweet delusion by which it pleases him to enthrone the lady of his sighs, and is willing that all the world should see him to be superior to the bonds he wears; but yet he has caught the true cadence from the Herricks and Lovelaces, who no doubt were voluntary vassals, and knew it too.

"But now, alas!

So fast a prisoner am I to my love,
No power there is that can my chains
remove.

So sweet the caged hours pass,
That if it parted me from thee,
I would not willingly go free.

Nor would I dare
To ask for recompense of love again,
Who love thee for the height of thy
disdain.

Thou wouldst not show so fair,
If we should burn with equal fire,
Instinct with emulous desire.

Full well I know
That what I worship is not wholly thee,
But a fair dream, a pious fantasy,—
Such as at times doth grow

On yearnings of the cloistered mind,
Or the rapt vision of the blind.

Scorn me, then, sweet,—
I would not thou shouldst leave thy lofty
place,
Thy lover should not see thee face to face,
But prostrate at thy feet,
No recompense, no equal part I seek,
Only that thou be strong and I be weak."

This is the very daintiest of fantastic love-making; and we do not know that any one else quite modern has done it so well before. The verses—though there is a line or two, like the last line of the second stanza, which might be mended—are full of melodious charm, and sing themselves almost without music. If we have got a new maker of songs in the New Writer, we may well congratulate ourselves and all the world of singers; for we know not where there is so much room for improvement in any existing branch of art.

ALICE LORRAINE.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

PART VI.—CHAPTER XXXIII.

ONE man there is, or was, who ought to have been brought forward long ago. Everybody said the same thing of him—he wanted nothing more than the power of insisting upon his reputation, and of checking his own bashfulness, to make him one of the foremost men anywhere in or near Steyning. His name was Bottler, as everybody knew; and through some hereditary veins of thought, they always added “the pigman”—as if he were a porcine hybrid!

He was nothing of the sort. He was only a man who stuck pigs, when they wanted sticking; and if at such times he showed humanity, how could that identify him with the animal between his knees? He was sensitive upon this point at times, and had been known to say, “I am no pigman; what I am is a master pork-butcher.”

However, he could not get over his name, any more than anybody else can. And if such a trifle hurt his feelings, he scarcely insisted upon them, until he was getting quite into his fifth quart of ale, and discovering his true value.

A writer of the first eminence, who used to be called “Tully,” but now is euphoniously cited as “Kikero,” has taught us that to neglect the world’s opinion of one’s self is a proof not only of an arrogant, but even of a dissolute mind. Bottler could prove himself not of an arrogant, and still less of a dissolute mind; he respected the opinion of the world; and he showed his respect in the most convincing and flattering manner, by his style of dress. He

never wore slops, or an apron even, unless it were at the decease or during the obsequies of a porker. He made it a point of honour to maintain an unbroken succession of legitimate white stockings—a problem of deep and insatiable anxiety to every woman in Steyning town. In the first place, why did he wear them? It took several years to determine this point; but at last it was known, amid universal applause, that he wore them in memory of his first love. But then there arose a far more difficult and excruciating question—how did he do it? Had he fifty pairs? Did he wash them himself, or did he make his wife? How could he kill pigs and keep his stockings perpetually unsullied? Emphatically and despairingly,—why had they never got a hole in them?

He, however, with an even mind, trod the checkered path of life, with fustian breeches and white stockings. His coat was of West of England broadcloth, and of a rich imperial blue, except where the colour had yielded to time; and all his buttons were of burnished brass. His honest countenance was embellished with a fine candid smile, whenever he spoke of the price of pigs or pork; and no one had ever known him to tell a lie—or at any rate he said so.

This good and remarkable man was open to public inspection every morning in his shop, from eight to twelve o’clock. He then retired to his dinner, and customers might thump and thump with a key or knife, or even his own steel, on the

counter, but neither Mr nor Mrs Bottler would condescend to turn round for them. Nothing less than the chink of a guinea would stir them at this sacred time. But if any one had a guinea to rattle on the board, and did it cleverly, the blind across the glass-door was drawn back on its tape, and out peeped Bottler.

When dinner and subsequent facts had been dealt with, this eminent pigman horsed his cart, hoisted his favourite child in over the foot-board, and set forth in quest of pigs, or as he put it more elegantly, "hanimals german to his profession." That favourite child, his daughter Polly, being of breadth and length almost equal, and gifted with "how-legs" (as the public had ample means of ascertaining), was now about four years old, and possessed of remarkable gravity even for that age. She would stand by the hour between her father's knees, while he guided the shambling horse, and gaze most intently at nothing at all; as if it were the first time she ever had enjoyed the privilege of inspecting it.

Rags and bones (being typical of the beginning and end of humanity) have an inner meaning of their own, and stimulate all who deal in them. At least it often seems to be so, though one must not be too sure of it. Years of observation lead us to begin to ask how to observe a little.

Bonny had not waited for this perversity of certainty. He had long been taking observations of Polly Bottler—as he could get them—and the more he saw her, the more his finest feelings were drawn forth by her, and the way she stood between her father's legs. Some boys have been known to keep one virtue so enlarged and fattened up, like the liver of a Strasburg goose, that the flavour of it has been

enough to abide—if they died before dissolution—in the rue of pious memory.

Exactly so it was with that Bonny. He never feigned to be an honest boy, because it would have been too bad of him; besides that, he did not know how to do it, and had his own reasons for waiting a bit; yet nothing short of downright starvation could have driven him at any time to steal so much as one pig's trotter from his patron's cart, or shop, or yard. Now this deserves mention, because it proves that there does, or at any rate did, exist a discoverable specimen of a virtue so rare, that its existence escaped all suspicion till after the classic period of the Latin tongue.

A grateful soul, or a grateful spirit—we have no word to express "animus," though we often express it towards one another—such was the Roman form for this virtue, as a concrete rarity. And a couple of thousand years have made it ever so much rarer.

In one little breast it still abode, purely original and native, and growing underneath the soil, shy of light and hard to find, like the truffle of the South Downs. Bonny was called, in one breath every day, a shameful and a shameless boy; and he may have deserved but a middling estimate from a lofty point of view. It must be admitted that he slipped sometimes over the border of right and wrong, when a duck or a rabbit, or a green goose haply, hopped or waddled on the other side of it, in the tempting twilight. But even that he avoided doing, until halfpence were scarce and the weather hungry.

Now being, as has been said before, of distinguished countenance and costume, he already had made a tender impression upon the heart of Polly Bottler; and when she had

been very good and conquered the alphabet up to 1' the pig—at which point professional feelings always overcame the whole family—the reward of merit selected by herself would sometimes be a little visit to Bonny, as the cart came back from Findon. There is room for suspicion, however, that true love may not have been the only motive power, or at least that poor Bonny had a very formidable rival in Jack the donkey; inasmuch as the young lady always demanded as the first-fruit of hospitality a prolonged caracole on that quadruped, which she always performed in cavalier fashion, whereto the formation of her lower members afforded especial facility.

Now one afternoon towards All-hallows day, when the air was brisk and the crisp leaves rustled, some under foot and some overhead, Mr Bottler, upon his return from Storington, with four pretty porkers in under his net, received from his taciturn daughter that push on his right knee, whose import he well understood. It meant—"We are going to see Bonny to-day. You must turn on this side, and go over the fields."

"All right, little un," the pig-man answered, with his never-failing smile. "Daddy knows as well as you do a'most; though you can't expect him to come up to you."

Polly gave a nod, which was as much as any one ever expected of her all the time she was out of doors. At home she could talk any number to the dozen, when the mood was on her; but directly she got into the open air, the size of the world was too much for her. All she could do was to stand, and wonder, and have the whole of it going through her, without her feeling anything.

After much jolting, and rattling,

and squeaking of pigs at the roughness of sod or fallow, they won to the entrance of Coombe Lorraine, and the hermitage of Bonny. That exemplary boy had been all day pursuing his calling with his usual diligence, and was very busy now, blowing up his fire to have some hot savoury stew to warm him. All his beggings and his buyings, &c. were cast in together; and none but the cook and consumer could tell how marvellously they always managed to agree among themselves, and with him. A sharp little turn of air had set in, and made every rover of the land sharp set; and the lid of the pot was beginning to lift charily and preciously, when the stubble and bramble crackled much. Bonny esconced in his kitchen corner, on the right hand outside his main entrance, kept stirring the fire, and warming his hands, and indulging in a preliminary smell. Bearing ever in mind the stern duty of promoting liberal sentiments, he had felt while passing an old woman's garden, how thoroughly welcome he ought to be to a few sprigs of basil, a handful of onions, and a pinch of lemon-thyme; and how much more polite it was to dispense with the frigid ceremony of asking.

As the cart rattled up in the teeth of the wind, Polly Bottler began to expand her frank ingenuous nostrils; inhaled the breeze, and thus spake with her mouth—

"Dad, I'se yerry hungry."

"No wonder," replied the paternal voice; "what a boy, to be sure, that is to cook! At his time of life, just to taste his stoos! He've got a born knowledge what to put in—ay, and what to keep out; and how long to do it. He deserveth that pot as I gived him out of the bilin' house; now dothn't he? If moother worn't looking for us to home, with chittlings and fried

taties, I'd as lief sit down and sup with him. He maketh me in the humour, that he doth."

As soon as he beheld his visitors, Bonny advanced in a graceful manner, as if his supper was of no account. He had long been aware from the comments of boys at Steyning (who were hostile to him) that his chimney-pot hat was not altogether in strict accord with his character. This had mortified him as deeply as his lightsome heart could feel; because he had trusted to that hat to achieve his restoration into the bosom of society. The words of the incumbent of his parish (ere ever the latter began to thrash him) had sunk into his inner and deeper consciousness and conscience; and therein had stirred up a nascent longing to have something to say to somebody whose fore-legs were not employed for locomotion any longer.

Alas, that ghost of a definition has no leg to stand upon! No two great authorities (perfect as they are, and complete in their own system) can agree with one another concerning the order of a horse's feet, in walking, ambling, or trotting, or even standing on all fours in stable. The walk of a true-born Briton is surely almost as important a question. Which arm does he swing to keep time with which leg; and bends he his elbows in time with his knees; and do all four occupy the air, or the ground, or himself, in a regulated sequence; and if so, what aberration must ensue from the use of a walking-stick? Œdipus, who knew all about feet (from the tenderness of his own soles), could scarcely be sure of all this, before the time of the close of the market.

This is far too important a question to be treated hastily. Only, while one is about it, let Bonny's hat be settled for. Wherever he thought to have made an impres-

sion with this really guinea-hat, ridicule and execration followed on his naked heels; till he sold it at last for tenpence - halfpenny, and came back to his naked head. Society is not to be carried by storm even with a picked-up hat.

Jack, the donkey, was always delighted to have Polly Bottler upon his back. Not perhaps from any vaticination of his future mistress, but because she was sure to reward him with a cake, or an apple, or something good; so that when he felt her sturdy little legs, both hands in his mane, and the heels begin to drum, he would prick his long ears, and toss his fine white nose, and would even have arched his neck, if nature had not strictly forbidden him. On the present occasion, however, Polly did not very long witch the world with noble donkeymanship; although Mr Bottler sat patiently in his cart, smiling as if he could never kill a pig, and with paternal pride stamped on every wrinkle of his nose; while the brief-lived porkers poked their snouts through the net, and watched with little sharp hairy eyes the very last drama perhaps in which they would be spectators only. The lively creatures did not suspect that Bonny's fire, the night after next, would be cooking some of their vital parts, with a truly fine smell of sausages.

Sausages were too dear for Bonny; as even the pigs at a glance were aware; but he earned three quarters of a pound for nothing, by noble hospitality. To wit, his angel of a Polly had not made more than three or four parades, while he (with his head scarcely reaching up to the mark at the back of the donkey's ears, where the perspiration powdered) shouted, and hollaed, and made-believe to be very big—as boys must do, for practice towards their manhood—when by some concurrent

goodwill of air, and fire, and finer elements, the pot-lid arose, to let out a bubble of goodness returning to its native heaven; and the volatile virtue gently hovered to leave a fair memory behind.

The merest corner of this fragrance flipped into Polly Bottler's nose, as a weaker emanation had done, even before she began her ride. And this time her mouth and her voice expressed cessation of hesitation.

"'Et me down, 'et me down," she cried, stretching her fat short arms to Bonny; "I 'ants some; I'se so hungry."

"Stop a bit, miss," said Bonny, as being the pink of politeness to all the fair: "there, your purty little toes is on the blessed ground again. Stop a bit, miss, while I runs into my house, for to get the spoon."

For up to this time he had stirred his soup with a forked stick made of dogwood, which helps to flavour everything; but now as a host, he was bound to show his more refined resources. Polly, however, was so rapt out of her usual immobility, that she actually toddled into Bonny's house to make him be quick about the spoon. He, in amazement, turned round and stared, to be sure of his eyes that such a thing could ever have happened to him. The jealousy of the collector strove with the hospitality of the householder and the chivalry of the rover. But the finer feelings conquered, and he showed her round the corner. Mr Bottler, who could not get in, cracked his whip and whistled at them.

Polly, with great eyes of wonder and fright at her own daring, longed with one breath to go on, and with the next to run back again. But the boy caught hold of her hand, and she stuck to him through the ins and outs of light, until there was something well worth seeing.

What is the sweetest thing in life? Hope, love, gold, fame, pride, revenge, danger—or anything else, according to the nature of the liver. But with those who own very little, and have "come across" all that little, with risk and much uncertainty, the sweetest thing in life is likely to be the sense of ownership. The mightiest hoarder of gold and silver, Croesus, Rhampsinitus, or Solomon, never thought half so much of his stores, or at any rate, never enjoyed them as much as this rag-and-bone collector his. When he came to his room he held his breath, and watched with the greatest anxiety for corresponding emotion of Polly.

The room was perhaps about twelve feet long, and eight feet wide at its utmost, scooped from the chalk without any sharp corners, but with a grand contempt of shape. The floor went up and down, and so did the roof, according to circumstances; the floor appearing inclined to rise, and the roof to come down if called upon. Much excellent rubbish was here to be found; but the window was the first thing to seize and hold any stranger's attention. It must have been built either by or for the old hermit who once had dwelt there; at any rate no one could have designed it without a quaint ingenuity. It was cut through a three-foot wall of chalk, the embrasure being about five feet in span, and three feet deep at the crown of the arch. In the middle, a narrow pier of chalk was left to keep the arch up, and the lights on either side were made of horn, stained glass, and pig's bladder. The last were of Bonny's handiwork, to keep out the wind when it blew too cold among the flaws of ages. And now as the evening light fetched round the foot of the hills, and gathered strongly into this western aspect, the richness of

colours was such that even Polly's steadfast eyes were dazed.

Without vouchsafing so much as a glance at Bonny's hoarded glories, the child ran across the narrow chamber, and spread out her hands and opened her mouth wider even than her eyes, at the tints now streaming in on her. The glass had been brought perhaps from some ruined chapel of the hillside, and glowed with a depth of colour infused by centuries of sunset; not one pane of regular shape was to be found among them; but all, like veins of marble, ran with sweetest harmony of hue, to meet the horn and the pig's bladder. From the outside it looked like a dusty slate traversed with bits of a crusted bottle; it required to be seen from the inside, like an ancient master's painting.

Polly, like the rest of those few children who do not overtalk themselves, spent much of her time in observation, storing the entries inwardly. And young as she was, there might be perhaps a doubt entertained by those who knew her whether she were not of a deeper and more solid cast of mind than Bonny. Her father at any rate declared, and her mother was of the same opinion, that by the time she was ten years old she would buy and sell all Steyning. However, they may have thought this because all their other children were so stupid.

Now, be they right or be they wrong—as may be shown hereafter—Polly possessed at least the first and most essential of all the many endowments needful to approach success. Polly Bottler stuck to her point. And now, even with those fine old colours, like a century of rainbows, puzzling her, Polly remembered the stew in the pot, and pointed with her finger to the window-ledge where something shone in a rich blue light.

"Here's a 'poon, Bonny!" she exclaimed; "here's a 'poon! 'Et me have it, Bonny."

"No, that's not a spoon, miss; and I can't make out for the life of me whatever it can be. I've a seed a many queer things, but I never seed the likes of that afore. Ah, take care, miss, or you'll cut your fingers!"

For Polly, with a most resolute air, had scrambled to the top of an old brown jar (the salvage from some shipwreck) which stood beneath the window-sill, and thence with a gallant sprawl she reached and clutched the shining implement which she wanted to eat her stew with. The boy was surprised to see her lift it with her fat brown fingers, and hold it tightly without being cut or stung, as he expected. For he had a wholesome fear of this thing, and had set it up as a kind of fetish, his mind (like every other) requiring something to bow down to. For the manner of his finding it first, and then its presentment in the mouth of Jack, added to the interest which its unknown meaning won for it.

With a laugh of triumph the bow-legged maiden descended from her dangerous height, and paying no heed to all Bonny's treasures, waddled away with her new toy, either to show it to her father, or to plunge it into the stewpot perhaps. But her careful host, with an iron spoon and a saucer in his hands, ran after her, and gently guided her to the crock, whither also Mr Bottler sped. This was as it should be; and they found it so. For when the boy Bonny, with a hospitable sweep, lifted the cover of his cookery, a sense of that void which all nature protests against rose in the forefront of all three, and forbade them to seek any further. Bottler himself, in the stress of the moment, let the distant vision fade—of fried pota-

toes and combed chittlings—and lapsed into that lowest treason to Laros and Penates—a supperabroad, when the supper at home is salted, and peppered, and browning.

But though Polly opened her mouth so wide, and smacked her lips, and made every other gratifying demonstration, not for one moment would she cede possession of the treasure she had found in Bonny's window. Even while most absorbed in absorbing, she nursed it jealously on her lap; and even when her father had lit his pipe from Bonny's boufire, and was ready to hoist her in again over the foot-board, the child stuck fast to her new delight, and set up a sturdy yell when the owner came to reclaim it from her.

"Now don't 'ee, don't 'ee, that's a dear," began the gentle pork-

butcher, as the pigs in the cart caught up the strain, and echo had enough to do; for Polly of course redoubled her wailings, as all little dears must, when coaxed to stop: "here, Bonny, here lad, I'll gie thee sixpence for un, though her aint worth a penny, I doubt. And thou mayst call to-morrow, and the Misses 'll gie thee a clot of sus-sages."

Bonny looked longingly at his fetish; but gratitude and true love got the better of veneration. Polly, moreover, might well be trusted to preserve this idol, until in the day when he made her his own, it should return into his bosom. And so it came to pass that this Palladium of the hermitage was set up at the head of Polly Bottler's little crib, and installed in the post of her favourite doll.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Though Coombe Lorraine was so old a mansion, and so full of old customs, the Christmas of the "comet year" was as dull as a Sunday in a warehouse. Hilary (who had always been the life of the place) was far away, fed upon hardships and short rations. Alice, though full sometimes of spirits, at other times would run away, and fret, and blame herself, as if the whole of the fault was on her side. This was of course an absurd idea; but sensitive girls, in moods of dejection, are not good judges of absurdity; and Alice at such times fully believed that if she had not intercepted so much of her father's affection from her brother, things would have been very different. It might have been so; but the answer was, that she never had wittingly stood between them; but on the contrary had laid herself out, even at the risk of offending both, to bring

their widely different natures into kinder unity.

Sir Roland also was becoming more and more reserved and meditative. He would sit for hours in his book-room, immersed in his favourite studies, or rather absorbed in his misty abstractions. And Lady Valeria did not add to the cheer of the household, although perhaps she did increase its comfort, by suddenly ceasing to interfere with Mrs Pippins and everybody else, and sending for the parson of the next parish, because she had no faith in Mr Hales. That worthy's unprofessional visits, and those of his wife and daughters, were now almost the only pleasant incidents of the day or week. For the country was more and more depressed by the gloomy burden of endless war, the scarcity of the fruits of the earth, and the slaughter of good brave people. So that as the time went on, what with

miserable expeditions, pestilence, long campaigns, hard sieges, furious battles, and starvation—there was scarcely any decent family that was not gone into mourning.

Even the Rector, as lucky a man as ever lived, had lost a nephew, or at least a nephew of his dear wife,—which, he said, was almost worse to him—slain in battle, fighting hard for his country and constitution. Mr Hales preached a beautiful sermon, as good as a book, about it; so that all the parish wept, and three young men enlisted.

The sheep were down in the lowlands now, standing up to their knees in litter, and chewing very slowly; or sidling up against one another in the joy of woolliness; or lying down, with their bare grave noses stretched for contemplation's sake, winking with their gentle eyes, and thanking God for the roof above them, and the troughs in front of them. They never regarded themselves as mutton, nor their fleeces as worsted yarn: it was really sad to behold them, and think that the future could not make them miserable.

No snow had fallen; but all the downs were spread with that sombre brown which is the breath or the blast of the wind-frost. But Alice Lorraine took her daily walk, for her father forbade her to ride on the hill-tops in the bleak and bitter wind. Her thoughts were continually of her brother; and as the cold breeze rattled her cloak, or sprayed her soft hands through her gloves, many a time she said to herself: "I suppose there is no frost in Spain; or not like this, at any rate. How could the poor fellow sleep in a tent in such dreadful weather as this is?"

How little she dreamed that he had to sleep (whenever he got such a blissful chance), not in a tent, but an open trench, with a keener wind and a blacker frost preying on

his shivering bones, while cannon-balls and fiery shells in a pitiless storm rushed over him! It was no feather-bed fight that was fought in front of Ciudad Rodrigo. About the middle of January, A.D. 1812, desperate work was going on.

For now there was no time to think of life. Within a certain number of days the fort must be taken, or the army lost. The defences were strong, and the garrison brave, and supplied with artillery far superior to that of the besiegers; the season also, and the bitter weather, fought against the British; and so did the indolence of their allies; and so did British roguery. The sappers could only work in the dark (because of the grape from the ramparts); and working thus, the tools either bent beneath their feet or snapped off short. The contractor had sent out false-grained stuff, instead of good English steel and iron; and if in this world he earned his fortune, he assured his fate in the other.

At length, by stubborn perseverance, most of these troubles were overcome, and the English batteries opened. Roar answered roar, and bullet bullet, and the black air was striped with fire and smoke; and men began to study the faces of the men that shot at them, until, after some days of hard pounding, it was determined to rush in. All who care to read of valour know what a desperate rush it was,—how strong men struggled, and leaped, and clomb, hung, and swung, on the crest of the breach, like stormy surges towering, and then leaped down upon spluttering shells, drawn swords, and sparkling bayonets.

Before the signal to storm was given, and while men were talking of it, Hilary Lorraine felt most uncomfortably nervous. He did not possess that stolid phlegm which is found more often in square-built

people; neither had he any share of fatalism, cold or hot. He was nothing more than a spirited young Englishman, very fond of life, hating cruelty, and fearing to have any hand in it. Although he had been in the trenches, and exposed to frequent dangers, he had not been in hand-to-hand conflict yet; and he knew not how he might behave. He knew that he was an officer now in the bravest and hardest army known on earth since the time of the Samnites—although perhaps not the very best behaved, as they proved that self-same night. And not only that, but an officer of the famous Light Division, and the fiercest regiment of that division—everywhere known as the “Fighters;” and he was not sure that he could fight a frog. He was sure that he never could kill anybody, at least in his natural state of mind; and worse than that, he was not at all sure that he could endure to be killed himself.

However, he made preparation for it. He brought out the Testament Mabel had given him as a parting keepsake, in the moment of true love’s piety; and he opened it at a passage marked with a woven tress of her long rich hair—“Soldiers, do that is commanded of you;” and he wondered whether he could manage it. And while he was trembling, not with fear of the enemy, but of his own young heart, the Colonel of that regiment came, and laid his one hand on Hilary’s shoulder, and looked into his bright blue eyes. In all the army there was no braver, nobler, or kinder-hearted man, than Colonel C—— of that regiment.

Hilary looked at this true veteran with all the reverence, and even awe, which a young subaltern (if fit for anything) feels for commanding experience. Never a word he spoke, however, but waited to be spoken to.

“You will do, lad. You will

do,” said the Colonel, who had little time to spare. “I would rather see you like that than uproarious, or even as cool as a cucumber. I was just like that before my first action. Lorraine, you will not disgrace your family, your country, or your regiment.”

The Colonel had lost two sons in battle, younger men than Hilary, otherwise he might not have stopped to enter into an ensign’s mind. But every word he spoke struck fire in the heart of this gentle youth. True gratitude chokes common answers; and Hilary made none to him. An hour afterwards he made it, by saving the life of the Colonel.

The Light Division (kept close and low from the sight of the sharp French gunners) were waiting in a hollow curve of the inner parallel, where the ground gave way a little, under San Francisco. There had been no time to do anything more than breach the stone of the ramparts; all the outer defences were almost as sound as ever. The Light Division had orders to carry the lesser breach—cost what it might—and then sweep the ramparts as far as the main breach, where the strong assault was. And so well did they do their work, that they turned the auxiliary into the main attack, and bodily carried the fortress.

For, sooth to say, they expected, but could not manage to wait for, the signal to storm. No sooner did they hear the firing on the right than they began to stamp and swear; for the hay-bags they were to throw into the ditch were not at hand, and not to be seen. “Are we horses, to wait for the hay?” cried an Irishman of the Fifty-second; and with that they all set off, as fast as ever their legs could carry them. Hilary laughed—for his sense of humour was never very far to seek—at the way in which these men set off, as if it were a game of football; and at

the wonderful mixture of fun and fury in their faces. Also, at this sudden burlesque of the tragedy he expected—with heroes out at heels and elbow, and small-clothes streaming upon the breeze. For the British Government, as usual, left coats, shoes, and breeches, to last for ever.

“Run, lad, run,” said Major Napier, in his quiet Scottish way; “you are bound to be up with them, as one might say; and your legs are unco long. I shall na hoory mysell, but take the short cut over the open.”

“May I come with you?” asked Hilary, panting.

“If you have na mither nor wife,” said the Major; “na wife, of course, by the look of you.”

Lorraine had no sense what he was about; for the grape-shot whistled through the air like hornets, and cut off one of his loose fair locks, as he crossed the open with Major Napier, to head their hot men at the crest of the glacis.

Now how things happened after that, or even what things happened at all, that headlong young officer never could tell. As he said in his letter to Gregory Lovejoy—for he was not allowed to write to Nabel, and would not describe such a scene to Alice—“the chief thing I remember is a lot of rushing and stumbling, and swearing and cheering, and staggering and tumbling backward. And I got a tremendous crack on the head from a cannon laid across the top of the breach, but luckily

not a loaded one; and I believe there were none of our fellows in front of me, but I cannot be certain because of the smoke, and the row, and the rush, and confusion; and I saw a Crapaud with a dead level at Colonel C——. I suppose I was too small game for him,—and I was just in time to slash his trigger-hand off (which I felt justified in doing), and his musket went up in the air and went off, and I just jumped aside from a fine bearded fellow who rushed at me with a bayonet; and before he could have at me again, he fell dead, shot by his own friends from behind, who were shooting at me—more shame to them—when our men charged with empty muskets. And when the breach was our own, we were formed on the top of the rampart, and went off at double-quick, to help at the main breach, and so we did; and that is about all I know of it.”

But the more experienced warriors knew a great deal more of Hilary's doings, especially Colonel C—— of his regiment, and Major Napier, and Colonel M'Leod. All of these said that “they never saw any young fellow behave so well, for the first time of being under deadly fire; that he might have been ‘off his head’ for the moment, but that would very soon wear off—or if it did not, all the better, so long as he always did the right thing thus; and (unless he got shot) he would be an honour to the country, the army, and the regiment!”

CHAPTER XXXV.

Having no love of bloodshed, and having the luck to know nothing about it, some of us might be glad to turn into the white gate across the lane leading into Old Applewood farm—if only the franklin would unlock it for anybody in this war-

time. But now he has been getting sharper and sharper month after month; and hearing so much about sieges and battles, he never can be certain when the county of Kent will be invaded. For the last ten years he has expected something of the sort

at least, and being of a prudent mind keeps a duck-gun heavily loaded.

Moreover, Mabel is back again from exile with Uncle Clitherow; and though the Grower only says that "she is well enough, for aught he knows," when compliments are paid him about her good looks by the neighbourhood, he knows well enough that she is more than that; and he believes all the county to be after her. It is utterly useless to deny—though hot indignation would expand his horticultural breast at the thought—that he may have been just a little set up, by that trifling affair about Hilary. "It never were the cherries," he says to himself, as the author of a great discovery; "aha, I seed it all along! Wife never guessed of it, but I did"—shame upon thee, Grower, for telling thyself such a dreadful "caulker!"—"and now we can see, as plain as a pikestaff, the very thing I seed, when it was that big!" Upon this he shows himself his thumb-nail, and feels that he has earned a glass of his ale.

Mabel, on the other hand, is dreadfully worried by foreign affairs. She wants to know why they must be always fighting; and as nobody can give any other reason, except that they "suppose it is natural," she only can shake her head very sadly, and ask, "how would you like to have to do it?"

They turn up the udders of the cows, to think out this great question, and the spurting into the pail stops short, and the cow looks round with great bountiful eyes, and a flat broad nose, and a spotted tongue, desiring to know what they are at with her. Is her milk not worth the milking, pray?

This leads to no satisfaction whatever, upon behalf of any one; and Mabel, after a shiver or two, runs back to the broad old fireplace, to

sit in the light and the smell of the wood, to spread her pointed fingers forth, and see how clear they are, and think. For Mabel's hands are quite as pretty as if they were of true Norman blood, instead of the elder Danish cast; and she is very particular now not to have any line visible under her nails.

And now in the month of February 1812, before the witching festival of St Valentine was prepared for, with cudgelling of brains, and violent rhymes, and criminal assaults upon grammar, this "flower of Kent"—as the gallant hop-growers in toasting moments entitled her—was sitting, or standing, or drooping her head, or whatever suits best to their metaphor, at or near the fireplace in the warm old simple hall. Love, however warm and faithful, is all the better for a good clear fire, ere ever the snowdrops begin to spring. Also it loves to watch the dancing of the flames, and the flickering light, and even in the smoke discovers something to itself akin. Mabel was full of these beautiful dreams, because she was left altogether to herself; and because she remembered so well what had happened along every inch of the dining-table; and, above all, because she was sleepy. Long anxiety, and great worry, and the sense of having no one fit to understand a girl—but everybody taking low, and mercenary, and fickle views, and even the most trusty people giving base advice to one, in those odious proverbial forms,—“a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,” “fast find fast bind,” “there is better fish in the sea,” &c.; Mabel thought there never had been such a selfish world to deal with.

Has not every kind of fame, however pure it may be and exalted, its own special disadvantage, lest poor mortals grow too proud? At any rate Mabel now reflected, rather

with sorrow than with triumph, upon her fame for pancakes—because it was Shrove-Tuesday now, and all her tender thrills and deep anxieties must be discarded for, or at any rate distracted by, the composition of batter. Her father's sense of propriety was so strong, and that of excellence so keen, that pancakes he would have on Shrove-Tuesday, and pancakes only from Mabel's hand. She had pleaded, however, for leave to make them here in the dining-hall, instead of frying at the kitchen fireplace, because she knew what Sally the cook and Susan the maid would be at with her. Those two girls would never leave her the smallest chance of retiring into her deeper nature, and meditating. Although they could understand nothing at all, they would take advantage of her good temper, to enjoy themselves with the most worn-out jokes. Such trumpery was below Mabel now; and some day or other she would let them know it.

Without thinking twice of such low matters, the maiden was now in great trouble of the heart, by reason of sundry rumours. Paddy from Cork had brought home word from Maidstone only yesterday, that a desperate fight had been fought in Spain, and almost everybody had been blown up. Both armies had made up their minds to die so, that with the drums beating and the colours flying, they marched into a powder-magazine, and tossed up a pin which should be the one to fire it, and blow up the others. And the English had lost the toss, and no one survived to tell the story.

Mabel doubted most of this, though Paddy vowed that he had known the like, "when wars was wars, and the boys had spirit;" still she felt sure that there had been something, and she longed most sadly to know all about it. Her brother Gregory was in London,

keeping his Hilary term, and slaving at his wretched law-books; and she had begged him, if he loved her, to send down all the latest news by John Shorne every market-day—for the post would not carry newspapers. And now, having mixed her batter, she waited, sleepy after sleepless nights, unable to leave her post and go to meet the van, as she longed to do, the while the fire was clearing.

Pensively sitting thus, and longing for somebody to look at her, she glanced at the face of the clock, which was the only face regarding her. And she won from it but the stern frown of time—she must set to at her pancakes. Batter is all the better for standing ready-made for an hour or so, the weaker particles expire, while the good stuff grows the more fit to be fried, and to turn over in the pan properly. With a gentle sigh, the "flower of Kent" put her frying-pan on, just to warm the bottom. No lard for her, but the best fresh-butter—at any rate for the first half-dozen, to be set aside for her father and mother; after that she would be more frugal perhaps.

But just as the butter began to ooze on the bottom of the pan she heard, or thought that she heard, a sweet distant tinkle coming through the frosty air, and running to the window she caught beyond doubt the sound of the bells at the corner of the lane, the bells that the horses always wore when the nights were dark and long; and a throb of eager hope and fear went to her heart at every tinkle.

"I cannot wait; how can I wait?" she cried, with flushing cheeks and eyes twice-laden between smiles and tears; "father's pancakes can wait much better. There, go back," she spoke to the frying-pan, as with the prudent care of a fine young housewife she lifted

it off and laid it on the hob for fear of the butter burning; and then with quick steps out she went, not even stopping to find a hat, in her hurry to meet the van, and know the best or the worst of the news of the war. For "crusty John," who would go through fire and water to please Miss Mabel, had orders not to come home without the very latest tidings. There was nothing to go to market now; but the van had been up with a load of straw to some mows where the Grower had taken a contract; and, of course, it came loaded back with litter.

While Mabel was all impatience and fright, John Shorne, in the most deliberate manner, descended from the driving-box, and purposely shunning her eager glance, began to unfasten the leader's traces, and pass them through his horny hands, and coil them into elegant spirals, like horns of Jupiter Ammon. Mabel's fear grew worse and worse, because he would not look at her.

"Oh John, you never could have the heart to keep me waiting like this, unless——"

"What! you there, Missie? Lor' now, what can have brought 'ee out this weather?"

"As if you did not see me, John! Why, you must have seen me all along."

"This here be such a dreadful horse to smoke," said John, who always shunned downright fibs, "that raily I never knows what I do see when I be longside of un. Ever since us come out of Sennoaks, he have a been confusing of me. Not that I blames un for what a can't help. Now there, now! The watter be frozen in trough. Go to the bucket, jackanapes!"

"Oh John, you never do seem to think—because you have got so many children only fit to go to school, you seem to think——"

"Why, you said as I couldn't think now, Missie, in the last breath of your purty mouth. Well, what is it as I ought to think? Whoa there! Stand still, wull'ee?"

"John, you really are too bad. I have been all the morning making pancakes, and you shan't have one, John Shorne, you shan't, if you keep me waiting one more second."

"Is it consarning they fighting fellows you gets into such a hurry, Miss? Well, they have had a rare fight, sure enough! Fourscore officers gone to glory, besides all the others as was not worth counting!"

"Oh John, you give me such a dreadful pain here! Let me know the worst, I do implore you."

"He aint one of 'em. Now, is that enough?" John Shorne made so little of true love now, and forgot his early situations so, in the bosom of a hungry family, that he looked upon Mabel's "coorting" as an agreeable playground for little jokes. But now he was surprised and frightened at her way of taking them.

"There, don't 'ee cry now, that's a dear," he said, as she leaned on the shaft of the waggon, and sobbed so that the near wheeler began in pure sympathy to sniff at her. "Lord bless 'ee, there be nothing to cry about. He've a been and doosed wonders, that a hath."

"Of course he has, John; he could not help it. He was sure to do wonders, don't you see, if only—if only they did not stop him."

"He hathn't killed Bonyparty yet," said John, recovering his vein of humour, as Mabel began to smile through her tears; "but I b'lieve he wool, if he gooeth on only half so well as he have begun. For my part, I'd sooner kill dree of un than sell out in a bad market, I know. But here, you can take it,

and read all about un. Lor' bless me, wherever have I put the paper?"

"Now do be quick, John, for once in your life. Dear John, do try to be quick, now."

"Stor'nary gallantry of a young hoficer! Could have sworn that it were in my breeches-pocket. I always thought 'gallantry' meant something bad. A running after strange women, and that."

"Oh no, John—oh no, John; it never does. How can you think of such dreadful things? But how long are you going to be, John?"

"Well, it did when I wor a boy, that's certain. But now they changes everything so—even the words we was born to. It have come to mean killing of strange men, hath it? Wherever now can I have put that paper? I must have dropped un on the road, after all."

"You never can have done such a stupid thing!—such a wicked, cruel thing, John Shorne! If you have, I will never forgive you. Very likely you put it in the crown of your hat."

"Sure enough, and so I did.

You must be a witch, Miss Mabel. And here's the very corner—I turned down when I read it to the folk at the 'Pig and Whistle.' 'Glorious British victory—capture of Shoe-dad Rodleygo—eighty British officers killed, and forty great guns taken!' There, there, bless your bright eyes! now will you be content with it?"

"Oh, give it me, give it me! How can I tell until I have read it ten times over?"

Crusty John blessed all the girls of the period (becoming more and more too many for him) as his master's daughter ran away to devour that greasy journal. And by the time he had pulled his coat off, and shouted for Paddy and another man, and stuck his own pitchfork into the litter, as soon as they had backed the wheelers, Mabel was up in her own little room, and down on her knees to thank the Lord for the abstract herself had made of it. Somehow or other, the natural impulse of all good girls, at that time, was to believe that they had a Creator and Father whom to thank for all mercies. But that idea has been improved since then.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

At Coombe Lorraine these things had been known and entered into some time ago. For Sir Roland had not left his son so wholly uncared for in a foreign land as Hilary in his sore heart believed. In his regiment there was a certain old major, lame, and addicted to violent language, but dry and sensible according to his lights, and truthful, and upright, and quarrelsome. Burning to be first, as he always did in every desperate conflict, Major Clumps saw the young fellows get in front of him, and his temper exploded always. "Come

back, come back, you—" condemned offspring of canine lineage, he used to shout; "let an honest man have a fair start with you! Because my feet are—there you go again; no consideration, any of you!"

This Major Clumps was admirably "connected," being the nephew of Lord de Lampnor, the husband of Lady Valeria's friend. So that by this means it was brought round that Hilary's doings should be reported. And Lady Valeria had received a letter in which her grandson's exploits at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo were so recounted

that Alice wept, and the ancient lady smiled with pride; and even Sir Roland said, "Well, after all, that boy can do something."

The following afternoon the master of Coombe Lorraine was sent for, to have a long talk with his mother about matters of dry business. Now Sir Roland particularly hated business; his income was enough for all his wants; his ambition (if ever he had any) was a vague and vaporous element; he left to his lawyers all matters of law; and even the management of his land, but for his mother's strong opposition, he would gladly have left to a steward or agent, although the extent of his property scarcely justified such an appointment. So he entered his mother's room that day with a languid step and reluctant air.

The lady paid very little heed to that. Perhaps she even enjoyed it a little. Holding that every man is bound to attend to his own affairs, she had little patience and no sympathy with such philosophic indifference. On the other hand, Sir Roland could not deny himself a little quiet smile, when he saw his mother's great preparations to bring him both to book and deed.

Lady Valeria Lorraine was sitting as upright as she had sat throughout her life, and would sit, until she lay down for ever. On the table before her were several thick and portentously dirty documents, arranged and docketed by her own sagacious hand; and beyond these, and opened at pages for reference, lay certain old law-books of a most deterrent guise and attitude. Shepard's 'Touchstone' (before Preston's time), Littleton's 'Tenures,' Viner's 'Abridgment,' Comyn's 'Digest,' Glanville, Plowden, and other great authors, were here prepared to cause delicious confusion in the keenest feminine intellect; and

Lady Valeria was quite sure now that they all contradicted one another.

After the formal salutation, which she always insisted upon, the venerable lady began to fuss about a little, and pretend to be at a loss with things. She was always dressed as if she expected a visit from the royal family; and it was as good as a lecture for any slovenly young girls to see how cleverly she avoided soil of dirty book, or dirtier parchment, upon her white cuffs or Flemish lace. Even her delicate pointed fingers, shrunken as they were with age, had a knack of flitting over grime, without attracting it.

"I daresay you are surprised," she said, with her usual soft and courteous smile, "at seeing me employed like this, and turning lawyer in my old age."

Sir Roland said something complimentary, knowing that it was expected of him. The ancient lady had always taught him—however erroneous the doctrine—that no man who is at a loss for the proper compliment to a lady deserves to be thought a gentleman. She always had treated her son as a gentleman, dearer to her than other gentlemen; but still to be regarded in that light mainly. And he, perhaps by inheritance, had been led to behave to his own son thus—a line of behaviour warmly resented by the impetuous Hilary.

"Now I beg you to attend—you must try to attend," continued Lady Valeria: "rouse yourself up, if you please, dear Roland. This is not a question of astrologers, or any queer thing of that sort, but a common-sense matter, and, I might say, a difficult point of law, perhaps."

"That being so," Sir Roland answered, with a smile of bright relief, "our course becomes very simple. We have nothing that we

need trouble ourselves to be puzzled with uncomfortably. Messrs Crookson, Hack, & Clinker. They know how to keep in arrear, and to charge."

"It is your own fault, my dear Roland, if they overcharge you. Everybody will do so, when they know that you mean to put up with it. Your dear father was under my guidance much more than you have ever been, and he never let people overcharge him—more than he could help, I mean."

"I quite perceive the distinction, mother. You have put it very clearly. But how does that bear upon the matter you have now to speak of?"

"In a great many ways. This account of Hilary's desperate behaviour, as I must call it upon sound reflection, leads me to consider the great probability of something happening to him. There are many battles yet to be fought, and some of them may be worse than this. You remember what Mr Malahide said when your dear father would insist upon that resettlement of the entire property in the year 1799."

Sir Roland knew quite well that it was not his dear father at all, but his mother, who had insisted upon that very stringent and ill-advised proceeding, in which he himself had joined reluctantly, and only by dint of her persistence. However, he did not remind her of this.

"To be sure," he replied, "I remember it clearly; and I have his very words somewhere. He declined to draw it in accordance with the instructions of our solicitors, until his own opinion upon it had been laid before the family—a most unusual course, he said, for counsel in chambers to adopt, but having some knowledge of the parties concerned, he hoped they would pardon his interference. And then his words

were to this effect—'The operation of such a settlement may be most injurious. The parties will be tying their own hands most completely, without—so far as I can perceive—any adequate reason for doing so. Supposing, for instance, there should be occasion for raising money upon these estates during the joint lives of the grandson and granddaughter, and before the granddaughter is of age, there will be no means of doing it. The limitation to her, which is a most unusual one in such cases, will preclude the possibility of representing the fee-simple. The young lady is now just five years old, and if this extraordinary settlement is made, no marketable title can be deduced for the next sixteen years, except, of course, in the case of her decease.' And many other objections he made, all of which, however, were overruled; and after that protest he prepared the settlement."

"The matter was hurried through your father's state of health; for at that very time he was on his death-bed. But no harm whatever has come of it, which shows that we were right, and Mr Malahide quite wrong. But I have been looking to see what would happen, in case poor Hilary—ah, it was his own fault that all these restrictions were introduced. Although he was scarcely twelve years old, he had shown himself so thoroughly volatile, so very easy to lead away, and, as it used to be called by vulgar people, so 'happy-go-lucky,' that your dear father wished, while he had the power, to disable him from lessening any further our lessened estates. And but for that settlement, where might we be?"

"You know, my dear mother, that I never liked that exceedingly complicated and most mistrustful settlement. And if I had not been so sick of all business, after the loss

of my dear wife, even your powers of persuasion would have failed to make me execute it. At any rate, it has had one good effect. It has robbed poor Hilary to a great extent of the charms that he must have possessed for the Jewa."

"How can they discover such things? With a firm of trusty and most respectable lawyers—to me it is quite wonderful."

"How many things are wondrous, and nothing more wondrous than man himself—except, of course, a Jew. They do find out; and they never let us find out how they managed it. But do let me ask you, my dear mother, what particular turn of thought has compelled you to be so learned?"

"You mean these books? Well, let me think. I quite forgot what it was that I wanted. It is useless to flatter me, Roland, now. My memory is not as it was, nor my sight, nor any other gift. However, I ought to be very thankful; and I often try to be so."

"Take a little time to think," Sir Roland said, in his most gentle tone; "and then, if it does not occur to you, we can talk of it some other time."

"Oh, now I remember! They told me something about the poor boy being smitten with some girl of inferior station. Of course, even he would have a little more sense than ever to dream of marrying her. But young men, although they mean nothing, are apt to say things that cost money. And above all others, Hilary may have given some grounds for damages—he is so inconsiderate! now if that should be so, and they give a large verdict, as a low-born jury always does against a well-born gentleman, several delicate points arise. In the first place, has he any legal right to fall in love under this settlement? And if not, how can

any judgment take effect on his interest? And again, if he should fall in battle, would that stay proceedings? And if all these points should be settled against us, have we any power to raise the money? For I know that you have no money, Roland, except what you receive from land; as under my advice every farthing of accumulation has been laid out in buying back, field by field, portions of our lost property."

"Yes, my dear mother; and worse than that; every field so purchased has been declared or assured—or whatever they call it—to follow the trusts of this settlement, so that I verily believe if I wanted £5000 for any urgent family purposes, I must raise it—if at all—upon mere personal security. But surely, dear mother, you cannot find fault with the very efficient manner in which your own desires have been carried out."

"Well, my son, I have acted for the best, and according to your dear father's plans. When I married your father," the old lady continued, with a soft quiet pride, which was quite her own, "it was believed, in the very best quarters, that the Duchess Dowager of Chalcorhin, of whom perhaps you may have heard me speak——"

"Truly yes, mother, every other day."

"And, my dear son, I have a right to do so of my own god-mother, and great-aunt. The sneering spirit of the present day cannot rob us of all our advantages. However, your father (as was right and natural on his part) felt a conviction—as those low Methodists are always saying of themselves—that there would be a hundred thousand pounds, to help him in what he was thinking of. But her Grace was vexed at my marriage; and so,

as you know, my dear Roland, I brought the Lorraines nothing."

"Yes, my dear mother, you brought yourself, and your clear mind, and clever management."

"Will you always think that of me, Roland, dear? Whatever happens, when I am gone, will you always believe that I did my best?"

Sir Roland was surprised at his mother's very unusual state of mind. And he saw how her delicate face was softened from its calm composure. And the like emotion moved himself; for he was a man of strong feeling, though he deigned so rarely to let it out, and froze it so often with fatalism.

"My dearest mother," he answered, bowing his silver hair over her snowy locks, "surely you know me well enough to make such a question needless. A more active and devoted mind never worked for one especial purpose—the welfare of those for whose sake you have abandoned show and grandeur. Ay, mother, and with as much success as our hereditary faults allowed. Since your labours began, we must have picked up fifty acres."

"Is that all you know of it, Roland?" asked Lady Valeria, with a short sigh; "all my efforts will be thrown away, I greatly fear, when I am gone. One hundred and fifty-six acres and a half have been brought back into the Lorraine rent-roll, without even counting the hedgerows. And now there are two things to be done, to carry on this great work well. That interloper, Sir Remnant Chapman, a man of comparatively modern race, holds more than two thousand acres of the best and oldest Lorraine land. He wishes young Alice to marry his son, and proposes a very handsome settlement. Why, Roland, you told me all about it—though not quite so soon as you should have done."

"I do not perceive that I ne-

glected my duty. If I did so, surprise must have 'knocked me out of time,' as our good Struan expresses it."

"Mr Hales! Mr Hales, the clergyman! I cannot imagine what he could mean. But it must have been something low, of course; either badger-baiting, or prize-fighting—though people of really good position have a right to like such things. But now we must let that poor stupid Sir Remnant, who cannot even turn a compliment, have his own way about silly Alice, for the sake of more important things."

"My dear mother, you sometimes try me. What can be more important than Alice? And to what overpowering influence is she to be sacrificed?"

"It is useless to talk like that, Sir Roland. She must do her best, like everybody else who is not of ignoble family. The girl has plenty of pride, and will be the first to perceive the necessity. 'Twill not be so much for the sake of the settlement, for that of course will go with her; but we must make it a stipulation, and have it set down under hand and seal, that Sir Remnant, and after his time his son, shall sell to us, at a valuation, any pieces of our own land which we may be able to repurchase. Now, Roland, you never would have thought of that. It is a most admirable plan, is it not?"

"It is worthy of your ingenuity, mother. But will Sir Remnant agree to it? He is fond of his acres, like all landowners."

"One acre is as good as another to a man of modern lineage. Some of that land passed from us at the time of the great confiscation, and some was sold by that reckless man, the last Sir Hilary but one. The Chapmans have held very little of it for even so much as two centuries; how then can they be

attached to it? No, no. You must make that condition, Roland, the first and the most essential point. As for the settlement, that is nothing; though of course you will also insist upon it. For a girl of Alice's birth and appearance, we could easily get a larger settlement and a much higher position, by sending her to London for one season, under Lady de Lampnor. But how would that help us towards getting back the land?"

"You look so learned," said Sir Roland, smiling, "with all those books which you seem to have mastered, that surely we may employ you to draw the deed for signature by Sir Remnant."

"I have little doubt that I could do it," replied the ancient lady, who took everything as in earnest; "but I am not so strong as I was, and therefore I wish you to push things forward. I have given up, as you know, my proper attention to many little matters (which go on very badly without me) simply that all my small abilities might be devoted to this great purpose. I hope to have still a few years left—but two things I must see accomplished before I can leave this world in peace. Alice must marry Captain Chapman, upon the conditions which I have expressed, and Hilary must marry a fortune, with special clauses enabling him to invest it in land upon proper trusts. The boy is handsome enough for anything; and his fame for courage, and his martial bearing, and above all his regimentals, will make him irresistible. But he must not stay at the wars too long. It is too great a risk to run."

"Well, my dear mother, I must confess that your scheme is a very fine one. Supposing, I mean, that the object is worth it; of which I am by no means sure. I have not

made it the purpose of my life to recover the Lorraine estates; I have not toiled and schemed for that end; although," he added with dry irony, which quite escaped his mother's sense, "it is of course a far less exertion to sell one's children, with that view. But there are several hitches in your little plan—for instance, Alice hates Captain Chapman, and Hilary loves a girl without a penny—though the Grower must have had good markets lately, according to the price of vegetables." Clever as Sir Roland was, he made the mistake of the outer world: there are no such things as "good markets."

"Alice is a mere child," replied her grandmother, smiling placidly; "she cannot have the smallest idea yet, as to what she likes, or dislikes. The captain is much better bred than his father; and he can drive four-in-hand. I wonder that she has shown such presumption, as either to like or dislike him. It is your fault, Roland. Perpetual indulgence sets children up to such dreadful things; of which they must be broken painfully, having been encouraged so."

"My dear mother," Sir Roland answered, keeping his own opinions to himself; "you clearly know how to manage young girls, a great deal better than I do. Will you talk to Alice (in your own convincing and most eloquent manner) if I send her up to you?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said Lady Valeria, having long expected this: "you may safely leave her to me, I believe. Chits of girls must be taught their place. But I mean to be very quiet with her. Let me see her to-morrow, Roland; I am tired now, and could not manage her, without more talking than I am fit for. Therefore I will say 'good-evening.'"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Alice had "plenty of spirit of her own," which of course she called "sense of dignity;" but in spite of it all, she was most unwilling to encounter her valiant grandmother. And she knew that this encounter was announced, the moment she was sent for.

"Is my hair right? Are my bows right? Has the old dog left any paw-marks on me?" she asked herself; but would rather have died—as in her quick way she said to herself—than have confessed her fright by asking any of the maids to tell her. Betwixt herself and her grandmother, there was little love lost, and still less kept; for each looked down upon the other, from heights of pure affection. "A flighty, romantic, unledged girl, with no deference towards her superiors" — "A cold-blooded, crafty, plotting old woman, without a bit of faith in any one;"—thus would each have seen the other's image, if she had clearly inspected her own mind, and faced its impressions honestly.

The elder lady, having cares of her own, contrived, for the most part, to do very well without seeing much of her grandchild; who on the other hand was quite resigned to the affliction of this absence. But Alice could never perceive the justice of the reproaches wherewith she was met, whenever she came, for not having come more often where she was not wanted.

Now with all her courage ready, and not a sign in eye, face, or bearing, of the disquietude all the while fluttering in the shadow of her heart, the young lady looked at the ancient lady respectfully, and saluted her. Two fairer types of youth and age, of innocence and experience, of maiden grace and

matron dignity, scarcely need be sought for; and the resemblance of their features heightened the contrast of age and character. A sculptor might have been pleased to reckon the points of beauty inherited by the maiden from the matron—the slim round neck, the graceful carriage of the well-shaped head, the elliptic arch of brow, the broad yet softly moulded forehead, as well as the straight nose, and delicate chin—a strong resemblance of details, but in the expression of the whole an even stronger difference. For Alice, besides the bright play of youth and all its glistening carelessness, was gifted with a kinder and larger nature than her grandmother. And as a kind large-fruited tree, to all who understand it, shows—even by its bark and foliage and the expression of its growth—the vigour of the virtue in it, and liberality of its juice; so a fine sweet human nature breathes and shines in the outer aspect, brightens the glance, and enriches the smile, and makes the whole creature charming.

But Alice, though blest with this very nice manner of contemplating humanity, was quite unable to bring it to bear upon the countenance of her grandmother. We all know how the very best benevolence perpetually is pulled up short; and even the turn of a word, or a look, or a breath of air with a smell in it, scatters fine ideas into corners out of harmony.

"You may take a chair, my dear, if you please;" said Lady Valeria, graciously; "you seem to be rather pale to-day. I hope you have not taken anything likely to disagree with you. If you have, there is still a little drop left of my famous ginger-cordial. You make a face! That is not becoming. You must

get over those childish tricks. You are—let me see how old are you?"

"Seventeen years and a half, madam; about last Wednesday fortnight."

"It is always good to be accurate, Alice. 'About' is a very loose word indeed. It may have been either that day or another."

"It must have been either that day, or some other," said Alice, gravely curtseying.

"You inherit this catchword style from your father. I pass it over, as you are so young. But the sooner you leave it off, the better. There are many things now that you must leave off. For instance, you must not pretend to be witty. It is not in our family."

"I did not suppose that it was, grandmother."

"There used to be some wit, when I was young; but none of it has descended. There is nothing more fatal to a young girl's prospects than a sad ambition for jesting. And it is concerning your prospects now, that I wish to advise you kindly. I hear from your father a very sad thing—that you receive with ingratitude the plans which we have formed for you."

"My father has not told me of any plans at all about me."

"He may not have told you; but you know them well. Consulting your own welfare and the interest of the family, we have resolved that you should at once receive the addresses of Captain Chapman."

"You cannot be so cruel, I am sure. Or if you are, my father cannot. I would sooner die, than so degrade myself."

"Young girls always talk like that, when their fancy does not happen to be caught. When, however, that is the case, they care not how they degrade themselves. This throws upon their elders the duty of judging and deciding for them,

as to what will conduce to their happiness."

"To hear Captain Chapman's name alone conduces to my misery."

"I beg you, Alice, to explain what you mean. Your expressions are strong; and I am not sure that they are altogether respectful."

"I mean them to be quite respectful, grandmother; and I do not mean them to be too strong. Indeed I should despair of making them so."

"You are very provoking. Will you kindly state your objections to Captain Chapman?"

Alice for the first time dropped her eyes under the old lady's steadfast gaze. She felt that her intuition was right, but she could not put it into words.

"Is it his appearance, may I ask? Is he too short for your ideal? Are his eyes too small and his hair too thin? Does he slouch in walking, and turn his toes in? Is it any trumpery of that sort?" asked Lady Valeria, though in her heart such things were not scored as "trumpery."

"Were such things trumpery, when you were young?" her grandchild longed to ask, but duty and good training checked her.

"His appearance is bad enough;" she replied, "but I do not attach much importance to that." "As if I believed it!" thought Lady Valeria.

"Then what is it that proves fatal to him, in your sagacious judgment?"

"I beg you as a favour, not to ask me, madam. I cannot—I cannot explain to you."

"Nonsense, child," said the old lady, smiling; "you would not be so absurd if you had only seen a little good society. If you are so bashful, you may look away; but at any rate you must tell me."

"Then it is this," the maiden answered, with her grey eyes full

on her grandmother's face, and a rich blush adding to their lustre ; "Captain Chapman is not what I call a good man."

"In what way ? How ? What have you heard against him ? If he is not perfect, you can make him so."

"Never, never ! He is a very bad man. He despises all women ; and he—he looks—he stares quite insolently—even at me !"

"Well, this is a little too good, I declare !" exclaimed her grandmother, with as loud a laugh as good breeding ever indulges in—"My dear child, you must go to London ; you must be presented at Court ; you must learn a little of the ways of the world ; and see the first gentleman in Europe. How his Royal Highness will laugh, to be sure ! I shall send him the story through Lady de Lampnor, that a young lady hates and abhors her intended, because he even ventures to look at her !"

"You cannot understand me, Madam. And I will not pretend to argue with you."

"I should hope not indeed. If we spread this story at the beginning of the season, and have you presented while it is fresh, we may save you, even yet, from your monster perhaps. There will be such eagerness to behold you, simply because you must not be looked at, that everybody will be at your feet, all closing their eyes for your sake, I should hope."

Alice was a very sweet tempered girl ; but all the contempt, with which in her heart she unconsciously regarded her grandmother, was scarcely enough to keep her from flashing forth at this common railery. Large tears of pride and injured delicacy formed in her eyes, but she held them in ; only asking with a curtsy, "May I go now, if you please ?"

"To be sure, you may go. You have done quite enough. You have made me laugh, so that I want my tea. Only remember one serious thing—the interest of the family requires that you should soon learn to be looked at. You must begin to take lessons at once. Within six months you must be engaged, and within twelve months you must be married to Captain Stephen Chapman."

"I trow not," said Alice to herself, as with another curtsy, and a shudder, she retreated.

But she had not long been sitting by herself, and feeling the bitterness of defeat, before she determined, with womanly wit, to have a triumph somewhere ; so she ran at once to her father's room ; and he of course was at home to her.

"If you please, dear papa, you must shut your books, and you must come into this great chair, and you must not shut even one of your eyes, but listen in the most respectful manner to all I have to say to you."

"Well, my dear," Sir Roland answered ; "what must be must. You are a thorough tyrant. The days are certainly getting longer ; but they scarcely seem to be long enough for you to torment your father."

"No candles, papa, if you please, as yet. What I have to say can be said in the dark, and that will enable you to look at me, papa, which otherwise you could scarcely do. Is it true that you are plotting to marry me to that odious Captain Chapman ?"

Sir Roland began to think what to say ; for his better nature often told him to wash his hands of this loathsome scheme.

"Are you so tired of me already," said the quick girl, with sound of tears in her voice ; "have I behaved so very badly, and shown so little love for you, that you want to kill me so very soon, father ?"

"Alice, come Alice, you know how I love you ; and that all that I care for is your own good."

"And are we so utterly different, papa, in our tastes, and perceptions, and principles, that you can ever dream that it is good for me to marry Mr Chapman?"

"Well, my dear, he is a very nice man, quiet, and gentle, and kind to every one, and most attentive to his father. He could place you in a very good position, Alice ; and you would still be near me. Also there are other reasons making it desirable."

"What other reasons, papa, may I know? Something about land, I suppose. Land is at the bottom of every mischief."

"You desperate little radical ! Well, I will confess that land has a good deal to do with it."

"Papa, am I worth twenty acres to you? Tell the truth now, am I?"

"My darling, you are so very foolish. How can you ask such a question?"

"Well, then, am I worth fifty? Come now, am I worth as much as fifty? Don't be afraid now, and say that I am, if you really feel that I am not."

"How many fifties—would you like to know? Come to me, and I will tell you."

"No, not yet, papa. There is no kiss for you, unless you say I am worth a thousand!"

"You little coquette ! You keep all your coquetries for your own old father, I do believe."

"Then tell me that I am worth a thousand, father—a thousand acres of good rich land with trees and hedges,

and cows and sheep—surely I never can be worth all that: or at any rate not to you, papa."

"You are worth to me," said Sir Roland Lorraine, as she fell into his arms, and sobbed, and kissed him, and stroked his white beard, and then sobbed again ; "not a thousand acres, but ten thousand, land, and hearth, and home, and heart!"

"Then after all you do love me, father. I call nothing love that loves anything else. And how much," she asked, with her arms round his neck, and her red lips curving to a crafty whisper, "how much should I be worth, if I married a man I despise and dislike? Enough for my grave, and no more, papa, just the size of your small book-table."

Here she fell away, lost in her father's arms, and for the moment could only sigh with her lips and eyelids quivering ; and Sir Roland watching her pale loving face, was inclined to hate his own mother. "You shall marry no one, my own child," he whispered through her unbraided hair ; "no one whom you do not love dearly, and who is not thoroughly worthy of you."

"Then I will not marry any one, papa," she answered, with a smile reviving ; "for I do not love any one a bit, papa, except my own father, and my own brother ; and uncle Struan of course, and so on, in an outerand milder manner. And as for being worthy of me, I am not worth very much, I know. Still if I am worth half an acre, I must be too good for that Captain Chapman."

SEVEN VILLAGE SONGS.

I.

THE DAIRY-MAID.

My dairy-maiden, trim and tight,
 Young Polly, with the merry eyes,
 I think that I can well surmise
 The meaning of their light :
 For, while you skim the dainty cream,
 Thro' the wide window, like a dream,
 You see the hay folk bold and blithe,
 And one who leads, with sweeping scythe.

See now, tho scythes have ceased to flash :
 The sultry toil brings sudden thirst,
 He drains his tankard who was first,
 Beneath the aerial ash.
 Those stalwart shoulders look like work,
 That bare brown arm will never shirk,
 Those honest eyes look straight at you :
 Ay, ay, my lass, the lad will do.

II.

DAWN.

Dawn with flushed foot upon the mountain-tops
 Stands beckoning to the sun-god's golden car,
 While on her clear high brow the morning star
 Grows fainter, as the silver-misty copse
 And rosy river-bend and village white
 Feel the strong shafts of light.

II.

The tide of dreams has reached its utter ebb ;
 The joy of dawn is in my Lady's eyes,
 Where at her window with a half surprise
 She sees the meadows meshed with fairy web,
 And hears the happy skylark far above
 Singing, *I live ! I love !*

III.

MAY.

I.

May, like a girl at a garden gate,
 Whose slender fingers lily-bells clasp,
 With eyes of hazel that wonder and wait,
 And a hand that longs to lift the hasp,
 Is sighing : *Ah, when will summer begin ?*
When shall I open and let Love in ?

II.

Mistress mine, are you like May,
 The maiden month in her tender green,
 Looking wistfully up the way
 Whence music is heard, whence summer is seen
 Will you lift the latch as my foot draws nigh
 To your gate of love ? For I mean to try.

IV.

A DINNER TO REMEMBER.

I.

We dined. A fish from the river beneath,
 A cutlet, a bird from the windy heath
 Where we had wandered, happy and mute :
 It was a silent day with us—
 In the early time it is often thus ;
 But my sweet love chatted, when came the fruit.

II.

Flavour of sunburnt nectarine,
 And the light that danced thro' a wine-glass thin,
 Filled with juice of the grape of Rhine :
 She talked and laughed about this and that,
 Easy exquisite foolish chat,
 While her pretty fluttering hand sought mine.

III.

And I thought : Come glory or come distress,
 In this wonderful weary wilderness,
 This hour is mine till the day of death :
 The fruit, the wine, and my Lady fair,
 With a flower of the heath in her dim brown hair,
 And a sigh of love in her fragrant breath.

V.

LOVE.

What's the use of loving, in
Such a world as this is,
Where they say that love's a sin,
Deep in sin's abysses?

II.

"Toil and strive and thereby thrive,
Shun whate'er is sunny;
If you're fool enough to wive,
Mind you marry money."

III.

May the God who made the Sun,
Trees, birds, woman's beauty,
Scourge the fools who have begun
Thus to teach men duty.

IV.

While my Lady's heart's astir
'Neath its milk-white cover,
All the birds shall sing of her,
All who see shall love her.

VI.

BY THE WELL.

I.

Just in her teens,
With eyelids drooped demure,
And gravity that could not long endure,
The child sat knitting by the well,
Her careless bosom rose and fell:
It was the prettiest of country scenes.

II.

Her laugh broke out :
A kitten among girls ;
A merry creature, glad to toss her curls,
Yet forced to knit, nor ever stir,
By a most pious grandmother.
What is that pious grandmother about ?

VII.

SCHOOL-GIRL REBELS.

I.

A class of girls, in short school robes,
Tired of Mangnall and use of the globes,
Rebelled ; and their sage old Master said—
“ Euclid or *Æsop*, which shall it be ?
The man who angles and circles read,
Or the man to whom birds and beasts talked fr

II.

The pertest girl of the rebel class,
Who doubtless grew to a charming lass,
Cried “ *Æsop*, certainly. All the birds
And the deer that ramble the forest through
Have pleasant music and pretty words :
But doesn't he tell us how boys talk too ? ”

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA, BY THE COMTE DE PARIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,—As a matter of course all authors of the present day write with an object, and all are necessarily aspirants for public favour. With regard to the great mass of matter daily issuing from the press, few questions are asked as to the motives which gave it birth. But, when a prominent personage, whose name has not openly been associated with literary undertakings of great magnitude, appears as the historian of a stupendous civil war, lately occurring in a country to which he is a stranger, and promulgates his theories in regard to its origin, lessons, and purposes, curious people, of whom there are many left in the world, naturally inquire, "Why did he do it?"

In the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' for the month of July, there appear the first chapters of a forthcoming publication, by his Royal Highness the Comte de Paris, entitled '*L'Histoire de la Guerre Civile en Amerique*,' to be completed in seven volumes, of which two are about to issue from the press of M. Michel Levy.* In a note, it is announced that the royal author took part in the war which he describes, as an aide-de-camp to the Federal General McClellan.

Contemporaneous history is seldom impartial. Had the Comte de Paris confined himself to the record of what he personally saw, and coloured his narrative by the lights which guided him during his limited sojourn with the Federal armies, the work would have called for criticism only as a story of the adventures encountered by a personage of

exalted rank, who, being in a rather singular position, described events naturally and from his own point of view; and his narrative would have been valuable to the future historian as the testimony of one who saw something of what he told.

But his Royal Highness evidently has higher aims, and although the work is only foreshadowed by the fragments published in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' he manifestly intends that it should be exhaustive. Still more is it evident that he makes a bold bid for the position and fame of an historian of the first class, while employing the publication as a means of ventilating his liberal and enlightened views of government and political economy. In the opening paragraphs the following theses are laid down in positive and dogmatic lan-

"Au commencement de l'année 1861, un de ces actes de violence, que les ambitieux savent souvent déguiser sous des noms d'autant plus beaux que leurs motifs sont plus coupables, vint déchirer la république des États Unis, et y allumer la guerre civile.

"Un *coup d'état* fut tenté contre la constitution de cette république par la puissante oligarchie qui régnait dans le sud, et avait longtemps dominé dans les conseils de la nation.

"*Le jour où la loi commune qui assure également à l'individu pauvre et isolé le respect de ses droits, et à la majorité la pleine jouissance du pouvoir politique, est violée par une fraction quelconque de la société, le despotisme est fondé, si cet attentat n'est pas sévèrement réprimé.* Battus dans les élections de 1860, les états du

sud voulurent ressaisir par l'intimidation, ou la force, l'influence qu'ils avaient exercée jusque-là au profit de l'esclavage ; et tout en faisant sonner bien haut les mots d'indépendance et de liberté, ils foulèrent au pieds un contrat sacré des que le scrutin national se prononça contre leur politique. Mais le succès, ce grand justificateur des hommes providentiels, leur fit défaut, et la victoire sanctionna la cause du droit et de la légalité. On vit alors quels trésors d'énergie la pratique large et constante de la liberté amasse chez les peuples assez heureux pour la posséder, et assez sages pour la garder."

Bold, sonorous, and well rounded are the foregoing periods, and there is abundance of suggestion as well as of declaration, which might hereafter be quoted to show the design of the Royal author.

The interpretation of this prologue, so far as the subject-matter of his history is concerned, is that his Royal Highness condemns the Southern cause and the Southern leaders, *ab initio* ; and it may be expected that the continuation of his work will be nothing more or less than an elaboration of his anathema.

It is to be regretted that so pretentious a production from a royal pen should at once betray its partisanship. Histories, to be important either to soldiers or statesmen—and our author is apparently writing for both—should present facts, and eschew prejudice. Conclusions and inferences derived from events can never be more than matters of opinion ; and the justice of an author's reasoning is better appreciated when his narrative commands approval, than when dogmatically enunciated without consideration of the inexorable logic of facts.

In this case, eight millions of white people, who with almost unparalleled unanimity rose in defence of what they religiously believed to be their sacred rights, are

designated as the perpetrators of "one of those acts of violence which ambitious men often know how to disguise under names as magniloquent as their motives are culpable." This wholesale condemnation of the acts of a stupendous oligarchy is immediately followed by the enunciation of a dogma, laid down by his Royal Highness as a fundamental principle of upright government.

His words are these : "The day when the ordinary principles of justice—which insure alike to the poor and isolated individual respect for his rights, and to the majority the full enjoyment of political power—are violated by a fraction of society, despotism is established, unless the attempt be severely repressed."

This sounds well, is no bad doctrine, and is especially applicable to the consideration of the causes which led to the great American struggle. M. le Comte de Paris, announces as his creed that the assumption of the powers of government by any fraction against the will of the majority should be severely repressed ; and before he gives us the facts of the case, proceeds to congratulate himself and the world that the foundation of despotism in America was prevented by the victory of the Federal arms. Had he told us his story, and told it correctly, before he enunciated his conclusion and sounded his note of triumph, he would easily have won conviction from his readers. But a reference to some incontrovertible truths of history, which will show his absolute ignorance of the real causes of the war, is little calculated to create confidence in the truthfulness of the continued narrative, or of the conclusions which for the benefit of statesmen and soldiers he may deduce therefrom.

His Royal Highness seems to take it for granted that, inasmuch as the Radical party of the North triumphed in the election of Mr Lincoln to the Presidency of the Union in 1860, he was thus chosen by a majority of the people of the United States. Such is the argument of our author, and such the basis of his condemnation of the Southern oligarchy. His information undoubtedly came from his friends in the Federal camps, and from the newspapers which he read in the intervals of his arduous military duties.

Had he taken the trouble to examine the records of the election of 1860, he would have found that in that year the American people cast for the presidential candidates, 4,689,850 votes. Of these Mr Lincoln, the candidate of the Radical party, received no more than 1,831,180 votes, or barely two-fifths of the whole number polled.

By the unjust operation of the electoral system, and owing to the subversion of the principles laid down by the founders of the constitution, this anomalous result of universal suffrage became possible. A fraction of American society proceeded to seize and administer the government; and, while denying to the majority the full enjoyment of political power, to found the despotism which has ever since reigned at Washington.

How it was possible that this could occur is easily understood by Americans or foreigners who have studied the history of the United States, though in the latter category we are sorry to be unable to include the Comte de Paris. The authors of the American constitution, while providing for the election of the chief magistrate, wished to make him independent of legislative assemblies; at the same time, they recognised the dangers of a *plébis-*

cite, or election direct from the people, with its irrevocable fiat of a small majority, and the suscitation of popular passion or prejudice. These perils they strove to avoid by providing a body of independent Electors, to be chosen in each State, as the State should direct, equal in number to its representation in Congress; and with these independent Electors rested the choice of the President and Vice-President of the United States. It might have fairly been believed that had their obvious intention been carried out, the Electoral College would have properly represented all parties in their proportions; and such for a considerable period was undoubtedly the case. But, as parties struggled to keep power when once in possession, and availed themselves of any weapon to effect their purpose, the choice of Electors, under the provisions of State laws, came to be made by a vote on a general ticket, all being pledged to support the party nominee, so that functions became merely nominal. By this innovation the votes in the Electoral College were given by the representation from each State in a round number; and it followed that a trifling popular majority of one party in a big State, with a large representation, utterly overwhelmed the undivided majority in a State entitled to a lesser number of electoral votes. Thus the result, which happened in the election of Mr Lincoln, became a possibility. In the Northern or non-slaveholding States he received, as we have said, 1,831,180 votes; and these were represented by 180 electoral votes, being a majority of the entire Electoral College. In these same States 1,554,191 people voted against him, and they were represented by only three electoral votes.

The entire popular vote for Mr Lincoln in the Southern States was

only 26,430, and in ten out of the fifteen not a solitary vote was polled in his favour.

The majority for Mr Lincoln in the North was but 276,989. The majority against him in the South was 1,277,049; and the majority against him throughout the Union was, in round numbers, 1,000,000 of votes.

These figures, taken from the official returns of the election, admit of no denial; and it unfortunately became possible for a sectional candidate to assume, with a colour of legality, the executive functions of the Republic through the operation of perverted laws.

The Royal author of the history under consideration evidently thinks that such a seizure of power and denial of political supremacy to the majority should be severely repressed,—and so thought the people of South Carolina.

Without a single vote being cast for Mr Lincoln within the limits of the State, the white inhabitants saw no protection from the impending despotism of the Radical party, established by the success of its candidate. As their only refuge, and in accordance with the principles in which they firmly believed from the earliest days of their State's existence, they proceeded in the exercise of their sovereign power to withdraw from a Union where they were exposed to such a violation of the ordinary principles of justice.

No threats accompanied this withdrawal, no intimidation was suggested; but the people of South Carolina assembled in convention, discussed the situation, enunciated their principles of right, passed their Ordinance of Secession, which was respectfully communicated to the Federal authorities. Propositions were immediately made for the speedy and amicable adjustment

of all questions relating to finance, public property, fortifications, and administration.

South Carolina, a State of less than 300,000 white inhabitants, did this alone; and this was the intimidation exercised by the so-called oligarchy of the South upon a nation of thirty and more millions of people. The action of the State was met by the Federal Government, first by shuffling delays, and then by threats of coercion. The intimidation on the part of the Federal authorities drove succeeding States into Secession, to save the rights which, in common with the people of South Carolina, they held sacred; but it was not until after the Federal Government had fully avowed its purposes of coercion, and despatched a fleet and troops on this errand, that Virginia, the largest and most influential of the Southern States, declared for the Southern cause.

In this connection it is quite unnecessary to discuss the constitutional and legal right of a State of the Federal Union to secede under the provisions of the original constitution. This question has been considered and expounded by statesmen of different parties to exhaustion, and opinions still remain divided; but it may be observed that the victorious Federals have never been so confident of the legality of their acts as to bring to trial any one of the so-called rebels, from the highest to the lowest, on a charge of treason. Not a court has pronounced in favour of the dominant party; while all their acts of reconstruction and punishment have been those of arbitrary irresponsibility, and in accordance with the despotism founded when a fraction of American society succeeded in carrying Mr Lincoln into the Executive Mansion at Washington.

With these remarks, the opening

paragraphs of the history may be dismissed ; but, unfortunately, the efforts for the repression of the attempt to found a despotism did not succeed. Although our Royal author, speaking for his Federal friends, sounds loudly the trumpet of independence and liberty, and disguises the acts of violence of which the Northern Government was guilty, by words as splendid and magniloquent as their motives were culpable, it is to be feared that the sequel of a history commenced in such a style, will contain little else than partisan effusions, unreliable both in fact and inferences.

As we wade through these finely written chapters, inaccuracies and errors meet us upon every page. The account of the rise of the American system of volunteer organisation is mainly correct, being apparently drawn from the conversations of the Comte de Paris with his Federal companions, as well as from the historical record. But, though it may be flattering to the French people, who now require more than ever to be reminded of their military excellences, Americans will hardly recognise the truth of the declaration, that such warlike qualities as they possess were acquired from the French troops of the last century, or that "Montcalm, still more than Wolfe, was their instructor" in the art of war. Such, certainly, is not the tradition prevalent amongst American officers, whether from the North or the South. In fact, the American organisation, both regular and volunteer, was, and still is, the old English system. The discipline is English, and the American Rules and Articles of War are almost a literal transcription of the British Mutiny Act. The tactics now in use are partially French ; but they were adopted only within comparatively late years. The various ex-

pedients of war which have been introduced, were adapted to the nature of the country and the exigencies of circumstances in the times of the Colonists. If, in these times, anything new were learned from any combatants, both French and English drew their instructions from their aboriginal allies whom they both employed. The French made use of them far more than the English, and for various reasons their Indian allies became their principal reliance in war. The result has been, however, that more than a century ago the French were expelled from the continent, and the Indians are now almost exterminated throughout its whole extent. Nor will it be proper to place dependence upon the idea apparently entertained by our author, that the Indian tribes have been absorbed by the whites of America to any appreciable degree. The relics of the six nations in New York amount only to a trifling number. The raising of a regiment of cavalry amongst the Creek Indians some thirty or forty years ago was only an abortive effort ; and the fact that Moniac, a Creek Indian, once graduated at West Point, to return immediately to his tribe, hardly forms an incident worthy of serious mention.

The constitution of the American army just before the war is correctly described ; and the account of the various services upon which it was employed, gives the reader a fair understanding of its qualifications and capacity so far as its numbers extended. But the numerical strength of the regular army was small indeed when compared with the magnitude of the nation. Its influence in the struggle, as an army, was absolutely nothing ; and its detachments being scattered over a territory nearly as large as the whole of Europe, there

was nothing resembling an embodied army at all.

The only real strength of which the establishment could boast was in its officers. Of these the greater number had been educated at the Military Academy of West Point, were well instructed in the art of war, and capable of quickly organising and disciplining the enormous number of new levies brought to the standards of either side. In short, they were the persons by whom the purely military elements of the strife were administered from a very short time after its commencement. But little consideration need be given to the composition of the rank and file of the regular army before the war. In a country like America where the mechanic and labourer can readily obtain the highest wages, even the comparatively high pay of the soldier failed to attract; and it was always with difficulty that in time of peace the limited number of troops allowed by the establishment could be kept up to the legal limit, and then only by short enlistments of five years. These enlistments were voluntary, and, as might be supposed, the class of individuals which furnished most of the recruits was neither exalted nor influential. The only thing to be gained by the private soldier in America was his subsistence for the time. But slender chance for promotion was afforded him while the Military Academy year after year furnished its quota of thoroughly educated officers, with whom no private could compete for his grade. Nor did the education of the officers at the Academy encourage intimacy between them and the private soldiers, but quite the reverse. In fact, although the establishment of a Republic whose leading politicians continually harped upon the string of equality, the American army, before

the war, was one of the most aristocratic organisations in the world.

Throughout these opening chapters his Royal Highness pays no attention to the fact that what he calls the "fatal doctrine of States Rights"—that is, the absolute sovereignty of the States in all matters not expressly conceded by the constitution to the Federal Government—was until the election of Mr Lincoln the fundamental principle of the American Union, and believed in and cherished by the great majority of the American people. In fact, it is believed in now; and even the Radical party, while carrying out their schemes of oppression and plunder in the treatment of the conquered States of the South, assume to respect the doctrine. In their worst legislative acts their purposes have been veiled, the State organisation has been adhered to, and the end has been generally attained by forcing or fraudulently juggling into the executive offices of the States persons subservient to the wishes of the Radical leaders, or in other words, "*Carpet-baggers*," "*Scalawags*," and negroes of the most worthless character. A reaction in the politics of the country would bring about the supremacy of the doctrine at once; and by many such an event is regarded as the only hope for the restoration of a tolerable state of affairs in the South.

True, the doctrine of States Rights does not seem very acceptable to the Comte de Paris, nor does he appear to understand it. It would not flourish very well in France, where the central power at the capital has long ruled under one name or another absolutely. Under it, however, America progressed harmoniously and happily for three-quarters of a century.

With the ideas of the Royal author on this subject, it is not to

be wondered at that, inspired by his Federal friends, he should condemn those officers of the American army who espoused the cause of their States, religiously believing it to be their duty. Neither his ignorance nor their influence ought, nevertheless, to justify the reiteration, in a work pretending to a high standard of accuracy, of stale and exploded slanders against officials of the Government, with which our author closes his second chapter in the following words :—

“La perfide prévoyance du dernier Ministre de la Guerre, M. Floyd, l'avait éloignée tout-entière des Etats que ses complices du Sud se préparaient à soulever contre l'autorité fédérale. On avait fait au soldats l'honneur de les croire fidèles à leur drapeau. Sous mille prétextes, les forts et les arsenaux fédéraux avait été dégarnis par ceux-là mêmes dont le premier devoir était de veiller sur les intérêts généraux de la nation, et les garnisons qu'on avait retirées pour les disperser dans le Texas, avaient été placées sous les ordres d'un officier qui sembla n'avoir été choisi que pour les trahir.

“On vit le Général Twiggs, qui commandait les troupes de Texas, s'entendre avec les rebelles pendant qu'il portait encore l'uniforme fédéral et leur livrer les dépôts de vivres et de munitions de ses propres soldats, afin d'enlever à ceux-ci tout moyen de résistance. Abandonnés par une partie de leurs officiers, privés de toutes ressources, ne trouvant plus que des ennemis dans la population ingrate qu'ils avaient protégée pendant tant d'années, ces braves soldats eurent encore à résister aux séductions de ceux qui leur promettaient un brillant avenir dans les rangs des insurgés. Un de leurs anciens chefs, Van Dorn, eut le triste courage de reparaitre au milieu d'eux pour appuyer ces propositions de l'influence qui lui avaient valu ses rares qualités militaires. Il ne gagna personne, et les débris de son régiment, obligés de conclure une convention d'évacuation avec les ennemis qui les entouraient de toutes parts, retournèrent dans les villes du Nord, où ils

rencontrèrent les camarades séparés d'eux depuis longtemps qui accouraient à la défense de la cause nationale.”

Here we have an enunciation of slanders as baseless as were ever uttered, and which had their origin in the attempt of the party press of the North to explain the early disasters of the Federal arms. It was a common calumny to say that Mr Floyd had denuded the Southern States of troops, and filled the ungarrisoned arsenals with arms for the use of the seceding States. In fact, these assertions went so far as to convey the idea that the South had most of the arms in the country, and that the regular army was turned over to them in mass.

The libel against Mr Floyd was perfectly inexcusable, for the records of his administration of the War Department were all in the hands of the Federal authorities, who have not been able to suppress them, and they have been published time and again, utterly disproving the atrocious calumny.

It was always the policy of the American Government to keep on hand large stores of arms and munitions of war, to place in the hands of the militia of the States. Annual appropriations were made for the manufacture of such arms and munitions to a far greater extent than was required by the diminutive army of the Republic. Arsenals had long been built in various sections of the country, both north and south, to receive these arms, which were to have been distributed according to the strength of population. Those at the North being nearest the seat of manufacture, were encumbered with the accumulations of years. Shortly before the war the model was changed. Room was required at the manufactories for weapons of the new type; and to provide it, the antiquated muskets in considerable quantities were

sent to the empty arsenals of the South—but even then in smaller numbers than was required by the avowed policy of the Government. The facilities for construction, the arms of new model, artillery, ammunition, equipment—in fact, everything requisite for speedy supply of material of war—remained in the North, and at the disposal of the Federal Government.

The allegation that the Secretary purposely sent the troops of the army from the forts and arsenals of the Southern States, and left them unguarded, so that their stores might be seized by Secessionists, is absolutely ridiculous. In the first place, even had he been so disposed, he had but very few troops to send. Indeed not one thousand men had ever been in garrison in the Southern Atlantic States during his administration. At the time of the Secession, the garrison of Fort Monroe, which was really the only fortification of which the possession was vitally important to either belligerent, remained in the condition it had been kept in for years; and the same is the fact with reference to the garrisons in Charleston harbour, at the arsenals in Georgia, of the forts at Pensacola, and, indeed, at every other military post in the South.

As the Secretary withdrew no troops from the Southern seaboard States, he had none to disperse over Texas. The forces in that State had not been augmented, and were fearfully inadequate to perform their ordinary duties on the Indian frontier. Nor was there the slightest ground for the assertion that such troops as were there, were placed under an officer who seemed chosen only to betray them. That they were under command of General Twiggs, who is charged with treason by our Royal author, was only the consequence of his rank and the

nature of the service required. Moreover, General Twiggs had commanded the department with his headquarters either at New Orleans or San Antonio de Bexar for the best part of the decade previous to the war, and long before Mr Floyd was ever thought of as a Cabinet Minister.

The plain facts of the case are these: General Twiggs, in January 1861, commanded about twenty-five hundred Federal troops of all arms, scattered over the State of Texas, a country about as extensive as France—that is to say, as Franco was before the German war. His troops occupied situations for service against the hostile Indians. None of them were in forts or positions fit to stand a siege or to assist them ever so slightly in repelling the attack of civilised enemies. The State of Texas, having passed the ordinance of Secession, called upon him to yield to her officers the control of his positions and surrender his troops; but he positively and peremptorily refused. There were State forces in his vicinity in numbers many times greater than his own, and the fighting qualities of the Texan Rangers were quite equal to those of his command. The situation was critical, and a little indiscretion would have precipitated the strife which good men were then striving to avert. Without orders from the Government, which would not then take the responsibility of commencing hostile coercion—though, with the usual policy of demagogues, the authorities at Washington were quite willing to throw the responsibility on a veteran of fifty years' service, and to sacrifice him if it suited their purpose—General Twiggs reviewed the situation according to his standing orders and the constitution and laws of his country.

He regarded himself as the representative of the Government of the United States, to carry out the military provisions of the Federal compact with the State of Texas, and as expressly forbidden to act against the civil law, either of State or Federation. When the State resumed her sovereignty, and called upon him to render up his positions, he deemed himself and his principals relieved from the duty of defending her territory against hostile Indians. His occupation being gone, he was willing to depart; but he protested that to surrender anything, could only be the consequence of hostile action, and tantamount to war against the United States by Texas, which he should resist to the utmost of his power. His reasoning was admitted by the State authorities, who, while resuming the sovereignty of the State, had no intention of commencing hostilities, or declaring war against the Federation. Accordingly, General Twiggs removed his troops to the last man who would go—and with them, their arms, munitions, artillery, subsistence, transportation, and equipment, to the full extent of complete provision for his numerical force. Surplus stores which he could not immediately transport were receipted for by the State officers, and it was stipulated that they or their values should be accounted for by the State Government to the Federal authorities.

To those officers who, in obedience to their principles, sent in their resignations, he granted leave of absence, until such time as they could be acted upon at Washington; and sent his command under those who remained in service to the north, beyond the jurisdiction or influence of any seceding State. The Radical authorities at Washington, furious, and wanting a

victim, struck him from the rolls of the army, and proclaimed him a traitor, because he had refrained from commencing the strife which they would not then initiate. Thus he saved to the Government, so long as he wore its uniform, the strength of his command, which, so far as it went, was available for their purpose of coercing the Southern States to remain in the Union.

Of about the same nature is the statement concerning Major Van Dorn, that he attempted unjustifiably to obtain recruits for the State of Texas, or the Confederacy, from the soldiers of Twiggs' command. Van Dorn is dead, and the story has been explained in such a way as to show that it rests upon very slender foundation. If true, its material consequence would have been very small. When the whole numerical force of the American army was not 20,000 sabres and bayonets, the effect of such physical strength on one side or the other in the prodigious struggle impending was next to nothing. It is hard to see why prominence should be given by his Royal Highness to the petulant ejaculations of Federal officials at the commencement of the war, made with the sole object of excusing their defeats. And this is the more remarkable, since whatever the established army amounted to, the Northern combatants had the benefit of the whole of it.

The third of the chapters published in the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*,' is devoted to the consideration of slavery and its effect upon Southern society at the commencement of the war. As might be expected from the opening paragraphs of the history, all statements, all arguments, all descriptions, and all conclusions, are directly derived from Northern sources, and all are enunciated the

more positively in proportion as the Royal author displays his ignorance of his subject.

We have no intention of discussing the abstract right or wrong of the institution of slavery, further than is absolutely necessary in noticing the views expressed in the work before us. Slavery has for a long time been unfashionable, and under one influence or another has almost entirely disappeared from modern civilised society. There is, moreover, scarcely a Southerner in existence who has the slightest wish to compass its re-establishment. But all this is no reason why the various falsehoods, canting hypocrisies, romantic effusions, and fraudulent deductions promulgated by a fragment of the Northern people when they manipulated its abolition into a political cry to assist them in obtaining place and power, should pass for truth. Still less that they should be accepted and adopted by the Royal stranger who pretends to publish an extended and impartial history of one of the greatest struggles that ever convulsed mankind.

Slavery existed in ancient and medieval times under one form or another, as a matter of course. Civilisation brought amelioration, and this was slowly followed by emancipation. In the comparatively small area of the States of Europe which could be called enlightened, slavery died centuries ago. Philosophers, statesmen, and political economists had discussed the subject over and over again, and condemned it, — although, like Montesquien, there were many who acknowledged that it was the only suitable condition for the black race when in the society of white men. It is little to be wondered at that such should be the case. The fallacious dogma that all races of men are of equal capacity, and born to an

equal heritage, had not then borne sufficient fruit to be made use of for political purposes. Hardly a race in the world, including those now most enlightened, has escaped the ordeal of slavery through which the mass of its numbers passed during successive centuries. Liberty has come to the masses step by step, through their own improvement and the force of circumstances. The great exception to this improvement is the African race when left to themselves, wherever they may be. Since the world began, the negro in his own land has lived under the most atrocious tyrannies extant to our own times, and slavery in African countries is the absolute normal condition of mankind. Originality is not congenital with the negro, except in the form of original brutality. Not a recorded instance of the spontaneous improvement of negro society exists; and the notion that the race is capable of such elevation has only obtained within a late period, and then has almost invariably been promulgated for political and other purposes by those who knew least about the subject. The employment of negroes in America and the West Indies was commenced by persons not very scrupulous in their means of acquiring wealth; but it was fostered by their home Government, approved by society, and its right and legality were unquestioned.

The Royal author seems to be under an impression that the importation of slaves from Africa was put an end to in America only by the provisions of treaties with foreign Governments. Had he sought information on the point, he would have learned that, *proprio motu*, the United States, with the free consent of the Southern people, were the first to put a stop to the African slave-trade, without

consultation with any foreign power whatever.

The institution of slavery being an inheritance of the Southern people from Colonial times, they utilised and made the best of it. The negro, who had come to them an untutored savage, with all the bestialities and superstitions of his kind and country, began to improve when removed from their influence as negroes only do improve—by imitation. It is undoubtedly true that there were cases in which negro slaves were treated by inconsiderate and unworthy persons with cruel severity, such as their often ignorant masters considered suitable for brutal natures. But time and the progress of public opinion remedied this wrong, although enough remained to serve for the foundation of the thrilling romances and sensational declamations of the Northern demagogues when they made use of the cry of abolition to obtain political power.

For many years before the civil war in America there existed not in the world a more moral, orderly, and respectable peasantry than that of the Southern States. Taking example from their owners, they had progressed in civilisation and in the pursuits suitable to their station. As they rose in merit, so were they treated. The punishment of the whip, so much talked about, was rarely administered, and rarely necessary. The separation of families, enlarged upon by novelists of the school of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and which the Royal author emphatically condemns, was seldom heard of. The negro was progressing in improvement as rapidly as was possible with his characteristics, and so continued until the end of the war. Both in town and country, the slaves, connected by a common interest, lived on the best of terms with their

masters, and when the struggle came, were quite ready to assist the cause of the South in any way in which they might be employed. No attempts at insurrection occurred throughout the length and breadth of the Confederacy during the long four years of agonising strife, although the greater part of the white men were in the field, and the plantations and homes were in charge of the aged and female portions of the community. When the notorious John Brown seized upon the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, and commenced the murder of white citizens, he thrust arms into the hands of the negroes, and called upon them to assist him in his endeavours to excite a servile rebellion. The negroes absolutely refused.

His Royal Highness names this man as attempting a justifiable revenge, and taunts the Virginians because they were excited to indignation by the commencement of burglary and incendiarism within their borders. At the time of its occurrence the act was justified, in the style of our author, by many of the more respectable Northern politicians, and by the more unscrupulous it was absolutely applauded and encouraged. During and since the war this felon has been honoured as a martyr; and his case stands as a notorious example of the perversion of the ideas of common justice and respect for the first principles of civilised society.

It is to be repeated to the credit of both masters and slaves, that under the most exciting circumstances, hardly an instance of original outrage on the part of the negroes is recorded. The oppression of their superiors could hardly have been very flagrant, nor were the slaves very anxious to have a change in their situation thrust upon them by the Northern abolitionists.

Such was the condition of the

lowest of the three grades into which his Royal Highness divides the society of the Southern States. It was progressing in civilisation and moral development, slowly, indeed, but by the only means through which the race has ever improved, and still with a speed remarkable when all things are considered. Centuries on centuries were required for Britons and Franks to attain civilisation and elevate their lower orders from the state existing when they were savages and slaves. Ages elapsed before the masses of Europe had attained the social status to which, under the tutelage and example of the Southern whites, the slaves had arrived, when the result of the war conferred upon them, not liberty, but the nominal functions of citizenship, which they now exercise as the abject tools of the despotism founded in 1861, which despotism the Southern people fought strenuously for four years to avert. All that the Royal author has said about the utilisation of negro labour, its expense, its effect upon the middle classes of society, and the arrogance and pride of which it was the parent in the richer portion of the community, is but the repetition of the stale arguments used by Northern orators, and almost entirely incorrect. True, slave labour was expensive, and much capital was sunk in its usufruct; but that was inseparable from the culture for which it was employed, and the nature of the climate. And has the alternative of free labour proved less so? The present prices of the great staples which come from America, and are so necessary to the industry of the world—cotton, sugar, and rice—answer the question categorically, and disprove the economy of free labour as at present regulated in the Southern States of America.

The effect of slavery upon the middle class, which, adopting the phraseology of Northern orators, his Royal Highness denominates "*les petits blancs*," or "mean whites," is represented as making them but little less subservient to the richer class than the negroes. His words are:—

"Le travail étant un acte de servitude, on ne pouvait s'y livrer sans déshonneur. Cette loi imposée par l'opinion publique fermait l'entrée des territoires du Sud au flot fécond d'émigrants qui parti d'Europe et des états de l'Est, se repand sur les vastes plaines de l'ouest, pour y former une population de propriétaires exploitant eux-mêmes leur champ, population dont les qualités laborieuses, l'énergie, et l'intelligence sont la force et l'honneur des '*free-soil States*.'

"La troisième classe, celle des petits blancs la plus importante par la nombre, se trouvait au-dessous de la second, et bien au-dessus de la première sans pouvoir cependant servir d'intermédiaire entre elles, car elle était profondément imbuée de tous les préjugés de couleur. C'est la *phylé romaine*, la foule des clients qui portent avec ostentation le titre des citoyens, et n'en exercent les droits que pour servir aveuglément les grands propriétaires, véritable maîtres du pays. Si l'esclavage n'existait pas à côté d'eux ils seraient ouvriers et laborers, ils deviendraient fermiers et petits propriétaires; mais plus leur pauvreté les rapproche de la classe inférieure des esclaves, plus ils tiennent à s'en séparer, et repoussent le travail pour mieux mettre en relief leur qualité d'hommes libres. Cette population déclassée, misérables et remuante, fournissait à la politique du Sud l'avant garde bataillonne qui précédait l'invasion dans l'ouest du planteur avec ses esclaves. Au commencement de la guerre, le Nord crut qu'elle se prononcerait en sa faveur contre l'institution servile, dont elle aurait dû détester la ruineuse concurrence. Mais il se trompa en pensant que la raison l'emporterait chez elle sur la passion. Elle lui prouva au contraire qu'elle

était ardemment dévouée au maintien de l'esclavage. Son orgueil y était encore plus intéressé que celui des grands propriétaires; car tandis que ceux-ci étaient toujours assurés de rester bien au-dessus des nègres affranchis, elle craignait d'être avilie par leur émancipation, qui les élèverait jusqu'à son niveau."

Let it be remembered that within the limits of the Southern States there were eight millions of whites and four millions of negroes, the latter generally held to servitude by the large proprietors, whom his Royal Highness seems to consider "véritables maîtres du pays." If the proportion were ten negroes to each proprietor (a very small number to stock a plantation), the whole number of slaveholders would amount to 400,000, or five per cent of the white population. The remaining ninety-five per cent of the whites, his Royal Highness would have us believe, were so besotted in their fear of compromising their nobility and being dishonoured by labour, that they contented themselves by living, to a great extent, as idle clients of their richer neighbours. If this were so, the rich planters of the South must have had a hard time of it to draw enough from the expensive labour of their slaves to support such a stupendous burden of drones. The glaring absurdity of the statement is its own refutation.

In fact, throughout the South the labour of the white mechanics, small farmers, navvies, and common labourers, was employed at high and remunerative prices. While the industrious man thrived quickly, and became more or less independent, he also approached more nearly to a level with the rich; and what is more, the social position of such men was quickly, cheerfully, and freely accorded to them. Moreover, from this class there came a large pro-

portion of Southern politicians, and their views and policy were, if anything, more pronounced than those of the great proprietors. Especially so was it with those who had come originally from the North, even with all the prejudices against the institutions of the South prevalent amongst their ancient associates. Experience soon taught them that whatever the imperfections of the system, any change must be fraught with evil to all concerned, from the highest to the lowest.

Throughout the whole period of agitation before the war, and during its continuance, no portion of the Southern community was more emphatic in asserting the justice of the Southern cause than the merchants, professional men, mechanics, and labourers, of Northern birth, who had made for themselves homes in the South,—and none were more loyal in their efforts to secure its success. His Royal Highness is in error when he assumes that the great wealth and political power was entirely in the hands of the planters who owned great numbers of slaves. The very nature of the culture on which their means were employed rendered the life of the planters laborious. The species of labour which was used forced upon them immense responsibilities; and while the reward in seasons of good harvest was great, it was only to be secured by unremitting diligence and careful administration.

It is true, as our author remarks, that the existence of slavery in the South prevented the settlement of Southern lands by immigrants from Europe, and, from the same cause, the rich and fertile regions of Western Virginia, East Kentucky, and Tennessee remain sparsely peopled to this day. But, while the South lost the material advantage of their presence and labour, it gained, in their absence, immunity from an

element of mischief which has pervaded the Northern States, and which, in the hands of the unscrupulous leaders who have conducted the Northern conventions and elections, did more to bring about the war, and keep it up, than all the slaves ever existing in America.

This mischief arose from the continued introduction into American society of multitudes of the lower order of emigrants, from various countries of Europe, who arrived understanding nothing of their new home, except that it was in a country of wealth, where freedom and a living could be had for the asking. As usual, getting so much, they wanted more; and as the Northern States had early thrown open their elective franchise, and votes were required by one party or another, these immigrants became at once politically important, and the foreign vote was a marketable commodity amongst the professional politicians. How this continued source of corruption affected American politics, it would be easy, did our limits permit, to show—and with it, the influence which, under guidance of Northern leaders, it had in creating the rupture between the North and the South. But it is sufficient to point to the glaring and atrocious instances of corruption which for years prevailed in the great city of New York, when her municipality was controlled by foreigners, who seemed to monopolise her councils with a view to plundering, not only for the benefit of themselves, but of a host of their followers, to whom they owed their elevation to positions enabling them to exercise their talents for robbery and spoliation. A little consideration will show that the South was happy in the absence of this avalanche of corruption and infamy.

Partly in consequence of the ab-

sence of this element in politics, the South remained for a long period Conservative, and staunch to the traditions and provisions of the constitution. The voting population was free, controlled in no section exclusively by persons or factions. Divided in opinion on general politics, recognising in the *status quo* of society the best opportunity for development and prosperity, the Southern people only demanded that they should be let alone in their local affairs. The acts of their representatives in the National Government proved plainly that in devotion to the interests of the Union as a whole, they were in no wise behind the most earnest of their Northern countrymen.

It is said by his Royal Highness that the Southern oligarchy had for a long time ruled the councils of the nation. That a full, and perhaps the greater, proportion of the prominent men of the Republic had come from the South, is undoubtedly true; and if they prevailed until the year 1860, when the Radicals and Abolitionists succeeded in placing a sectional representative in the Presidential chair, the Southerners who guided the National Government had no reason to be ashamed of the performance of their duties. Unexampled prosperity reigned throughout the land; no question of disturbance existed in the foreign relations of the country; there was no national debt; no burdensome taxes weighed upon the people; and in the Southern section there existed not a single pauper.

Unfortunately, the causes which were to produce the rupture had been for a long time at work, and though the danger was early seen by the chiefs of the great political parties, who sounded loudly their note of warning, it proved in the end to be in vain.

The principal of these was the lust of place and power, engendered from the frequency of the Presidential and other elections, and the early adoption of politics as a trade by numbers of worthless demagogues, who stuck at no means however corrupt, or acts however unprincipled, to gain their ends. As issue after issue, whether of tariff, foreign affairs, or internal administration, was settled by the representatives of the people and the executive, according to the provisions of the constitution, the restless agitators who were unprovided for sought a new cry which might arouse the people to a change. Now it was a crusade against Freemasonry and secret societies; in some localities an attempt against the Catholic or other religions; again, a question of a National Bank, and very frequently a general meddling with the currency; a dispute about a boundary, or an uninhabited island of no consequence to the next ten generations;—in fine, anything on which a point could be made or feeling aroused. The greater number of voters in the North, and the universality of the suffrage there existing, as well as the horde of recruits yearly arriving to swell the army of professional politicians from the worst subversionists of Europe, all hungry for place, power, and plunder, made that section the principal fountain of political turbulence. Finally, having exhausted everything, as was believed, which was of an interest common to the whole country sufficiently strong to make a party issue, the political agitators took up one which every wise man in the country saw must end in arraying one section against the other.

This was no late thing occurring just before the war. As early as 1835, the political wire-workers in the North commenced to look for

an accession of strength from the Abolitionists. At that time, however, there were men powerful enough in the North to prevent the immediate use of this dangerous element. Both Mr Webster and Mr Clay, the great men of the Whig party, then in opposition, condemned such an alliance, though both were opposed to slavery in the abstract. Under the influence of these and other great statesmen, the adoption of a sectional issue by either party which could hope to administer the National Government, was prevented for a time. But in the continued prosperity of the country and the utter absence of any question by the discussion of which it could be increased—there being no wrongs to redress, and hardly the chance of improvement by any political action—personal ambitions led to quarrels among the holders of power, and their opponents took the opportunity to smuggle into their policy something of the sectional question. This caused the wrangles about slavery in the territories; and finally, when all the great parties, except the Democratic, had expired from having nothing on which to combine, and the Democratic party was shaken by the personal differences of its leaders, a combination of factions, seeing their opportunity, coalesced with the ultra-Abolitionists who, unimportant in numbers, yet gave a considerable accession to the balance of strength which the agitators sought to gain.

It was this abolition party which first raised the cry for a rupture of the Union. That the constitution accorded rights to the Southern people to regulate their own affairs in their own way, was sufficient to cause them to denounce it as "a compact with hell, which must be dissolved." When the fragments of the broken parties of exploded principles, under the name of Republicans,

met at Chicago in 1860, and nominated Mr Lincoln for the Presidency, they adopted the principles of the Abolitionists, to secure their support; and pledged themselves, in case of the success of their candidate, to carry them out at all hazards.

The result of the election has passed into history, and a fraction of American society entered into the exercise of power pledged to violate the sacred stipulations of the constitution under which America had progressed and prospered beyond any example for eighty years. And all this while the amelioration of the condition of the black race was neither avowed as an object nor considered as a desideratum.

It was not disguised that the spring of their action was simply to wrest the administration from the hands of political opponents. The feelings of Northern men towards the negro were, and still are, those of aversion; and he is only tolerated by them as the instrument of defeating and oppressing political opponents of their own race and colour. Were proofs required of this beyond the positive declarations that were made by Republican leaders before and during the war, the late refusal of the Radical Congress to pass the civil rights bill which aimed at enforcing the social equality of the negroes in Northern as well as Southern society, would indeed be absolute confirmation.

Who can wonder that the Southern people, finding themselves juggled out of participation in the National Government, denounced as wrong-doers and criminals, threatened with subversion of their institutions, to the detriment of themselves, their families, and their dependents, should strive to free themselves from connection and association with the section of the Union by which they were threatened and maligned? As for the

assertion of the Royal author that a *coup d'état* was attempted or intimidation was exercised, it is hard to see, even with all the force of his Federal associations, how a decent regard for truth has permitted him to make it. The deliberate exercise of a right which formed a fundamental axiom of the political creed of most of the United States; the offer to settle amicably every question of finance and property, and the quiet commencement of home administration, while interference with anything beyond the territorial limits of the seceding States was carefully avoided; and finally, the protracted attempts at peaceful negotiations for months after the ordinances of secession had been passed and notified to the Federal authorities,—are not in accordance with the usual characteristics of a *coup d'état*. That the Southern leaders did not adopt the usual measures for success and really make a *coup d'état*, is not very flattering to their foresight, or to their appreciation of the unscrupulous character of their adversaries. At the same time, the fact that they did not, proves conclusively their firm belief in the justice of their cause, and the expectation that in spite of political differences, the Northern politicians would be bound by the provisions of the constitution.

The Southern States left the Federal Union on the grounds which have been mentioned. They sought and demanded no advantage; they took no steps against the interests or powers of those who chose to remain under the Federal compact. They simply withdrew from the Federation, when it was evident that the differences between two antagonistic systems of society were irreconcilable, and the exercise of the rights secured to the South by the constitution was condemned as a wrong by their Northern asso-

ciates. Believing that it was better to separate in peace than to dwell together in anger, the Secession was declared and attempted.

When they left and surrendered all participation in the Government they are alleged to have controlled so long, and gave it into the hands of their opponents, "they left the United States a great and powerful nation, with its extended sea-coast, its teeming population, its vast reserve of unoccupied territory, its mechanic arts, its constitution as it was, its laws unobstructed, its administration unembarrassed, its magistracy (Federal, State, and local), with unimpaired authority." The Northern people were only relieved from enforcing the stipulations which the result of the election for President in their own section had condemned, and which the party in power were pledged to disregard.

For his Royal Highness to assert that the Southern people or oligarchy (for as the people all pronounced in one way, oligarchically and people in this case are synonymous), wished, or endeavoured to resume, through intimidation or force, the influence which they had formerly exercised in the Government, is simply the assertion of an ignorant belief in a fallacy.

The efforts at peaceful separation were met, as has been said before, first, by evasion—next, by threats of coercion—and finally, by invasion, and the infliction on the South of all the evils of war. Of course, as they believed in the justice of their cause and the rectitude of their conduct, the Southern people defended themselves to the extent of their ability.

The Royal author will undoubtedly assert, in common with the Northern editors of the period, that the Southern people commenced hostilities when they reduced Fort

Sumter. This fort lay within the limits of South Carolina; and its Federal commander, pending the negotiations, and before a single man in the South was under arms, committed an act of war by destroying public property, and assuming an attitude of defiance against the State authorities. Even then nothing was attempted against him, and he was undisturbed until it was officially announced that his action was approved by the Federal authorities, and a fleet of men-of-war and transports was off the coast to commence the work of coercion. The initiative being thus taken by the authorities at Washington, who found it necessary to hide the injuries they were inflicting on the country in the clamour and confusion of war, the Southern leaders could no longer delay. With inefficient and improvised means, they proceeded to reduce the fort which had been defiantly occupied by its Federal commander. It was not hard to do. He succumbed after thirty hours' cannonade and bombardment, owing to the conflagration of his barracks, and the danger of the explosion of his magazines. The fleet which was to have supported him lay in the roadstead out of range. He had made a noisy but harmless resistance, and no one was seriously injured on either side. The Confederate commander granted him easy terms, and he was permitted to join his comrades in the offing, with all his *personnel*, all private property, and all public property which he could carry, and to salute his flag with one hundred guns. The affair would have been absolutely bloodless, but unfortunately in firing his salute he blew up two or three of his own people, who thus became the first victims of the policy of the Radicals.

The garrison of Fort Sumter

went to the city of New York, where the politicians took care that it should be received with an ovation; commander, officers, and soldiers were paraded in torchlight processions, and proclaimed as the champions of the Union, insulted and dishonoured by the attack of the furious Southerners. In short, the shambling and miserable defence of Fort Sumter was lauded as an act of heroism; and stump-orators shrieked and shouted, to stimulate the whole North, by an appeal to passions and pride of strength, to support a detestable policy, against which nearly one-half of the Northern voters had deliberately recorded their judgment not five months before. Unhappily, as is too often the case, appeals to passion succeeded where those to reason had failed; and the whole strength of twenty-four millions of people was brought out to crush one-third of their number, whose offence was only that they chose to live under their own laws, and exercise those rights which were guaranteed to them from the time of their colonial existence.

The war progressed, and it appears that his Royal Highness proposes to narrate its details in seven volumes, of which two have already appeared. Let us hope there will be more accuracy in the lengthy sequel than has been displayed in the opening chapters. The war ended in 1865 by the overthrow of the Southern armies, unable longer to withstand the overwhelming masses brought against them, after a fearful cost of life and the sacrifice of infinite resources. It was a triumph of the despotism of a fraction of American society, which rules with unmitigated severity and injustice to this day. The negro has received personal licence. Political liberty he has not, for he is the abject slave and tool of the Northern Radical faction.

The Southern whites have been despoiled of their property, and have paid in their losses twice the value of the indemnity claimed by the victorious Germans from forty millions of Frenchmen. While the whites have been degraded, the slaves have not risen. The State governments are administered according to the will of the Radical President at Washington, and have no constituency at home. The Federal troops have been brought to take part in these governments, which exist only for Radical ends. The will of the President makes and unmakes them. A short proclamation, backed by a company of regulars, decides who is to be governor of Arkansas. A telegram settles the chief magistracy of Texas. A brief order to a general in New Orleans wrests a State government from the people of Louisiana, and vests its control in the creatures of the Administration. In fact, instances of this flagrant tyranny may be repeated *ad nauseam*.

And still the Radical party, predominant in the United States, disguising under magniloquent names their atrociously culpable acts, claim that their victory is a triumph of right and law; and his Royal Highness the Comte de Paris sounds their praises and maintains their impeccability.

It may be thought that a critical notice of so great a production from so illustrious a source should have been delayed until the issue of the complete work; but its publication in the pages of the well-known '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' brings it prominently forward, and the opening chapters candidly avow the moral and conclusions that await us. The Southern leaders and their cause are condemned, and the Radical policy of their Northern enemies is proportionally lauded. The narrative of the opening of the war and its

causes is drawn entirely from Northern sources, and the arguments are those vehemently expressed in Northern newspapers during the heat of the struggle for political purposes. Only one side of the record has been consulted, and that without question or discrimination. It is fitting that a work of such an avowed partisan character should be met at the outset; and the more so, since the rank and peculiar position of the Royal author might be expected to impose upon him the duty of impartiality when he seeks popular approbation as a historian. The continuation of the work will of course detail the various operations of the war, and probably amount to a skilful compilation of the reports of Northern generals, with only enough description of Southern skill and prowess to show that it was creditable to overcome them.

The personal experience of the Royal author will not go for much, for he had little, and that was gained when for a few months he nominally served as an aide-de-camp to General M'Clellan, in his operations before Richmond, which resulted for the time in the expulsion of the Federal armies from the soil of Virginia. With them went the Comte de Paris, and the other Princes of the house of Orleans who had accompanied him. Apparently they had learned as much of the war as they cared to do from personal observation; for they immediately continued their movement to England, and fixed their residence near Richmond on the Thames, instead of persisting in the endeavour to force an entrance into Richmond on the James. They appear to have singular views of military matters. The Prince de Joinville, on his return to Europe, wrote a letter to the Duc d'Aumale concerning their

adventures, in which the warlike bearing of MM. le Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres was conspicuously paraded. The battles of the seven days, which lost General M'Clellan his command, and in which he was driven from every position with great losses in men, artillery, munitions, camp equipage, and material, for some thirty or forty miles, to the protection of his fleet, were described as a successful and victorious change of base. The Princes preceded the movement, the execution of which was not delayed by the Confederate hosts of Lee and Jackson following close upon the rear of the Federal forces. M. le Prince de Joinville witnessed its successful accomplishment from the mast-head of the gunboat *Galena*, which he states he ascended in his jack-boots and spurs to make his observations. The London journals published his letter; and on the 9th August 1862, 'Punch' adverted to it, regretting that his artist had not been there to delineate the scene.

Should it happen in the not improbable changes of the future that the Royal author of the history under consideration should occupy the seat of Henry IV., and his nation should unfortunately be involved in war, such victories as that described by the Prince de Joinville will be easy of accomplishment. It is feared, however, that Frenchmen have had a surfeit of such triumphs, and will hunger after something more incontestably conducive to the glory of France.

And now that the long account of these military operations which took place ten years ago is about to be placed before the world, as the fruit of the observations and studies of his Royal Highness, the question recurs, "Why did he write it?"

In the first place, the identification of himself, the heir to a Royal

house, and the presumptive successor to St Louis, with a party in the civil war of a strange nation, strikes sage observers as of questionable propriety. Had he gone merely as a sight-seer, or to gain information in the art of war, he might have secured his ends without becoming an author. Men of his illustrious rank seldom make a permanent figure in the literary world. Even had he been ambitious of literary fame, he was not obliged to proclaim his partialities in telling what he saw of a strife which did not concern him.

He can hardly expect to do good to the American people by this publication. Nothing is surer than that the course of time will overthrow the despotic rule of the Radical party. Even now the best men of all parties are striving to soften the asperities and enmities left by the war, and would forget if they could the fatal mistakes and actions which led to it. Moreover, the American people are weary of the tricks of the political demagogues who have controlled their elections so long, and still more weary of the atrocious and disgraceful corruption which has existed under their administration.

In addition, they know more about the entire subject than the whole Orleans dynasty can tell them; and the work, so far as it has gone, will hardly increase its author's Transatlantic reputation.

English people may read it from curiosity, but will gain but little instruction from it.

It may be that his Royal Highness wishes to put himself prominently before the French people at this particular juncture, and to enun-

ciate his views of government, political economy, and principles of right, under cover of his condemnation of the Southern cause and leaders.

It may, again, be his object now and then to inflict a severe criticism or rebuke upon some of the persons or parties, his opponents or rivals, who pretend to the supreme power of his native land. Some words of his opening paragraphs may be thought to apply to his Imperial antagonists. His Royal Highness evidently disapproves of *coups d'état*; but it is hardly possible at this time to see how a *coup d'état* could place either his Royal cousin or himself upon the throne. He appears to have little respect for "*les hommes providentiels*," even when vindicated by success. Perhaps in this his sneer may be directed against the memory of the man who, whatever the errors and misfortunes of the latter part of his reign, for nearly two decades so directed the destinies of France, that in prosperity and influence she rose to a pinnacle higher than she has occupied since the days of Charlemagne.

But whatever his objects, unless the continuation of the work differs materially from the opening chapters, the seven volumes of '*L'Histoire de la Guerre Civile en Amérique*' will remain a partisan history, written by a Royal Prince who was an intruder in a stranger's quarrel, with which he and the members of his House who accompanied him during his short campaign had no concern.

A GENERAL OFFICER OF THE
LATE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

MONTERO'S FLIGHT.

(Vuln. 'Times,' 17th July 1874.)

We were fighting for Don Carlos—the cause of God and Spain,
As in days of Don Pelayo, the mountain 'gainst the plain.
The Republic sat triumphant on Don Pelayo's throne ;
And, brave among their bravest, old La Concha led them on.
We held our proud position on Monte Muro's height ;
And all round Abarzuza their movements were in sight.
He climbed the village steeple, and bade th' assault begin ;
And they rushed up like a tempest, our vantage-post to win ;
Cavalry and footmen, up the rugged mountain track,
They kept their steady progress, and not a man look'd back.
Then we pour'd from our intrenchments, like a rain-swelled river—
course ;

And they stood against the torrent, like the dam that stems its
force.

That living dam was yielding, their strength was giving way,—
Then he hurried down, exclaiming, " I die or win to-day !
" My horse, my horse, Montero ! " and drew his trusty brand,—
His foot was in the stirrup, but the sword fell from his hand.
A shot of ours had struck him right on his gallant breast ;
It struck as strikes the lightning an old oak's honoured crest.
He fell ; his bright eye darken'd, as the sun's light in eclipse,
With " Death from the Guerrillas ! " and " God's mercy ! " on his
lips.

But time was none for thinking ; our advance was near in force ;
And, quick as light, Montero placed the old man on his horse ;
And leaping up behind him, and clasping him round tight,
Plung'd spurs up to the rowels, and darted off in flight.
Oh ! glorious more than vict'ry that flight, when, as a shield,
The gallant young Montero bore his chieftain from the field !
His back a mark for bullets, but none were shot, I ween ;
Or, if shot, they were averted by our Lady, Heaven's Queen.
But men are men, and press on, like hounds upon the chase ;
And on we spurr'd, and ever o'erlook him in the race ;
But the three or four that follow'd him turn'd round : we stood at
bay ;

And along the broken path still Montero held his way.
Now and then he stumbled, but, firm with word and rein,
He cheer'd up the brown charger, and all was speed again.

He knew, the good steed knew it, the race was for the life
Of his dear and noble master, sore wounded in the strife.
("No quarter," was our watchword, "Give quarter," had been his;
Few men were we, and desp'rate, but we never thought of this!)
They drew rein in Abarzuza, and from the panting horse
Tenderly they lower'd him—was it life still, or a corse?
He breath'd but a few seconds, he press'd Montero's hand;
And every eye was moisten'd, for our hearts were all unmann'd.
A priest quick did his office, his sins were all forgiven;
St. Manuel pass him quickly through purgatory to heaven!
Slowly we retreated; but, while this was going on,
Their rout had been accomplish'd, and the bloody day was won.
But the glory not with us, but Montero must remain;
And we grudge it not our foemen—they, too, are sons of Spain;
For never since the Cid's days, Ruy Diaz of Bivar,
Did knight or squire win honour by a nobler deed of war!
We are brothers, we are brothers; oh! when will discords cease!
St. Michael, give us vict'ry! St. Mary, give us peace!

THE AGRICULTURAL STRIKE.

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the social and economical problems which are still awaiting solution in the Eastern Counties. In a remarkable speech by the present Lord Derby, reported in the 'Times' of the 6th September 1871, he expressed his belief that we might double our production as a nation if sufficient capital were employed in the cultivation of land. It is stated that Lord Leicester, as the result of an extensive tour of observation through England and Scotland, expressed his entire concurrence in this opinion. And Mr Cobden, a great authority of a totally different school, has left his opinion upon record that the producing power of the land might be indefinitely increased by the greater application of capital. Even upon Lord Derby's estimate, England might again become a self-supporting country, instead of being compelled to pay thirty millions a-year to foreign countries for wheat.

The gravity, then, of irreconcilable differences between capital and labour as applied to agriculture, is something above and beyond the importance which attaches to an ordinary strike. The whole population is vitally interested in the earth being made to yield its yearly increase, and in its fruits being gathered in in due season. Landlords, anxious that rents should not fall; farmers bound to the soil by long leases, desirous of securing profits which depend upon their calculations as to the item of labour expenditure proving correct; labourers laudably eager to improve their position and obtain wages at a rate which may insure at least their physical wellbeing,—are engaged in a controversy as to the

due adjustment of the price of work, and that controversy the outside public must regard as one of paramount interest to themselves. The counties in which it has arisen are purely agricultural counties, and there is not apparently a keen competition for labour between the farmers and the manufacturers; the men have recently been thoroughly organised, with the usual accessories of paid agitators and inflammatory speakers; the farmers are as obstinate and enduring a race as any in England. All the circumstances and conditions of the quarrel seem to render reconciliation hopeless, or at least a restoration of the old order of things impossible. Farmers and men are both trying, apparently with success, to do without one another. What the final upshot may be, no one can predict. All that we can do is to reflect upon the causes which have led to the controversy, and then to endeavour to ascertain what is the real position and incidents of the class which is so earnestly and resolutely endeavouring to rise in the social scale. Whatever may be the immediate or the ultimate issues of the pending controversy, this much at least is clear, that the agricultural class itself is on the eve of an important change in its condition, its character, and its prospects. There are many incidents of this controversy which are deeply to be regretted; foremost amongst them, on the one hand, the irresponsible and mischievous enthusiasm, in which even bishops can at times indulge; on the other, the reckless pertinacity with which the class of tenant-farmers has nailed itself to an untenable position. But at the same time, one feature of the struggle may be regarded with

unmixed congratulation and pleasure, and that is the absence of any sense of oppression, perhaps we may say the continuance of good feeling between farmers and labourers, which appears to survive the vicissitudes of a prolonged and even desperate contest. Setting aside occasional displays of excitement under the influence of the speculative and interested exaggerations of itinerant agitators, the spirit which has animated the agricultural labourers is not that of hostility or ill-will to their employers, but of discontent with their position, which they compare, to their own disadvantage, with that of other labouring classes, and which they attribute to their own want of organisation, and the helplessness which springs from a scattered existence and isolated lives. They see that in all other departments of industry great progress has been made; that the lives of thousands of their fellow-labourers in the towns have been improved by greater command of the necessities and comforts of life; and they are not satisfied that their own position has improved in anything like the same ratio, or even, as they think, with reasonable speed. Their position is that of a man who is waking from a lengthened slumber, and in looking round him is dissatisfied with his condition as compared with his fellows; but who, unable to estimate the real circumstances by which he is surrounded, readily falls a prey to the interested or ignorant suggestions of others.

It is well known that the agricultural labourer differs very materially in different parts of England. In some parts of England he is very well off; in some of the southern counties his condition is very degraded; in the eastern counties it is much disputed, but, though it has steadily progressed, it is still very

far from satisfactory. The average increase in the wages of the rural labourers during the last forty years has been about 15 per cent, accompanied by a diminution in their toil, owing to the introduction of machinery, and by an improvement in many parts of England in their dwellings. But still they fall behind, in moral, material, and intellectual advantages, all other classes of operatives in the country. The rioting and violence which marked their sense of injustice or misfortune forty years ago have disappeared. But without recrimination and animosity they have exhibited and are continuing to exhibit much steadiness of determination, and on the whole a reasonable resolution, to procure an advantageous change in their general surroundings. And before we are in a position fairly to criticise the attitude which they have adopted, we must understand what is the position from which they wish to escape, and what have been the principal causes which have determined its character.

Probably no class in the kingdom has suffered more from a lax administration of the Poor-laws than the agricultural labourers. It was not till the war of American independence and the long struggles with France that the pauperising agencies at work in the country were fully detected; but since that time they have forced themselves into notice, and have been recognised as seriously oppressive. And in regard to the class now under notice, in the first thirty or forty years of this century the adoption of what is known as the allowance system must inevitably have led to its degradation to an extent from which recovery must necessarily be a gradual process. Under that system, the parish authorities were in the habit of granting relief to those in employment—in other

words, of supplementing wages out of a public fund. Whatever the motives for such a reckless administration of parish relief, it was too conspicuously in the immediate interest of the farmers to obtain this formidable addition to the wage fund at their command to admit of its being discontinued for want of a cordial and interested support. It is impossible to conceive of any more demoralising form of wholesale charity. By unduly stimulating population—by artificially preventing wages from falling to that minimum which is called the starvation-point, and which secures the equilibrium between the demand and supply of labour—by taking in the form of rates from the able-bodied labourers and the classes above them the funds wherewith to supplement the wages of the less efficient, one dead level of want was established in the class. Population started forward at a rapid rate, wages sank to a level below starvation-point, till, in fact, allowance and wages together left the labourers as badly off as they were with wages alone before the system commenced. Such a system cut in two ways. It sapped the virtue and the independence of the better portion of the class by depriving them of any incentive to industry and enterprise; it encouraged the less deserving in idleness and carelessness by guarding them against the consequences of their acts. Under it the labouring classes in the agricultural counties sank to a lower level than they had reached at any time during the previous century. The market price of labour was reduced below what would enable them to exist, and their complete and widespread degradation was the inevitable result.

A wiser administration of the Poor-laws found the agricultural labourers oppressed by the con-

sequences of the system to which we have alluded. But the recovery was a difficult, almost an impossible, process. To elevate the standard of life amongst those who have sunk to the lowest level of circumstances compatible with the maintenance of animal existence, is a task of enormous weight. And their helplessness was further increased by this, that low feeding incapacitated them from sufficient labour to command reasonable wages; and until their wages were increased, it was impossible for them to gain that additional physical strength which seems to be an essential preliminary to any substantial improvement in their condition. During the last forty years, therefore, the class which is said to have bettered its position by at least 15 per cent has had difficulties and degradation to contend against of almost insuperable and insupportable weight. It has now arrived at that stage when it is determined to make a united and almost despairing effort to progress; and we can hardly wonder if it makes serious mistakes, if it underrates its advantages compared with its capacities, if it lends too ready a faith to those who do not comprehend its position, but who are ready with trenchant ignorance to trace all its sufferings to the class immediately above them, the tenant-farmers.

It is impossible to imagine a greater blunder than to attribute to the employers the presence of the serious evils under which the whole class is groaning, unless it is clearly and satisfactorily made out that the farmers are, and have been, in concert amongst themselves, withholding from the men the fair market price of their labour. If they are or were doing that, a strike is a legitimate mode of compelling payment of what is due. If they are not withholding the fair market

price of labour, but, on the contrary, paying all that it is worth, it is intolerable that a parcel of untaught philanthropists should lay down the doctrine that the labourers' condition is to be bettered by transferring to their pockets moneys which properly belong to the farmers.

It is earnestly to be desired that the men should rise in the social scale, and be enabled to command the necessaries and comforts of life in greater abundance. But the difficult question before us is, How is the necessary improvement to be effected without injustice to others? It must be done by increasing their efficiency, however that is to be effected. There is no more reason—always assuming that their wages hitherto have represented the market price of their labour—for supplementing those wages by a forced contribution from the farmers, than from the bench of bishops. And yet the Bishop of Manchester, without taking the trouble to satisfy himself whether the men were justly paid their due, but merely satisfying himself that they received sums which were disproportioned to their reasonable wants, rushed into the controversy with a zeal and passion which could, under no circumstances, have been of any service, and which have served to render the discord more serious and more determined. With a random theory about "equitable wages" which a child could refute, he put a public affront upon the whole body of Suffolk farmers. He called on them to restore the allowance system out of their own pockets, and charged them with insanity for not reverting to the fruitful cause of all this degradation; and, in effect, urged on the men to a course which has proved disastrous beyond all our anticipations. It is well that even bishops should think before they act, and should understand

the difficulties and complexities of a great social problem, before they attempt the responsible task of aiding in its solution.

Now, what was the position of the farmers with regard to the men before this outbreak? We must remember that they have for a generation been surrounded by a class which it is on all hands admitted have been reduced, largely by the imprudences and follies of others, to a very degraded condition. The two striking features in the whole of this sad history are, first, that the relations of masters and men have been such as to gain the epithet of "paternal," from which it is fairly urged that the men ought now to be emancipated; and secondly, that they have also been such, that not even this bitter contest can wholly quench the kindly feelings which have been established between them.

Many of the men who have joined the Union, and are now locked out, have only been kept out of that other Union, the parish workhouse, by the paternal system which they are all so much deprecating. The 'Times' correspondent speaks of several who had been on the same farm all their lives as men and boys (in one case over fifty years), and, being past anything like rough work, had been kept on by the farmer from sympathy and old association. Some of these old men seem to have joined the Union in the belief that it was a sort of friendly benefit society, and some from a chivalrous reluctance to stand aloof from the men around them, who were, as they thought, fighting their battle. An instance is given of one old man of seventy-five, who had been kept in work at 12s. a-week. He had at last joined the Union and had been locked out. "What do you mean to do when this business is over?" said his mas-

ter; and the old man meekly answered that he thought he might "emigrate and do a little gardening in America." "That old fellow," said another farmer, pointing to a grey-haired man in a group of locked-out labourers, "helped to carry my father and mother to the grave. We have supported him and his in illness, and employed him winter and summer, when we had to go out of our way to find something for him to do, yet this is our reward." But there is abundant evidence that the kindness on one side, and faithful service on the other, have not been thrown away, in spite of the present strife. Months of suffering, and anxiety, and discord, have not wholly destroyed the friendly feelings between masters and men. That these friendly relations have been severely strained by the length and intensity of the quarrel, we cannot doubt; but that they existed in great strength is proved by the tone of mutual respect and consideration which has prevailed between them. With this state of things, surely not to the discredit of either party to the strife, the elements of discord are these. The labourers have progressed to that sad point at which they are conscious of much that is miserable in their condition, not merely in the case of individuals, but in the incidents and circumstances of their class. They are weighed down by their numbers, and by the inefficiency and helplessness of many of their members. The burden of all this does not fall exclusively on their own shoulders. The farmers have had to endure also. They have had to put up with inefficient work, which is not worth higher wages, and which is not likely to be improved until higher wages have enabled the men to obtain more nourishing and strengthening food. Then the

inefficient and helpless are also a burden on the farmers; for it is part of the paternal system which we have described, that by custom and by kindly feeling the mere fact of their being *ascripti glebæ* constitutes a moral claim for support, and thus the motives for giving employment are not always those which political economy would sanction. Is it not madness, and more than madness, to encourage the men to believe that the goal of a better life is to be obtained by a simple transfer to them of the money which properly belongs to the farmers, and which they are not yet capable of earning for themselves? Heartily as we sympathise with them, we must remember that their privations have been largely tempered by the class against whom they are arrayed, and that the proposed remedy of higher wages will be no remedy at all, unless those wages are really earned.

We will now describe the course which the quarrel has taken, and comment, in a spirit of as complete impartiality as we can, upon the line of conduct which each side has adopted. We are not in any way connected with either the proprietorship, tenancy, or cultivation of the soil, and have no conscious bias in favour of either of the parties concerned; and we will endeavour to be strictly just even to the paid agitators about whom we hear so much, and who, we must frankly confess, do not appear to us, considering the class to which they belong, and the excitement under which they speak and act, to merit all the hard things which have been said about them. We are indebted for the facts of the case chiefly to the 'Times' correspondent, whose letters are on all hands admitted to contain accurate statements, and whose tone is one of great fairness to all concerned. It is, in our judgment, impossible to speak too highly of

the manner in which the writer has discharged a difficult duty.

In the spring of 1873, the Agricultural Labourers' Union and the Farmers' Association were both in their infancy. Soon after they were formed, the labourers in the neighbourhood of Exning asked for, and the farmers granted, an increase of wages of 1s. a-week. The rate of wages was previously 12s. The men say they owe this increase to the existence of the Union; while the farmers assert that they granted it of their own free will, under no pressure or dictation, and that the Union had nothing whatever to do with the matter. However this may be, the demand made in February of this year, at a time when the price of farm produce was falling, for another increase of a shilling a-week, was certainly made under the direction of the Union executive, and may probably be traced back to the belief of the men that the success of their first demand was due to the existence of the Union. The farmers took alarm, not wholly, nor even chiefly, at the prospect of another rise in wages, but from a natural feeling of strong dislike to being subject to foreign interference, and to having demands for increased wages made upon them suddenly at the instigation of outsiders, at seasons when labour must be had upon any terms. The increase of wages was accordingly refused, and therefore the men entered upon a strike. The next step was taken a few days afterwards, when the Newmarket District Farmers' Association met at Newmarket, and resolved to make no alteration in hours or wages, and to lock out Union men so long as the men continued on strike. On the 24th of March they adopted the further resolution that "members of the Association should not in future employ any man to work for them

who was a member of the Union." Probably the originators of this resolution had sound and sensible reasons for resolving not to employ men who had entered into a Union in which good faith and justice to the masters were not considered, and which was simply a combination on the part of the labourers to extort, by any means which their executive might think effective for the purpose, all they could for themselves. If, before passion and obstinacy had run high, it could have been suggested to the farmers, who had lost no time in combining for their own defence, that union in itself was no crime, but a source of strength to both masters and men, and that all that was ultimately necessary for masters and men was that the Union of each should respect the just rights of the other, the quarrel might have ended long ago. But the rank and file of the East Suffolk farmers took up the cry of "no Union," shouted it loud till they felt that their character for firmness and consistency was at stake, and, *coûte qui coûte*, right or wrong, they must go on shouting it still. All hope of averting the war was over; and it was the saddest of all wars—a civil war, in which, whoever conquered, all must suffer. The lock-out, as it is called, or refusal to employ Unionist labourers, rests for its vindication simply upon its necessity as a strategic move. Whilst the rules of a Union contain, like those of the Lincolnshire League, provisions for taking the employers in detail, and supporting a limited number of men on strike with the wages of those at work, so as to fight the farmers with their own funds, at times and seasons when they may be taken at a disadvantage, a lock-out is as justifiable as a strike. But it is necessary to distinguish between the lock-out as a strategic move prompted by

menaces, and justified by necessity, and a lock-out adopted and persisted in, in order to destroy the very principle to which it owes all its own efficacy—viz., the principle of combination. It is useless to argue this as a question of right. It is indisputable that a labourer has a right to say, if he likes, that he will not work without double his market wages; and that, so far from a farmer being disentitled to lock-out his men, he has a right to do so as he pleases, from caprice or dislike, or any reasons, good, bad, or none at all. These are the "rights" on both sides; and when they are laid down they do not advance matters one bit. The two "rights" on either side taken together in all their plainness and directness, make one insufferable wrong to the whole community.

We cannot look upon the two classes as so completely at arm's length as this. They must be considered to have the relative rights and duties of parties to a potential contract, classes who in different capacities are intrusted with the cultivation of the soil of their country. They must be regarded as persons who ought to be selling and buying labour, and who in a healthy state of society would stand to one another in the relationship of employers and employed on fair and equal terms, giving and receiving the market price of labour. A combination to put down the principle of union is a contradiction in terms. The very principle of its existence is destructive of its aims and a death-blow to its cause. It cannot be too strongly asserted, especially in the hour of the probable victory of the farmers over the men, that a lock-out, like a declaration of martial law, is justifiable only by necessity; and that when its necessity is past, whether from the opposing unions reforming their rules or the men themselves

awakening to a sense of the position, it ceases to be right and becomes oppressive and wrong. The men have an absolute right to combine, and the farmers should be contented with stipulating that the rules of the unions should not be framed as a standing menace to them, and with taking in their agreements the necessary precautions against surprise and unfairness.

Such is the view which we take of the reciprocal duties of the two classes; and without pretending to draw the line and say when this lock-out ceased to be justifiable and became oppressive, we will content ourselves with appealing to the farmers, if, as in all probability they will, they come successfully out of the strain of harvest-time, to withdraw from an untenable position, and admit that principle of combination which all the manhood and self-respect of their labourers are now pledged to support. Otherwise, victory will be worse than defeat. You cannot fetter freemen in the exercise of their right, and, at the same time, demand from them efficient and faithful service.

To proceed with our narrative of the struggle: on the one side, from the outset, were not, for the most part, the large holders, but hard-working men with all their capital staked in their farms, men who had done their best to be kind and good masters, who had helped their men in sickness and old age, and had had many of them on their farms nearly all their lives—not men of very high education and cultivation, nor capable of getting any great amount of comfort out of the principles of political economy, such as that wages cannot permanently rise beyond the market price of labour, and so forth. They knew that they had hard work to make ends meet—that whether times

were good or bad, the demands upon them were heavy and constant; and they felt it hard that when the returns of the year were at stake, and they must have labour at any price, their men should be urged on by others to excessive and unreasonable demands. Possibly the action of these outsiders is considerably exaggerated. Their language is often irritating and offensive; they seem to be intruders applying the match to the explosive agencies at work around them. It is difficult, however, to say how far the discontent of the labourers is derived from within or inspired from without. According to the 'Times' correspondent, however, it would seem that, as a matter of fact, "strikes are not ordered or even suggested by the central executive, but originate in every case with the local branches composed of the men who strike. The executive more frequently forbid than authorise strikes." At all events, the farmers believed that the pressure came from strangers inspired only by interested and selfish motives, and the belief was as exasperating as the threatening character of the actual position.

Under the influence of this exasperation, they did not limit the action of their lock-out by a simply defensive policy; but in a spirit of strong aggression they committed themselves to the wholly untenable theory, that the men had no right to combine—that the union of labourers was of necessity wrong and mischievous. Before they recovered from the anger which had driven them to this proposition, they discovered that it was to their interest to stick to it—that they could save at once their pockets and their dignity by persisting in the demand for no union. The farmers have probably saved money by the strike; a circumstance which,

while it shows that wages were not depressed below their market level, as the Bishop of Manchester assumed, also shows that a numerous class is in a most serious position. Signs were not wanting that many of the farmers felt that the lock-out of Union men was wrong in principle; "but it is hard to convince men whose interest it is to remain unconvinced;" and the farmers had discovered that they could do without the labour which they had rejected with so high a hand. The work on the farms was well in advance. By the increased use of machinery, by working more themselves, and in some instances by substituting crops which demanded less labour than those they were in the habit of growing, they had got on very well without the men, had saved week by week considerable sums which would have gone in wages, had learned by practical experience many ways of economising labour, and of permanently diminishing the number of their hands, and, above all, had had the satisfaction of having their own way, and teaching the men that they could do without them.

Let us now look at the position of the other parties to the combat—the labourers. To form an estimate of their actual condition as compared with that of artisans or with the condition of agricultural labourers forty years ago, it is necessary to consider three widely differing accounts. There is, first, the *coulour de rose* view, of which Lady Stradbroke may be taken as the exponent; secondly, the directly opposite view, set forth by Mr Arch, of the ignorance, poverty, dependence, and helplessness of the average farm-labourers; thirdly, there is a view of their position which occupies intermediate ground, and which is derived from a statistical and very unromantic and un-

rhetorical document—namely, the farmers' wages-book of the actual wages paid for agricultural labour. The two first views are not in reality as contradictory as they are represented, and as they look at first sight. It is possible to live in a pretty cottage, and even to have rosy children who attend a Sunday-school and have a treat of tea and buns at harvest and Christmas, and at the same time to be very ignorant and hopeless and unduly dependent. We may be permitted to doubt whether a very much higher degree of material comfort than can be purchased with the maximum agricultural wages can insure a happy and contented life. People who hold the *coulour de rose* view are apt to forget that when a man can once provide the bare necessities of life for himself and his family, to aspire to some sense of independence, to have something to strive for, and some reasonable hope of getting it, will do far more to insure his happiness and content than a few scanty luxuries doled out in charity to himself and his children. In the words of a leading article in the 'Times' newspaper: "Unless a system fosters hopes, and gives range and opportunity for their fulfilment, all the kindness in the world fails to satisfy." Landlords, and still more landlords' ladies, will hope by means of their benefit clubs and charities to make their villages models of rural happiness and content. "The feudal relation has many charms in it, particularly to the feudal superior;" but while 95 per cent of agricultural labourers are in debt, and 80 per cent cannot write their own names,* we need not expect, nay, we do not desire to see them cheerful and contented with their condition. A position of poverty and dependence, tempered

by kindness, may wear a very different aspect, according as you fix your attention on the poverty or on the kindness. A reference to our third authority—the farmers' wages-book—suggests the conclusion that their condition has steadily improved; and that it is not, taking all the circumstances into consideration, very much behind that of town workmen. "That they are better off than they have been is proved by the very fact of their unwonted courage and ambition." Coals and meat are dear; but nearly all the other necessities of life are cheaper than they were, and wages have risen from 8s. to 13s., 14s., or 15s. a-week. That their lot does not compare (relatively to their capacity for work and other circumstances) unfavourably with that of town labourers, is partly proved by their extreme reluctance to go into the towns. However bad country cottages may be, the worst of them will not compare with the dwellings of the London poor, where a back-room, 8 or 9 feet square, is let for 2s. 6d. or 3s. a week. The cottage to himself with a garden, and perhaps an allotment, and fresh air and healthy occupation, make the country labourer, upon a nominal wage of 13s., a richer man than the town labourer upon a guinea. The National Union Executive had to warn locked-out members that such of them for whom they could provide work in the north of England, must either take such work or forfeit the Union allowance.

But the question at issue has long ceased to be one of wages. Probably nine-tenths of the people who have watched the struggle would agree that the men would be better in every way for better wages, but that the farmers are no more able than the bishops to alter the

* See Mr Ball's speech at Newmarket, April 15.

rate of wages. Magnanimous exhortations from "independent supporters of the Union" to men who are struggling hard to maintain themselves upon their farms, and to make ends meet, are naturally exasperating, and do more harm than good. They are like the generous advice recorded by St James,— "Depart in peace, be ye clothed and fed,"—without any troublesome afterthought as to providing the food, clothes, or extra wages. The question of wages is purely one of political economy, to be settled by the labourers themselves. If they stay in a neighbourhood where there is such a surplus of them that in one county 2000 can remain idle and scarcely be missed, they must live either out of the wages-fund or the poor-rates, and must all be proportionally poor. That they are slow to move, and slower still to emigrate, we cannot wonder. Educated people are loath to leave home and country and friends; and to these poor people, unused to read and unable to write, such a prospect can only be compared with death—involving utter separation from all they have held dear, and life under circumstances which they cannot even conceive or imagine.

We repeat, the question at issue now is not one of wages at all, but is this—"Are the men to be allowed to belong to a Union?" are they to be allowed to combine as their masters have done, and as the workmen of every other trade have done? We trust that the victors in this struggle, mindful of the past and careful for the future, will not push their victory to a disastrous result. Some nobler principle than that of *vis victis* should govern their decision and their conduct. If the masters have shown some strength and determination in doing without their men, the men have shown

more—under circumstances of as great suspense and greater suffering—in answering this question in the affirmative, and asserting their liberty and independence. For four weary months they have been subsisting upon the Union allowance of nine shillings a-week, with nothing to do, with none of the resources of educated people, and no money wherewith to amuse or employ themselves. The weariness must have been as hard a test as the poverty. But their courage and determination have been aroused by what is in fact an attempt to restrict their natural rights. Public opinion will not support the farmers in resolutely imposing this unwise and impolitic restriction. However inconvenient and injurious the action and influence of Unionism may be to both parties—and we have nothing to say in favour of it, for we believe it often means tyranny over the men, and serious loss to employers—nevertheless, if one party is resolved to resort to it, it is not in the power of the other party to prevent it without resorting to absolute oppression. On one farm the effect of the threatened lock-out was to raise the number of unionists from 3 to 20. In many villages non-unionists have subscribed for the benefit of the locked-out labourers. "The keenest and most uncompromising unionists," says the 'Times' correspondent, "are to be found amongst the women. I feel sure that the husbands and brothers of some I have heard talking dare not 'desert the good cause,' or, if they did, life would become to them a bitterness and a burden." Glasgow miners, Manchester artisans, Dorsetshire peasants, have all held meetings to show their sympathy for the locked-out labourers; while Trades-unions in all parts of the country have united to supply the Agricultural Labourers' Union with

funds to carry on the battle. Popular traditions are as usual forthcoming to sustain their courage, and the people talk of a prophecy in 1774 that they would get the better of their masters in 1874.

Surely the farmers will not think it prudent to face this concurrence of disapproval, when they have no longer menaces to quell, and piecemeal defeat to fear. Looking back on the contest, they must feel, as they have often complained, that they have had to fight their battle alone. In the first place, their efforts to extend the area of the lock-out have not succeeded. The Norfolk Farmers' Association expressed their sympathy and offered their assistance, but declined to follow their example. Then, again, the numerous attempts at arbitration have shown not merely that educated sympathy is upon this point on the side of the men, but that in reality the men are undergoing defeat,—in fact, the leaders of this strike have reckoned without their host, and the consequences which have ensued have baffled all their speculations. It is now time to appeal to the other side not to forswear all generosity, but to approach the consideration of the question in a spirit of equity and fairness, and to respect that passion for freedom and right which is the backbone of the English character in all classes. The different attempts at settlement of this difficulty by arbitration are important to be noted.

1. The first attempt to make peace came early in April from Mr Ball, a delegate of the Union, who offered to receive proposals from the masters. The one condition he made was that the men should retain their connection with the Union. This overture the masters rejected, and said they would stand to the condition that the men must give up membership

of the Union and apply individually to be taken on again.

2. The next suggestion of terms of compromise was from Mr Mundella on April 11. These terms the National Union were ready to endorse, but they were again refused by the farmers.

3. Then the Littleport branch of the Agricultural Labourers' Union offered to return to work upon the following terms: (*a.*) That the lowest rate of wages paid for work by the day should be 15s. a week. (*b.*) That if either employers or men should wish at any time to change this rate of wages, they should not do so without giving six months' notice on either side. (*c.*) That no man should be required to leave the Union. These proposals were also rejected.

4. Then followed a proposal as futile as its predecessors from Lord Waveney, that committees of arbitration should be formed of resident landowners in each Union, and suggesting a basis for calculating wages.

5. The Speaker of the House of Commons next offered himself as mediator. He suggested to the chairman of the League certain modifications of the objectionable rules, and recommended the farmers to recognise the Union. They met in private to consider this recommendation, and decided that they could not request the Labourers' Union to make any modifications of the Union, and that they would not submit to any recognition of the Unions. "Let us so fight the Union now," said one orator, "that we may never hear of it again. There is no middle course. Arbitration stinks in the nostrils of us all, and I hope we shall have nothing to do with it."

6. On May 7, Mr Samuel Morley, M.P., Mr Dixon, M.P., and some other gentlemen, met a deputation of

farmers to negotiate terms of compromise, and this was the one attempt at arbitration which was attended with even partial success. The Lincolnshire Labour League suspended their objectionable rules with a view to withdrawing them altogether; on May 23 the strike and the lock-out were simultaneously withdrawn; and on May 25 the Lincolnshire men returned to their work.

The Lincolnshire labourers were only a very small number compared with those of Suffolk, but still it was a point which might serve as an important and significant precedent that the Lincolnshire farmers had recognised their right to combine.

Mr Morley and Mr Dixon then applied to the council of the National Union to ask whether the council would authorise them to state to the Suffolk farmers that the locked-out labourers would resume work without any increase on the present wages if the lock-out were withdrawn and the Union recognised. To this proposal the council agreed. The farmers of Newmarket and of Bury St Edmunds met, and again refused to recognise the Union. "Not a single voice was raised in favour of compromise, arbitration, or indirect recognition of the Union in any way."

A few days afterwards the National Union, while agreeing still to refer to arbitration, cancelled their assent to Mr Morley's proposal, and affirmed that any settlement which did not secure increased wages would be unsatisfactory. And thus ended in smoke the last and most important attempt at settling the dispute.

At the beginning of June there were about 2000 men locked out. On June 6 the West Suffolk Farmers' Defence Association met, and resolved, "That this Association cannot recognise the unions as at

present constituted; and until the time and power of striking are modified, and the course of action now adopted by the unions discontinued, it must decline the overtures of the independent supporters of the unions." This resolution was explained to mean that the association would have nothing whatever to do with delegates, and would decline the overtures of independent supporters of the unions, till the striking power was expunged from the union rules, till the voices of Mr Arch, Mr Ball, and Mr Taylor were no more heard to influence the men, and till the 'Labourers' Chronicle' was suppressed. According to this arrangement, unionism would or might continue to exist; but so far from there being thereafter any effective combination of the men even for legitimate and proper objects, only a union of that harmless sort in which the farmers, and not the combiners, were to judge what were fit and proper objects to combine for, would be allowed. With a union so constituted, the farmers would consent to negotiate; but obviously the men would scarcely find it worth their while to belong to it. Undoubtedly the permitted union would be a very "harmless" union indeed. As one of the delegates sarcastically said about it, "If the men would allow their hands to be tied behind them, the employers would be ready to fight them." Each party to the quarrel down to that date would only submit to arbitration upon the condition of imposing beforehand upon the arbitrator the terms which he considered just and proper upon the points in dispute. Arbitration upon that principle may settle international disputes, where one side is resolute and the other submissive; but it will hardly, under any circumstances, do more than cover an

acknowledged defeat and a permanent dependence.

The principal event of the struggle, which still remains to be spoken of, is the successful getting in of the hay harvest, or, as it is called in Suffolk, the "haysel." This had been looked forward to as a crisis, when the farmers would no longer be able to do without the labourers; but the crop in most parts of Suffolk was a light one, and by aid of machinery, and of such help as they could get, it was gathered in without the help of the union men. Reaping and mowing machines replace skilled labour, and unskilled labour is plentiful. Some of the farmers about Newmarket have already arranged for their harvest labour at rates of £11 or £12; and it is rumoured that 2000 Irish peasants (whatever they may be worth) are on their way to the eastern counties in search of work. There seems to be no panic or dismay amongst the farmers at the near prospect of the harvest; while to the men, who, even when in full work, look forward to the harvest-money to clear off old scores and set them straight for the coming year, the loss of it, after living for months upon their bare subsistence allowance from the union, will be a bitter disappointment. Bitterness and ill feeling, and doubts of the omnipotence of the union, are creeping in amongst them; and in spite of the proud assertion made to them at a very early stage of the struggle, that "funds would last as long as the lock-out, and one week longer," they cannot fail to see that the beginning of the bitter end is at hand. An expedition of some sixty or seventy of them—which in some of its incidents presented a really pathetic and mournful character—started on July 1 on a "pilgrimage" to the large towns of the manufacturing districts to elicit

sympathy and support. There was keen competition amongst the men, tired of their fourteen weeks' idleness, for the privilege of joining this expedition; but neither songs, banners, nor blue ribbons, can hide the fact that the march is of the nature of a forlorn hope. The harvest once over, no reasonable person can doubt the power of the Suffolk farmers to do without union labourers. It is true that, as Lord Waveney has pointed out, they must after the harvest time have abundant labour to clean, manure, and crop the land. But by abandoning high-pressure farming, by using machinery, and employing the wives and children of those who remain, there is no doubt that the farmers will succeed, though it will involve less production, obtained by less cost. And then, in the hour of their triumph, they may, without any injury to their pride, be at once generous to their opponents and careful of their own interests; and, by recognising the unions and modifying their laws, may make friends with their men again, and abstain from driving out to other fields the best and ablest among them. If they still refuse to do this, the victory, however complete for the farmers, will be a very sorry one for Suffolk, and a very temporary one for those immediately concerned. The strong, sturdy, and independent men will go, and those who will give up their union tickets and remain, will be the weak, old, sickly, and encumbered, who will be left to occupy the places, and draw the wages, of their stronger and more independent comrades. Their memory as heroes will remain behind them, and ten or twenty years hence, the battle will be fought again; for the dream of the farmers that they can break up the union once and for all is, we suspect, an idle one. Experience has

shown that, even with a union at their backs, workmen cannot carry their demands beyond a just level without the consequences recoiling upon themselves. It is the fashion just now for them to put an overweening trust in the principle of combination; and the stronger the opposition to their unions, the greater will be the tenacity with which they will cling to them. The truth will ultimately prevail, that unions, besides the tyranny which they inflict upon the men, are powerless to increase the value of labour, and therefore its market price. The combinations of masters should rest secure in that principle, and devote themselves simply to guard themselves against surprise and oppressiveness, and to secure a fair and even ground on which the contracting parties may approach each other. The present struggle will have taught the men of East Suffolk a lesson; and their masters will enlist the sympathy of the country without weakening the force of the lesson by a generous recognition of their right to combine, not for the injury of the masters, but for the protection of their own interests, and the good of the order to which they belong.

If the struggle ends thus—by the victors yielding, we may hope to see many benefits result from it. Greater economy of labour will be effected, and, by adopting more generally the system of piece-work, time and supervision will be spared, and men who honestly work their best will no longer be on a disheartening level with idlers. Many of the farmers will have learnt by experience, for the first time in their lives, how much may be done by a good hand working his best; and they will be more able to exact a good day's work, and more willing to pay liberally for it.

It will also have tended to discourage the "largesso" system, which, however much it may at times promote good-feeling, is not a system which, in the long run, can advantageously be allowed to colour the whole relations of two classes of men. A fair day's work for a fair day's pay, money's worth for money paid, should be the basis of those relations. The relations of masters and servants living on the same estate, as in the case of living in the same house, will always in a healthy state of society be tempered by reciprocal good-feeling and mutual consideration. But the struggle to be independent will always accompany increased efficiency and growing education. It may be unduly stimulated by unionism, but it is irrepressible, for it is founded in nature. Payments in kind of different sorts are put down at different values by the giver and the taker, and give rise to misunderstandings. Sir Edward Kerrison, in a letter to the 'Times' of April 18, said, "The whole labour question as now existing must be divested of all those benevolent or charitable adjuncts, which, with the most praiseworthy but most mistaken views, are imported into it; they only divert the real question at issue, that of wages, which of necessity must henceforth be based upon commercial principles." Sir Edward Kerrison was able to describe his estate as "an oasis in the desert of Lock-out and Strikes." When the lock-out began he called his tenants together, and asked them if they would, instead of joining the Lock-out, recognise the Union, on the withdrawal of the objectionable rules. This they consented to do, and he afterwards attended a meeting of the Agricultural Labourers' Union in his own neighbourhood, and explained to them how the rules were

arbitrary, and framed for the good of one side only; and how impossible it was that farming could be carried on under them. His efforts at peace-making were completely successful; and if landlords and farmers had, like him, tried to understand these unions, and to modify their rules by making the members of them see where such rules failed to be just and equal, it is possible that much of the bitterness of the present quarrel might have been avoided. Sir Edward Kerrison's estate is a model in other ways than in its freedom from the present strike. Villagers are eager for a bit of land whenever it can be had. They are willing to pay at the rate of £4, £5, or even £6 an acre, for their fractional bits of an acre, which is nearly three times as much as is paid by the farmer for the best land. Sir Edward Kerrison has upon his estate about 400 allotments, which are let at the rental of 10s. for a quarter of an acre to any men of good character who live near enough to the estate to be able to cultivate them. He does not restrict them to the labourers of his tenantry. The land is a source both of profit and of pleasant occupation, and serves to turn to good account many odd hours spent by them and their families in its cultivation. "The occupation often keeps them out of the beer-shop, and fills up time which would otherwise be spent in idleness or worse. They have a new interest in life, and one can trace the result of this quasi-proprietorship in the franker, freer bearing, the greater manliness of the men, as well as in a higher moral level." If the land is let to them at the same rate at which it would be let to the farmer, and is let directly from the landowner to the labourer, so as not to serve as a means to the farmer of keeping wages low, it is difficult to imagine any means more

likely to improve the peasant's position.

In conclusion, we only express the earnest wishes of all classes of the community that this strife should be brought to an end. We observe that in those pilgrimages which are instituted, the men collect money, while they have to apologise for the favourable contrast which their broad shoulders and fresh faces present to the pale-faced undersized men by whom in the towns they are welcomed and relieved. We notice also with regret that wilder and more violent language is being resorted to, and that a good deal of mischievous nonsense is stimulated by a sense of defeat. There are none of the signs of men confident that the difficulties of harvest will be their opportunity, and that they will shortly occupy a position of advantage.

We will not relinquish the hope that the leaders of this strike, if they find the ground falling from beneath their feet, will not endeavour to cover their helplessness by a recourse to violent and inflammatory language. The one hope of the situation is that the farmers will of their own free-will recognise the Union, taking the necessary guarantees, after all that has passed, for fair-play and open dealing. The labourers, and those who undertake to manage their affairs, must recollect that if the farmers can do without them, and, with less gross produce from their farms, realise equal or greater net returns, no power on earth can prevent their doing so, however disastrous it may be to the country to have its produce diminished, instead of doubled, as Lord Derby says it ought to be. The growing sentiment of independence involved in unionism may be, and obviously is, dear to the men; but a sense of security, a sense that after he has staked his capi-

tal he will not be robbed of its returns by the disloyalty of his men, is as essential to the farmer. And if it really is an ultimatum on the part of the men that they will have their own sentiment respected and maintained, they must beware how they increase the gulf between them and their late employers. There can be no final adjustment of this dispute, except upon terms of restoring to some extent mutual trust and confidence. The very nature of the work, and the dependence the farmer must place upon his men, that if he employs his capital in the land he shall be allowed to reap the fruits of it, all point to this result, that some other principles besides those of political economy pure and simple must help to regulate their relations. The agencies in bringing about an adjustment will be, the natural desire of the farmers to get as much produce as possible from their farms, and the dissatisfaction of the public at the work of cultivation being diminished in extent and efficiency by this prolonged and unhappy conflict. But these will be powerless against the sense of insecurity which a totally hostile feeling on the part of the men, or the absence of all guarantees from

vexatious surprises, will produce. A great responsibility rests upon those who have introduced this internecine strife between the different classes who are resident on the same land. It is only less in degree from that which might be infused amongst the occupants of the same house by the reckless introduction of the principles of combination and extreme assertion of right.

It is the genius of the age to foster this spirit. Philosophers applaud it, and wherever a commotion is excited, there are scores of professional politicians who are ready to ride into public notice by its aid. The East Suffolk farmers are, however, firm, obstinate, and enduring; and the proverbial timorousness of capital is aided by the conviction that, unless they are secured against unfairness, they have the option of dispensing with the services of their men. Under these circumstances, although we believe that they will be wise to withdraw from their contest against the principle of unionism, the efforts of the labourers and their leaders, if they wish for an adjustment, must be directed to mitigating the farmer's sense of insecurity, and to exhibiting a renewed wish for loyal co-operation and the faithful rendering of services.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCVIL

SEPTEMBER 1874.

VOL. CXVI

CONTENTS.

REVIEW OF THE SESSION,	249
ALICE LORRAINE: A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.—PART VII.,	267
THE GREEK FOOL,	286
THE DISAPPOINTING BOY,	298
PILCHARDS AND PILCHARD-CATCHERS; OR, HOW WE LIVE IN WEST PENWITH,	304
THE STORY OF VALENTINE; AND HIS BROTHER.—PART IX.,	319
TO CHARLES SUMNER: IN MEMORIAM. BY W. W. STORY,	342
INTERNATIONAL VANITIES: NO. VI.,	346
DIPLOMATIC PRIVILEGES.	
THE ANCIENT CLASSICS,	365

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET,
AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications must be addressed.



BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCVII.

SEPTEMBER 1874.

VOL. CXVI.

REVIEW OF THE SESSION.

THE ninth Parliament of Queen Victoria has closed its first session, without any great debates, harassing legislation, or disturbing projects. The strength of the Government has been amply proved, to the satisfaction of the country. The weakness and disunion of the Opposition have unfortunately exceeded our anticipations, and in reality excite misgivings as to the future efficiency of that Parliamentary control which it is their business to exercise. A disorganised Opposition weakens the authority of the House of Commons itself; nay, reacts to some extent on the well-disciplined forces which sit opposite to them. It is only a very thoughtless partisan who can view with unmixed satisfaction the present state of the Liberal party, deserted by their chief—who in his fitful appearances contradicts their most cherished principles—with divided leaders, and with the anomalous excrescence of Home Rule blighting the hopes and prospects of the most sanguine among them.

Time, however, may compose

their distractions, and restore the vigour of that party system which is the life of Parliamentary government. The old feelings of ascendancy, and the persuasion that Liberalism is the essence of English thought and feeling, do not desert the more sanguine amongst them: it is hard to think, as Mr Disraeli phrased it a quarter of a century ago, "that you belong to a party which can triumph no more." We observed in the discussions on the Endowed Schools Bill, that they exclaimed with sincere exultation at the imprudence of the Government "which," they said, "had by its conduct reorganised the Liberal party." The portentous threat implied in that reproach has ceased to exercise deterrent influence. The reorganisation of that party may be desirable in order to promote the effective working of our Parliamentary system; there are no signs of its becoming, for some time at least, a candidate for power.

The course of events during the session has shown that the country deliberately approves the verdict

which some think was hastily given at the last election. It was weary of the late Administration, and still more of the turbulent politicians who assumed to dictate its policy, and who evidently exercised over it an influence which it disliked, but dared not shake off. The new Government has been far more master of the situation than Mr Gladstone's Government ever was at any time after its introduction of the Education Bill of 1870. A Tory Government, so long as the spirit which animates it is national and popular, and is not contracted by cliquism, can always *govern* in the best sense of the word; a Liberal Government can at best only administer, and must either obey or elude the men who possess the machinery and apply the arts of outside agitation. Mr Disraeli has closed the session with his authority unquestioned in either House of Parliament; and although it has not been an eventful session, it is one which, as the first under Tory reascendancy, deserves to be attentively considered, with a view to understand the policy of the Government in the face of the new constituencies. Two inconsistent accusations were brought against the Government by Mr Gladstone. First, that they had in every department borrowed largely from the policy of their predecessors, and had in office awakened to a sense of the beneficial character of legislation which they had decried in Opposition. Second, that they had been the first to institute the revolutionary system of reprisals; and, in direct opposition to the precedent of Sir R. Peel's Government in 1841, had tried to reverse with their majority the policy which they had been glad to assent to when in a minority. And he warned them of the perils involved in such a precedent, having regard to a future date, when the reorganised Liberal party might resume the government

of the country. Both these charges were made in the debate upon the Endowed Schools Act Amendment Bill. The truth appears to lie between them. Owing to the unexpected advent of the Ministry to office, after a long exclusion, a month after Parliament ought to have been sitting, there had been no time to devise and elaborate a legislative policy of their own. The measures which they have passed in a session which has been curtailed by a third of its ordinary duration, have, however, been important, and we think satisfactory, both in themselves and in the spirit which animates them.

Mr Disraeli, at the Mansion House about a fortnight before the session closed, thus characterised the legislative work of his Ministry: "We have introduced some measures, the object of which was to redress the grievances of classes which they suffered under from previous legislation. We have sympathised with those classes and interests in Opposition; and when we acceded to power, we felt it our duty—and it was a duty we cheerfully performed—to attempt to realise the views we had expressed in Opposition. . . . We have taken the opportunity of passing a great measure which completes the Factory legislation of the country. . . . It is only an indication of the policy which it is our intention to pursue. . . . We have introduced a Bill with respect to the Church of Scotland which, if it passes,—and I have little doubt it will pass,—will in time, I hope, produce considerable results. With regard to the Church of England, we have felt it to be our duty to grapple with that mysterious disturbance which has now for no inconsiderable period perplexed and annoyed the people of this country."

We are disposed to find the chief ground for congratulating the English people on the reascendancy of

the Tory party in the altered tone of the country, in the improved relations between the Government and the people, and in the removal from the Cabinet of the hateful incubus of outside domination. It is in our judgment essential for good government that power and responsibility should go together—that a Ministry should feel itself free to guide, and, if necessary, to defer to the wisdom of Parliament, instead of attempting to override it at the dictation of extreme politicians, who monopolise that convenient abstraction called “Liberal principles.” Let any impartial observer, neutral in his party sympathies, contrast the state of things last January and November with the existing condition of affairs, and the state of public feeling with regard to them. The worst that the most virulent opponent of the present Government can offer to his imagination is the fear, such as was suggested in the debate on the Endowed Schools Act Amendment Bill, that some of the more exclusive members of the Cabinet or party are in favour of a narrow ecclesiastical policy, and would reclaim for the Church of England more endowments than perhaps, in a fair review of all the circumstances, she is legitimately entitled to. Or he may point to the utterances of some obscure members of the party in different places in the country, which point to narrow and restricted ideas of social policy and the relations of classes. We have seen such utterances collected for his benefit, and in order to excite his antipathies; and in a meeting of the Liberal Party over the Bill to which we have referred, one gentleman suggested that any errors and shortcomings of that sort should be diligently fostered, in order that the country should, by suffering the consequences, awaken to what he was pleased to call the evils of the system. But every man of sense feels at once that any

alarm on these grounds is absolutely infinitesimal. With a Cabinet presided over by Mr Disraeli, and largely influenced by men of the reach of mind of Lord Cairns and Lord Derby, and with a Parliament freed from the influence of such sinister counsels as those to which we have referred, there is ample security for the ultimate triumph of sound policy. There will always be a sediment of narrowness and exclusion, and, if you will, of stupidity, in the party of order and well-considered progress; and if its flavour permeate the whole party, as it did with limited constituencies generations ago, the catastrophe of Liberal ascendancy is not far off. But those who are true to the traditions of Toryism and the fame of its greatest statesmen far outweigh in influence and importance those against whom alone cavil has yet been directed; they are felt to be capable of guiding the opinion of the country, and securing in a responsible manner the solution of public questions. Such a conviction satisfies and contents the country. In the presence of its great reformed constituencies, it is no light thing to be assured that the destinies and policy of the country are under the guidance of experienced statesmen, instead of the irresponsible and mischievous domination of uninstructed leagues and self-confident demagogues.

In contrast with this soothed condition of public feeling, let us recall the circumstances of last winter. An autumnal agitation had been threatened, and begun with great pomp and ceremony. It was conducted by men of some ability and energy, and quite unfathomable pretensions. It was directed to expel religion from the schools of the country, to denounce the Education Act of 1870 “as the worst great Liberal measure since 1832,” for not taking out of the hands of the

ministers of religion the control of education, that cherished object of the Liberal party throughout Europe; to expand the trumpery difficulties about a trumpery clause in that Act into a platform for assailing and overthrowing the Established Church; to set class against class on the subject of "free land" and "free labour;" to set sect against sect on the subject of "free church" and "free schools;" and to threaten their leader that as he had carried an Irish Church Act and an Irish Land Act, he must either raise a new standard and start a revolutionary programme, or make way at once for those who would. The new constituencies were supposed to love burning questions, and favour their haphazard solution. What with the Birmingham League in England and the Association for Home Rule in Ireland, the issues were placed before the people with passion and energetic daring whether religion should be divorced from the State from one end of it to the other, and whether the empire should be dismembered. These were "burning" questions, and were placed before the country not without sympathy and open countenance by Cabinet Ministers; opinions subversive of the throne were or had been openly preached; Mr Gladstone had promised to think thrice about the House of Lords; the Nonconformists were in great measure arrayed in deadly hostility to the Church. In Mr Gladstone's manifesto to the people of Greenwich, he sheltered himself in ambiguous language on both of the momentous issues which we have mentioned. The same influences which had hurried him into "harassing legislation," worrying trades and professions, and covertly assailing all the institutions of the country, operated to restrain him from venturing as Prime Minister to guide

public opinion even on the most vital questions of State policy.

We do not suppose that Mr Gladstone's Cabinet in their inmost convictions differ very materially from the present Cabinet on subjects even of deep importance; where they do, they are less comprehensive and enlightened in their views, or, to use the jargon of their party, less "liberal." The difference in the result accrues from the essential difference in the organisation and in the spirit of the two political parties. While one is a mere coalition of discordant sects which do not even coalesce, governed by class interests and irresponsible followers, coerced by agitation—the other is a national and historical confederacy, which, in accordance with its genius and its traditions, aspires to govern from above and not from below, and, eschewing agitation, derives its strength from all classes with a view to a policy of justice towards all. (Quite irrespective of harassing legislation, the violence and impracticable temper of ambitious founders of leagues and agitations stimulated the renewed growth and vigour of Toryism, and laid, we trust, broad and deep, the foundations of a party which, in spite of some errors and some backward proclivities, can and will govern England on principles which will satisfy the most enlightened patriotism. And we get rid of an organisation which has long been tainted with transparent insincerity, which was dissolved by Mr Gladstone's "terrible earnestness," and which was frightened out of its wits by the menaces of those obscure individuals who sought to dictate his policy and shape his programme.

What, then, are the results of the downfall of the Liberal party and the reinstatement of Mr Disraeli's Government? It is no disparage-

ment of Ministerial labours during a short session, for which they had no time to prepare, if we place the extinction of all dangerous agitation foremost in our view of the improved character of the political situation. If we run through the principal questions of the day, we see at once the changed and more healthy attitude towards them both of the Government and the public. Who ever hears, at the present time, of the 25th clause of the Education Act? Six months ago the whole country, from one end of it to the other, was agitated and alarmed about the momentous questions which, it was pretended, lay concealed in a clause whose effect was to distribute amongst different denominations the paltry sum of £5000 a-year in the shape of children's school-fees. The clause was torn to shreds on every Radical platform, disestablishment was threatened, the Cabinet and the party were divided, Mr Gladstone, in his election address, spoke of it in measured and hesitating terms, and the country was perplexed and menaced. After the election, one word from Mr Disraeli buried the subject. If you mention the subject now as a grievance which six months ago was big with revolution, you would plead guilty to being under a mental craze, or your friend would probably treat you as having insulted his common-sense. And with regard to the whole subject of National Education the secularists are dumb; with the silence of the Birmingham League the objection of extreme people to the School Boards has died away, and this transcendent subject of elementary instruction is at last rescued from the blight of undue and unreasonable exaggeration.

Then take the subject of Home Rule in Ireland. The movement is the direct outcome of the Irish Church Act, and was in terms predicted by

the protest signed by several influential Peers on the rolls of the House of Lords. It is a fantastic and dangerous attempt to dismember the United Kingdom. The attitude of Mr Gladstone towards it when Prime Minister was, without much cause for reproach to him, necessarily influenced by the circumstance that the Home Rulers formed an important part of his majority, and therefore commanded from him a high bidding. The movement was the predicted Nemesis which pursued his Irish policy. The language which he used towards it—first of professed inability to understand what it meant, and next, especially in his Greenwich address, of studied ambiguity—was eminently fitted to increase its importance, and to encourage its adherents. Home Rule was a subject which last Christmas was growing into a serious public annoyance, if not a serious national peril. Under the influence of a Conservative majority—we are not referring to it for the purpose of blaming Mr Gladstone or applauding Mr Disraeli—the subject and the movement at once shrank into insignificance. So far from being driven to coquet openly with veiled rebellion in order to gain votes and secure support, the leader of a Tory majority can readily, and without sacrifice, assume towards it a tone worthy of an English Premier to a class of her Majesty's subjects who have, or think they have, a grievance. All classes of the public must prefer to see the representative of their sovereign, instead of deprecating the hostility of those concerned in such a movement as that—instead of encouraging dangerous hopes rather than lose doubtful support—adopt towards them the tone of superiority which Mr Disraeli has been enabled to take,—the tone of patronising encouragement to state their case

with moderation and fulness, that the House of Commons may see if peradventure any grievance really exists.

Such relations between a Prime Minister and a discontented band of Irish members is far more suited to the dignity of this country, far more calculated to soothe the susceptibilities and to allay the grievances of Ireland, than the tone of frightened helplessness which a Liberal leader, from the exigencies of his position, and not from choice, is often obliged to adopt. The following passage of a speech from Mr Disraeli, in allusion to Mr Butt, the leader of the Home-Rulers, amusingly illustrates the nature of his relations to them and their relations to him; which are infinitely more satisfactory than they were under Mr Gladstone's Government, and under which the political difficulty of Home Rule is not likely to excite and disturb the public mind.

"I have pleasure," said Mr Disraeli, "in admitting that the hon. and learned gentleman has addressed the House in a fair and moderate speech, and also that it is not the first fair and moderate speech which he has made on public affairs. I am sure that the hon. and learned gentleman and his friends, if they did not advance their peculiar views, would obtain for them an impartial consideration if they adopted that tone always in the House. . . . I have again to acknowledge the becoming manner in which the hon. and learned gentleman has conducted himself throughout the discussion. He has shown a proper sense of the dignity of the House, and his own position as a not undistinguished member; and I trust that the general spirit which his conduct has elicited may not be a useless lesson to those who have not so much experience as he has."

When these are the terms on which the governor of an empire

and an insurgent leader stand to one another, the insurrection is at an end, and a good understanding has begun. The subject of Home Rule has given rise to one Parliamentary discussion this session, but otherwise has receded from the public mind, and its promoters are felt to be helpless until a new turn in the wheel of political fortune may place in their hands the power to decide between rival parties.

The next subject which deeply interests every class of the English people, is the subject of organic changes in the electoral system. Every one who recollects the divided state of Mr Gladstone's Cabinet upon the question of household suffrage in the counties, the fictitious importance given to Mr Trevelyan's motion, the *quasi* royal message of Mr Gladstone to the House of Commons on the subject, his ambiguous reference to it in his election address, and Mr Forster's most fervent efforts a short time ago to regain on this subject the Radical confidences which he had forfeited by his Education policy, may congratulate himself upon Tory reascendancy. The Tory party, though equally ready to deal with reform as its opponents, never accepts the responsibility of opening these questions of organic change, and of inviting frequent and constant discussions of our representative system. It considers that the country has recently had a large meal of reform to digest, and that time is required to ascertain its working and its consequences. It considers also that a subject which, when opened, exhausts the energy of Parliament and the nation for years, may, when once it is settled, be fairly closed for at least the lifetime of a generation. There is no greater sign of a worn-out country, or feebler characteristic of a state—no surer sign of a purposeless and disorganised party—than a constant tend-

ency to reopen and experiment upon questions relating to the distribution of power. For twenty years, from the time when Lord John Russell's power was beginning to fail, to the time when the Whigs were finally "dished," the subject was always kept alive—brought forward to revive the party when in Opposition, laid on the shelf when they were in office. It was the reserve fund upon which they could always draw when in extremity. The measure of 1867 has, however, swept this ground from under their feet. Mr Disraeli is certainly the greatest living master of that subject. It is as completely his domain as it ever was that of Lord John Russell in his palmiest days, or as the subject of currency belonged to Sir Robert Peel, or of finance to Mr Gladstone. And in his speech upon Mr Trevelyan's motion, he has effectually convinced the House of Commons that unless the settlement of 1867-68 is regarded as final, the alternative is a revolution which no one but himself has contemplated or adequately comprehends. It must be borne home to the conviction of every borough in England, that household suffrage in the counties means the destruction of the borough representation of England. It means 1½ million of English county voters returning 187 members, and only 1¼ million of English borough voters returning 297 members; and that result is to be effected in the face of forty years' legislation tending in the direction of equal electoral districts. If the suffrage in town and county is to be equalised, every borough of less than 48,000 inhabitants must be prepared for total disfranchisement. Time will show whether the Liberal party can get up a successful agitation in favour of Parliamentary reform, in the face of consequences such as these; knowing, too, that the Tory leader, who has already once

taken the question out of their hands, and legislated upon it over their heads, is prepared to deal with it on the footing which we have described, and foresees under that arrangement a like triumph to his party to that which he has secured by the Act of 1867. Probably that speech—by showing that no factious advantage can be gained by Parliamentary reform, and that if revolution is forced on by unscrupulous agitators, the Tory party are perfectly ready to face it and direct it—has convinced the Opposition of the futility of their hopes, and has secured to the country the uninterrupted operation of the existing system. A sturdy resistance gives to an assailant purchase over his foe; but to unfold to him consequences which he never contemplated, and which may be of serious disadvantage to him, saps his energies, or at least destroys the ardour of his friends.

And even upon those two mysterious disturbances which perplex and offend the English people—ritualism and woman's suffrage—the existing House of Commons has shown a wise determination. Mr Gladstone himself, in a speech of more than ordinary power, reappeared in his place in Parliament to announce a vigorous determined contest, foot by foot, against the Public Worship Regulation Bill. The campaign was to be opened by six resolutions, which were introduced with a ceremony which recalled the famous resolutions against the Irish Church. He was supported by Mr Hardy, and on the first night of the debate it seemed doubtful to what results the irony of fate might lead us. To reorganise the Liberal party on high sacerdotal principles, in pursuit of an ecclesiastical policy which the Reformation has for ever stamped out of these islands, was a task which would rank Mr Gladstone with Van Espin himself. It is a

new thing for the English nation to hear the authority of a great Canonist quoted by the successor of Somers, Fox, and Russell, as superior to the common and statute law of the country, in order to regulate the relations of the bishops of the English Protestant Church. The feeling of the House of Commons was so strongly manifested against any tampering with the established religion, however feeble and superstitious the quarter from which such attack might come, that not even Mr Gladstone's eloquence availed to make a division prudent. The next day the six resolutions were withdrawn, silently and strongly condemned by this Conservative House, which resolves to adhere to the principles of the Reformation and the Reformed Protestant religion. The very same evening, only half an hour later, the fantastic bill to enfranchise women was withdrawn amid cheers and laughter. Poor Mr Forsyth, after twenty Conservatives had refused charge of the measure, with his volume of essays "rescued from oblivion," anxious for distinction, promised to devote "all his powers" to forward the scheme. He can scarcely have given satisfaction to his *protégées*, many of whom were in flat rebellion; and he can hardly advance his own interests by masquerading in the left-off clothes of gentlemen below the gangway.

So much for the negative results of the first session of the Tory Parliament. Negative perhaps is scarcely the fitting epithet for all purposes of description; for although they are not the consequences of the session's legislation, they are the conspicuous and happy results of a wise determination on the part of the English people to revert to their natural rulers, and restore their national party to its fitting predominance. The vessel of the State is now in absolutely

smooth water, except so far as ecclesiastical policy and occasional blasts of the *odium theologicum* may tend to ruffle the waves. And this leads us to consider the positive results of the recent legislative labours and the chief indications of Government policy, which hitherto have been mostly ecclesiastical.

No one can have read the books or watched the career of the present Prime Minister, without being aware of the importance which he attaches to the two subjects of Church policy and the condition of the people. And as he is now, for the first time in his long career, at the head of a majority, these two subjects are likely to come into prominence from a different point of view from that in which they have hitherto been regarded. The atmosphere of the last Parliament was strongly charged with the electricity of disestablishment. The aspirations of this are towards reconstruction and reform. With regard to the Church of Scotland, a serious error of policy had been committed in 1843 by Sir R. Peel and his two principal Secretaries of State, who often bitterly complained of having been misled by advice which they had received from that kingdom. Before that time the Church of Scotland had an overwhelming majority of adherents in every quarter of the land. Had the Act of this session been passed in that year, and had the people of that Church then been invested with the disposal of their endowments, the national establishment of that country would have been immensely strengthened in its influence and usefulness. The great secession of 1843, and the establishment of the Free Church, were the results of the erroneous policy then pursued. And probably the future biographer of Lord Aberdeen may trace in the history of this disastrous movement, as well as in that of the Russian war, the fruits of that

feeble and vacillating purpose which unfitted him for public life, and produced calamities which he was always the first to deplore.

Under these circumstances the Government determined to put an end to the system of lay patronage, which in 1843 had caused the secession, and which is the main ground of difference between the two Churches. The object of the Act is to promote reunion between them, by putting an end to the causes for division; and to substitute the simple expedient, which was the law before the Act of Queen Anne—viz., that the people worshipping in a particular place should have the election of the minister. Such a rule has ancient custom in its favour, is simple and reasonable, and is in accordance with the strongest wishes of the Scotch people, who, on principle, are strongly opposed to the system of lay patronage. It is a remarkable circumstance that, on the one hand, the Scotch people petitioned strongly in favour of the Bill, and, on the other, the Scotch clergy unanimously assented to it. Moreover, not a single member of the Free Church had anything to say against the abolition of lay patronage. Not a single patron whose proprietary rights were assailed petitioned against the measure. There were 280 petitions against it, but they in terms asked for its rejection because they desired disestablishment and disendowment. A very influential member of Mr Gladstone's Cabinet, the Duke of Argyll, strongly supported the measure, and spoke on behalf of the majority of lay patrons. He said that for twelve or fourteen years the Church of Scotland had been contemplating alterations in its system of patronage. He welcomed the measure, though when appealed to in former years he had dissuaded the leaders of the Church from

going to Parliament on the subject, giving as his reason that all questions between Church and State were, in his opinion, in a condition of absolute chaos. "Bishops without jurisdiction, clergy without discipline, churches without government, and religion without theological opinion,—these appear to be the devoutest aspirations of some public writers." Lord Napier and Ettrick thought the Government entitled to the gratitude of the great majority of Scotchmen, irrespective of creed and party, for introducing the measure. "Patronage was not, in his view, objectionable in the abstract, and it provided the Church with the zealous ministers who quitted it in 1843; but it was repugnant to the temper of the people. There were nonconformist bodies in Scotland at present which drew the motives for their dissent from various causes; but there never had been any secession from the Church of Scotland at any period, or of any character, into which the question of lay patronage had not in some degree entered. Though that question had not been the chief motive with the clergy who had engaged in these movements, it had been the principal cause which had influenced the laity. The Government had therefore taken a wise course in putting an end to lay patronage."

With this concurrence of approval in favour of the measure, which ultimately passed the House of Commons by a majority of 198, or nearly three to one, Mr Gladstone, whom neither the question of the dismemberment of the empire, or another revolution in our electoral system, notwithstanding the responsibilities he has incurred upon them, could tempt from his retirement, rushed back to town in order to mingle in an ecclesiastical fray. He was received with a portentous welcome from his rival, calculated to heighten

the effect of his subsequent discomfiture. But the motive with which he reappeared on the Parliamentary scene was by no means an inadequate one. It obviously was not occasioned simply by the question whether Dissenters should have a voice in electing the ministers of the Church of Scotland. That, however, was the ostensible cause of his return, though the Duke of Argyll had denounced it as fatal to the Established Church to thrust on her the proposition that her ministers should be elected, not by those who adhere to her, but by those who are her avowed enemies, and was in favour of the ministers being selected by the congregation or by the communicants. Mr Gladstone did not object to terminating lay patronage, but objected to the power of appointment being intrusted to the worshippers. And in developing this objection, he made his first formal bid for the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland, as a few evenings later he made his first formal bid for the disestablishment of the Church of England. Dissociating himself from the whole of his past life, he is ready for the policy of disestablishment, on high sacerdotal as well as Radical principles, and to combine in its support the followers of Mr Bright and those of Dr Pusey.

The insufficiency of the compensation to lay patrons, who were all, or nearly all, in favour of the Bill, was descanted upon with quite a new-born zeal against "confiscation" in any shape. But he enlarged with suspicious energy upon the impetus which, he said, was given to disestablishment. The Bill, according to him, defied the Dissenters to raise a cry for it; and he was resolved apparently to let them know where they could find a leader ready to their hands. As for producing reconciliation, the Bill endeavoured to win back single members by inducing them to qualify

as members of the Establishment, for the sake of taking part in an election, or having a voice in the expenditure of public money. He declared, too, that the Free Church, to whom every one else supposed the door of reconciliation was opened by this Bill, had been thereby driven into the attitude of disestablishment and disendowment. He significantly pointed out that he was not responsible for raising the controversy. "Although an Established Church in a minority is an anomaly, it is an anomaly which I was well content to tolerate." He charged the Government also with declining to recognise the existence of the great Presbyterian communities who had been driven out and compelled to become Dissenters, and had thereby rashly challenged them to take up the question of endowment, and that they had thrown nearly a moiety of the population of Scotland into the ranks of disestablishment.

It is impossible to study this speech, and also the speech on the Public Worship Regulation Bill, without concluding that the object of Mr Gladstone's reappearance in the House of Commons was to give life and force to a movement against the two Churches of England and Scotland, which, if not now, at least at some future date, may develop a successful cry. This last measure, though not in name a Government measure, was at least one in which the Prime Minister took a warm interest, and over whose fate he carefully watched. It was a step towards the reconstruction of the English Church, and the revival of the Act of Uniformity, by setting legislative limits to the scope of permissive nonconformity within the pale of the institution. It was found impossible to tolerate any longer either the doctrines or the practices of certain ritualists, whose object plainly is to revive Catholic dogmas and ritual in a Protestant

Church, in utter disregard of their duties and breach of their good faith as Protestant clergymen. The House of Commons, which, according to an old saying, has more sense than any man in it, declined to make a party question of the subject, and unanimously supported a measure which was to maintain the Protestant character of the English Church. Mr Gladstone's speech and six resolutions were directed to prove that the alternative lay between rigid uniformity, even to the minute detail of publicly catechising children at the afternoon service, and sanctioning that extreme licence which the Archbishops showed was indulged in, regardless of all rules. Either alternative, if adopted, is an admirable argument for disestablishment, for either is inconsistent with the possibility of an Established Church. Either alternative means that the Act of Uniformity must become a dead letter, and that we must destroy the religious settlement of the last two centuries. Before Mr Gladstone recommended this destruction, we presume that he was prepared with the policy and settlement which were to succeed it, and which he has doubtless elaborated during his retirement. It is a satisfaction to think that the prospect of the ecclesiastical polity of England being reshaped by him is exceedingly indefinite.

Mr Gladstone, moreover, professed himself to be as ignorant of what was meant by ritualism as formerly he declared himself to be of what was meant by Home Rule. Mr Disraeli's retort was: "What the House and the country understand by ritualism is, practices in the Church to which they are not used, but which they believe are symbolic of doctrines which are most uncompromisingly expressed and acknowledged by writers of that school." And upon the policy of the present measure and the

present Government he continued: "I have never addressed any body of my countrymen for the last three years without having taken the opportunity of intimating to them that a great change was occurring in the politics of the world, that it would be well for them to prepare for that change, and that it was impossible to conceal from ourselves that the great struggle between the temporal and the spiritual power, which had stamped such indelible features upon the history of the past, was reviving in our own time." The Act is one of procedure; it creates no new ecclesiastical offence. It is intended to enforce, in reference to certain doctrines, dogmas, and ceremonies, a compact made with the nation by English clergymen when they enter the English Church—namely, that they will utterly reject them.

"Ceremony, enthusiasm, and free speculation," said Mr Disraeli, "are the characteristics of the three great parties in the Church, some of which have now modern names, and which the world is too apt to imagine are in their character original. The truth is, that they have always existed in different forms or under different titles. All these schools of religious thought can pursue their instincts consistently with a faithful adherence to the principles and practices of the Reformation, as exhibited and represented in its fairest and most complete form in the Church of England." Upon this footing legislation can restore peace to the Establishment, for the partisans of the new movement are not of the mental calibre or force of character to effect any lasting alteration in the faith or religion of the country.

Passing from the ecclesiastical proceedings of the session, the Factories Bill is perhaps its most important measure, and discloses the Government policy in regard to that

subject, which has always, from the time of his novels, been insisted upon by Mr Disraeli—the condition of the people. In the Prime Minister's short speech on the Shaftesbury Park estate, and later on, in a remark made by Mr Cross in the House of Commons, it is evident that the state of the dwellings of the poor is a subject which has attracted the close attention of the Government, and is likely to occupy the time of the House of Commons next session. "I have always felt," said Mr Disraeli to the working men on the Shaftesbury Park estate, "that the best security for civilisation is the dwelling, and that upon properly appointed and becoming dwellings depends more than anything else the improvement of mankind. Such dwellings are the real nursery of all domestic virtues, and without a becoming home the exercise of those virtues is impossible." In regard to the results before him, a city rising in a desert, built on the co-operative system, and in regard to the manner in which they had been obtained, he added: "They may guide the national councils in accomplishing an enterprise which I believe is impending in this country—the attempt upon a large scale to improve the dwellings of the great body of the people."

The instalment of this great head of legislation, which may be termed sanitary legislation, but which is rather directed to improve and elevate the general condition of the working classes, both physically and socially, and which is abstractedly and historically a Conservative policy, was the Factories Bill. It was brought in originally by Mr Mundella, but taken out of his hands by the Government, and carried into law. It probably closes the chapter of factory legislation. That chapter began with Lord Ashley, whose Bill in 1833 was

based upon the duty of the State to interfere with freedom of labour. Lord Althorpe, then the Whig leader of the House of Commons, took it out of his hands, and passed the Act which limited the labour of children under nine years. Next, in 1844, Sir J. Graham, as the Home Secretary under Sir Robert Peel, carried the Act which for the first time gave protection to women of all ages, restricting their hours of labour. The staunch opponents of that measure were Mr Cobden and Mr Bright. In 1850, Sir G. Grey, the Home Secretary under Lord John Russell, introduced the measure which provided that the work of the textile fabrics should be taken from six in the morning to six in the evening. Mr Cross, the Home Secretary in Mr Disraeli's Government, has, in spite of opposition from Mr Fawcett and his school, carried an Act which has diminished the number of hours in each week during which women and children may be employed, and limited those hours to 56½. It has also provided that a child, young person, or woman, shall not be employed continuously for more than 4½ hours without an interval of at least half an hour for a meal. Not more than 10 hours' work a-day is allowed, and provisions are made for breaking the continuity of the work. Of course, there have not been wanting numerous *doctrinaire* objections to a policy dictated by notions of humanity, and which regards human beings as something more than wealth-producing machines. But notwithstanding the serious objection, that legislation cannot regulate either work or wages without violating political economy, and impeding competition, the Bill passed with general assent and approval. Necessarily the principle of protection must be applied in a limited and guarded manner; but so long as it is

applied solely and honestly with a view to improve the health and efficiency of the labouring classes, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that there is any danger in the principle, while there is obviously an enormous benefit to the lives of the poor. Meanwhile the Act may be regarded as worthily closing a chapter of legislation which, in Lord Shaftesbury's language, "has removed manifold and oppressive obstacles that stood in the way of the working man's comfort, progress, and honour," which has "ordained justice and exhibited sympathy with the best interests of the labourers," and "has given to the working classes the full power to exercise for themselves and for the public welfare all the physical and moral energies that God has bestowed on them."

The other measures of interest in the session were, the Act for the limitation of actions for real property, the Act with reference to the law of vendors and purchasers, and land rights and conveyancing in Scotland. Mr Cross's measure for regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors does not rank as legislation of a very important character; but the frequent discussions which took place, and the obvious desire of the Government to deal fairly with a considerable class, has resulted in satisfying them that their interests have not been wantonly sacrificed; and they have acquiesced, like sensible men, in legislation which is for the public interest, and which has been rendered as equitable and as little injurious to them as circumstances permitted. No class likes to be ridden over and treated with ostentatious disregard; the arts of conciliation and the power of soothing irritated feeling were not conspicuous amongst the virtues of the late Administration.

The time of Parliament was absorbed at the latter end of the

session with the debates occasioned by the ecclesiastical measures of the session, and the abortive project for amending the Endowed Schools Act. And, consequently, several important Bills stand over till next session—namely, those for facilitating the transfer of land in England, for rearranging the judicature of England and Ireland, and for establishing an imperial Court of Appeal. No one doubts that these measures will ultimately be in full operation, and that it is merely a delay in their final completion which has arisen. They gave place to the two important measures connected with the Churches of England and Scotland, which have given to the session its chief interest and importance. So far we do not regret the necessity for suspending their consideration. But so far as their temporary loss was occasioned by the Bill to amend the Endowed Schools Act, we deeply regret it, and also the Cabinet tendencies and divisions which apparently led to its introduction. The Bill merely resulted in transferring the work of the Endowed Schools Commissioners to the Charity Commissioners; and looking to the expressed opinions of Lord Lyttelton and other members of the Commission, no one can be surprised that such a step should be taken by a Conservative Government. But the "unintelligible" clauses which followed, and which were afterwards withdrawn, were regarded as an attack upon the existing endowments and their appropriation, conceived with a view to forward the interests of the English Establishment in a manner which might have been so represented as to place half the boroughs in England in opposition to the Government and the party, and may probably have stimulated already feelings of hostility to the newly acquired ascendancy, which it is most impolitic and injurious to

arouse.' The subject is not even alluded to in the Queen's Speech; and yet a step has been taken on a matter of infinitesimal importance to the country which has given a handle to every Radical orator, and which will be magnified into a plausible accusation against the reactionary and exclusive tendencies which exist in the party, while in reality it proceeded from two or three members of the Cabinet, and though patronised by Mr Beresford Hope, was as freely condemned by the guiding spirits of the party as it was by the Opposition which was reorganised to oppose it. We trust that, looking to the momentous issues which both leaders and half Europe admit are awaiting this generation, and to the impending struggle between the principles of freedom and well-ordered religion on the one hand, against the combined forces of sacerdotal pretension and degrading infidelity on the other, the new vantage-ground which England occupies both in that struggle and for the purposes of efficient government and secure progress by reason of its Conservative majority, will not be thrown away in the pursuit of trivial objects and insignificant purposes. The English people, in reverting to their natural leaders, did so, we may be sure, from the wish in secular matters to get rid of a disastrous organisation, which caricatured the most sacred principles; and in religious matters, to reassert the principles of the Reformation.

Unfortunately it will be no mitigation of this mistake that the Act of 1873, carried by Mr Gladstone's Government, had proceeded upon the same lines of policy. It had provided for the extinction of the Endowed Schools Commission by the end of this year; while under the Act of this year it has been extinguished a few months earlier, and the Charity Commissioners have

been intrusted with such of its duties as it is necessary should be discharged. And as regards the grammar schools endowed before the Toleration Act, about which the whole controversy arose, it was impossible to show any difference in principle between the Bill of 1874 and the Acts of 1869 and 1873, under which, and under Mr Gladstone's Administration, grammar schools at Wakefield and Sherborne, endowed before the Toleration Act, had been handed over by the Commissioners without a murmur to the Church of England. It is impossible not to agree with Mr Disraeli that the Bill had no more to do with education than the comet. But it gave an opening to the Liberal party which they sadly needed. They immediately regretted that they were forced into a religious question, one of that class which they know so well how to work. They adopted a tone of reckless exaggeration; and Mr Gladstone himself was heard deprecating so many religious controversies in one session, and indignantly demanded whether the Government were going to repeal those very Test Acts which he had always opposed, and has never been heard to approve.

A review of the session would obviously be incomplete which did not discuss the financial policy of the Government. Notwithstanding that financial arrangements—the abolition of the income-tax and the readjustment of taxation—were subjects upon which the late Ministers dissolved Parliament, there has been no trace of financial revolution in this session. The motion for the repeal of the income-tax gained quite an insignificant support—less than forty votes, if we remember rightly; and the Budget, so far from being the leading event of the session, has quite receded from public notice, and has nowhere occupied a prominent place in the

journalist's retrospect. It was by no means an insignificant Budget, since it totally abolished the duties upon sugar, a scheme which, besides benefiting the consumer, opens up the prospect of considerable commercial advantages. It abolished the duty on horses; and if it prematurely sanctioned the efforts of those who desire the repeal of the income-tax, by diminishing it to a merely nominal amount, it also, for the first time since 1842, discloses the proximate possibility of its removal. It also took the first step towards the reform of local taxation, and the readjustment of its relation to imperial taxation, by making important grants from the general revenue towards services which, though of imperial concern, have hitherto been defrayed exclusively, or in an undue proportion, out of rates. Yet the Budget was not altogether a success, either in the eyes of those who wished for more decided indications of a Ministerial policy, or in the eyes of those who desire to see Sir Stafford Northcote redeem some mistakes, and achieve a permanent reputation. It must, however, be remembered, that the Budget was the product of a Minister who had only been six weeks in office—that his financial statement was a successful exhibition of oratorical power, and showed a mastery over the subjects with which it dealt. It avoided any hasty enunciation of a policy which the Cabinet had not had time to consider, and reserved full liberty of action, even in regard to the income-tax, whose abolition it has so markedly challenged the country to consider, by reducing it to a point which places the expenses of collection, and its inquisitorial annoyances, out of proportion to its proceeds. But the conviction has probably grown upon the country that, from no fault of the Chancellor of the Exchequer or

the Cabinet, a great opportunity has come and gone. It is not more than once in a lifetime that a financier can hope that a surplus of six millions—as large as the whole revenue of Belgium—should roll up to his feet, bringing with it a grand opportunity for the display of statesmanship and strength. Finance has been Sir Stafford Northcote's speciality throughout his life, and if he had had even the four months' time for preparation which Mr Gladstone had for his celebrated Budget in 1853, he might have availed himself of the opportunity to initiate a financial policy of a more decisive and original character. Under the circumstances, the Ministry were wise to content themselves with more obvious and commonplace arrangements, especially as the financial question of the day, the reform of local taxation, requires a lengthened incubation. It is to be regretted, however, that the whole of this magnificent surplus should have gone to abolish an insignificant impost upon sugar, to remit a penny of the income-tax, which at threepence stood at the lowest point consistent with its retention, and to carry out a few other arrangements, in the nature of temporary or tentative expedients. Sir Stafford Northcote has always successfully defended any attacks upon the estimates, and has demonstrated that even if a deficit should accrue next year, it will be no fault of his, notwithstanding that the expected increment of the revenue, which annually takes place, was this year for the first time discounted. The ordinary way has been to leave it out of sight, and then if it arises, to devote it to repayment of debt. Fortunately there is every prospect of an abundant harvest; but we still think that it was unwise to expose the new Ministry to the chance of a deficit in its first year of office. It would have gone a long way to

discredit it. Moreover, we do not approve of the cessation of any effort to reduce the national debt. Half a million was openly devoted to that purpose in the financial arrangements; but that half-million was already, under existing but unseen arrangements, in the course of being employed for exactly the same purpose. And so far as the net result of the Budget arrangements goes, the Commissioners for the reduction of debt lose the benefit of the expected increment of public income, which has been diverted to the relief of taxation. Every single item of the Budget was cordially approved by Mr Gladstone, and so far the Government was not open to the charge of reversing the policy of their predecessors, contrary to the great precedent of 1841. Sir Stafford Northcote's policy excited no opposition, and was no doubt somewhat colourless and mechanical. We think that in future, when enormous surpluses have to be dealt with, and there is no immediate financial policy capable of being carried into execution, it would be wiser to increase instead of to diminish our efforts to reduce the national debt. It should be recollected that, owing to the wise providence and judicious self-restraint of the two generations which have preceded us, what with reduction of interest, and what with repayment of debt, we are relieved to the extent of $5\frac{1}{2}$ millions annually as compared with our forefathers in 1816. This is a large relief, and its magnitude is increased when we consider how much more heavily the pressure of debt relative to national resources was then, compared with what it is now. Those who are acquainted with the figures know that since 1860, when the long annuities fell in, our efforts towards reducing debt have lagged considerably behind what they were previously to that date, not-

withstanding the enormous increase in the national wealth and resources.

Such is our view of the political position after a short session, in which legislation, and, above all, the political atmosphere of the country, have been influenced by a Conservative majority. We think that the result, in its main outlines, has been eminently satisfactory. The tone of the public mind is more healthy, the prospects of sound government are more assured. The nation is no longer perpetually and unnecessarily excited to a condition of dissatisfied unrest, and there is leisure to devise and carry out schemes for the reform and improvement of the condition of the people, and of the establishments for the support of religion. The session of 1875 will test the capacity of the new Government and the Conservative party to conduct the legislation of the country. With the single exception of the Bill to amend the Endowed Schools Act, which is evidently considered by the Liberal party to open to them again the prospect of a return to power, and is purposely exaggerated by them with a view to party advantage, the session terminates with the Opposition more hopelessly divided and defeated than it was at the close of the elections. No ungenerous use has been made by the party in power of their victory, and they have abstained from any manifestations of triumph which might tend to tighten the relaxing bonds which unite their opponents. From the first, forbearance and courtesy were evidently prescribed by the chief of the Ministry. When Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, in proposing the Address to the Queen in answer to the Royal Speech, justly censured the dissolution, and condemned the ex-Minister, Mr Disraeli immediately explained that he did so without con-

sultation with anybody, and himself paid a handsome tribute to his rival. There have been rumours that Liberal members, discontented with the results of their leader's *coup d'état*, had rebelled against his continued guidance of their destinies; and these were now significantly reminded by the Prime Minister that the continuous success and splendour of Mr Gladstone's career outweighed its accidental and even disastrous mistakes. The finance measures of the session, and even the manipulation of the surplus, seemed purposely, and in our judgment most unwisely, to be framed so as to win Mr Gladstone's approval, and avoid the appearance of reversing his policy or falsifying his estimate of the surplus, on the faith of which he appealed to the country. When Mr Smollett delivered his onslaught on the policy of dissolution, not a Conservative apparently was allowed to second the motion or to encourage the attack; and the unfortunate member was left to sustain, alone and unaided, an unequal rhetorical encounter, except so far as he could derive sympathy and support from the assistance of Mr Whalley. Lord Carlwell, Lord Granville, Mr Goschen, and Mr Lowe, have all shared in the courteous consideration implied in the defence or adoption of their Ministerial acts, or openly expressed by studied compliments. When Mr Gladstone returned to Parliament after a long retirement, he was welcomed back by his rival with almost enthusiastic laudation, which did not, however, prevent Mr Disraeli studying to inflict upon him a damaging defeat. The withdrawal of the six resolutions, after the desertion of his party, in the matter of the Public Worship Regulation Bill, was vainly attempted to be covered by references to a similar political course upon the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of 1851. It dis-

closes publicly what all have felt to be the strong divergence of feeling between Mr Gladstone and his party upon topics of paramount importance to the nation. Sir William Harcourt's oratorical attacks may be indecorous in a late Solicitor-General to his former Ministerial chief, and may have been inspired by considerations of personal ambition, but they express the sentiments of large numbers of the Liberal as well as of the Conservative party. The encounters between them, as well as the encounter between the Prime Minister and his Secretary of State, are most unusual in their character and incidents. They serve to illustrate the growing dislocation of party ties and the different types of political feeling and conviction which can coexist under the same political banners. In one case the precedent of Mr Pitt and Lord Thurlow rises to one's memory with no agreeable associations. But as regards the other, we know of no precedent of ex-Ministers solacing the hours of adversity, and profiting by its teaching, by indulging in frequent, animated, and bitter attacks upon each other. We entirely agree with Sir W. Harcourt's opinion, expressed some two or three years ago as he surveyed Mr Gladstone's Ministry, that statesmanship, so far as the Liberals are concerned, ranks amongst the lost arts of mankind. But he must remember that, in becoming Solicitor-General, he voluntarily shared the opprobrium which belonged to the ex-Ministers; and for our part, we reverence too much the sanctity of party and Ministerial ties to forget his disloyalty in his oratorical successes.

In conclusion, the events of the last six months, when compared with those of preceding years, appear to us to disclose a large balance of advantage in favour of a

Conservative majority and a Conservative Government. We have insisted at length upon the inefficiency of a Liberal organisation either to lead opinion or to govern the country. Its disorders may be summed up in one pregnant sentence of Lord Brougham: "Their head is at fever-heat, while their hand is paralysed."

The Tory party also has its several types of mind; but if we compare the extreme members on either side, those who are regarded as impracticable and in the habit of attaching disproportionate importance to views not in accordance with popular favour, we are bound to conclude, looking at it in a spirit of the utmost impartiality, that gentlemen in favour of dismembering the empire, expelling religion from national schools, disestablishing churches, and overthrowing institutions, are infinitely more dangerous elements in a majority than those whose worst error is that they are over-anxious about transferring a school from a Dissenter to a Church of England clergyman, and sympathise generously, but unduly, with purposes which are becoming obsolete. It must be remembered that this powerful majority is returned upon the eve of great events, and that questions of real magnitude await solution. Upon its prudent guidance depends the character of the English nation in Church and State for years to come. There are forces at work in English society which the leaders of the Opposition are always ready to evoke for party purposes, and which we know from experience that they are unable to contest without the aid of the Conservative party, and that by controlling them with that aid, the result is a pervading atmosphere of menace, agitation, and disquiet.

If the wiser counsels of the Ministry prevail, we have no doubt that the result will be to strengthen the

hands of those who can look behind the mere institution, secular or ecclesiastical, and defend the spirit of order and religion, of which they are the mere outward form. We do not believe that, in spite of some narrow sympathies and backward proclivities, the political career of this victorious party will be so guided as to strengthen the hands of those who openly deride the Protestant religion and assert the extreme pretensions of the priesthood, or to reinvigorate the party which, in its ultimate tendencies, is preparing the triumph of Mr Mill's "intrepid infidelity." Nor, on the other hand, can we allow ourselves to fear lest the failings and shortcomings which are incident to Toryism as well as to every other human system will be so far allowed to override the dictates of a mature statesmanship as to lead the country, in its discontent, to restore that strange domination from which we have all escaped, and with which we are all familiar. The Liberal party has been swept away because it rested upon no foundation which history could illustrate or science could explain, and because it acknowledged no guiding principle, and unfolded no ultimate aim which any two of its numerous sections could by any possibility adopt. It was precisely from a want of some guiding principle and some definite aim that its leaders could not lead and its followers would not follow; and with its confusion of tongues it was overwhelming the country in an anarchy of political and religious thought. The English people, as they recoiled from their position and prospects under Liberal guidance, have decisively and gladly reverted to their natural leaders; and we trust they will be rewarded for their confidence by the triumph of sound statesmanship, and by the happy development of a wise and comprehensive policy.

ALICE LORRAINE

A TALE OF THE SOUTH DOWNS.

PART VII.—CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE stern and strong will of a single man is a very fine thing for weaker men—and still more so for women—to dwell upon. But the stern strong will of a host of men, set upon one purpose, and resolved to win it or die for it, is a power that conquers the powers of earth and of nature arrayed against them. The British army was resolved to carry by storm Badajos; and their vigorous manner of setting about it, and obstinate way of going on with it, overcame at last the strength of all that tried to stand before them.

This was the more to their credit, because—the worst of all things for a man to get over—even the weather itself was against them. Nothing makes a deeper depression in the human system than long spite of weather does. The sense of luck is still over us all (in spite of philosophy and mathematics), and of all the behaviour of fortune, what comes home to our roofs and hats so impressively as the weather does?

Now thoroughly as these British men were resolved to get within the wall, with equal thoroughness very brave Frenchmen were resolved to keep them out. And these had the weather in their favour; for it is an ill wind that blows no one any good; and the rain that rains on the just and unjust seems to have a preference for the latter. Though it must be acknowledged in the present case, that having a view to justice, a man of equal mind might say there was not too much on either side. At any rate, the rain kept raining, for fear of any mistake among them.

Moreover, the moon, between the showers, came out at night, or the sun by day—according to the habits of each of them—exactly when they were wanted by the Frenchmen, and not at all by the Englishmen. If an Englishman wanted to work in the dark the moon would get up just behind his back; and muskets, rifles, and cannon itself were trained on him, as at a target; and his only chance was to fall flat on his stomach, and shrink back like a toad in a bed of strawberries. And this made us eager to advance, *per contra*.

And after being shot at for a length of time, almost every man one can meet with desires to have his turn of shooting. Not for the sake of revenge, or anything low at all in that way; but simply from that love of fairness which lies hidden—too deep sometimes—somewhere or other in all of us. We are anxious to do, one to another, as the other desires to do to us; and till we come to a different condition, men must shoot and be shot at.

All these peaceable distinctions, and regards of right and wrong, were utterly useless, and out of place, in front of the walls of Badajos. Right or wrong, the place must be taken; and this was the third time of trying it. Fury, frenzy, rushing slaughter, and death (that lies still, when the heat is over), who can take and tell them truly; and if he could, who would like to do it, or who would thank him to hear of it?

All the British army knew that the assault was to be made that night; and the Frenchmen, as ap-

peared by-and-by, knew right well what was coming. For when the April sun went down in the brightest azure of all blue skies, a hush of wonder and of waiting fell and lay upon all the scene.

The English now were grown to be what they always grow to be with much fighting—solid in their ways, and (according to the nature of things) hot or cool with discipline, square in their manner of coming up, and hard to be sent back again, certain sure of their strength to conquer, and ready to charge the devil himself, if he had the courage to wait for them. They were under a man who knew how to lead them, and trusted them to follow him; their blood was stirred without grand harangues or melodramatic eloquence.

Every man in that solid army knew his own work, and meant to do it, shoulder to shoulder, with rival hardihood and contagious scorn of death.

The walls were higher and the approach much harder than at Ciudad Rodrigo; the garrison stronger, and the captain a strenuous and ingenious warrior. Therefore on the 6th of April 1812, as the storming-parties watched the sunset fading along the Guadiana, and the sudden fall of night, which scarcely gives a bird time to twitter on his roost, they wanted no prophet to tell them how different their number would be to-morrow. But still, as the proper and comforting law of human nature ordains it, every man thought, or at any rate hoped, that his messmate rather than himself was the one to leave a widow and orphans by midnight.

Hilary Lorraine was now beginning to get used to fighting. At first, in spite of all his talk about his sword and so on, blows and bloodshed went against the grain of his kind and gay nature. He even thought,

in his fresh aversion at so many corpses, that war was a worse institution than law. That error, however, he was beginning to abjure, through the power of custom, aided by two sapient reflections. The first of these was that without much slaughter there can be no real glory—an article which the young man had now made up his mind to attain; and his other wise recollection was that a Frenchman is the natural enemy of the human race, and must, at all hazards and at any sacrifice of pious lives, be extirpated. Moreover, he may have begun to share, by virtue of his amiability, the views of his brother-officers, which of course were duly professional. So that this young fellow, upon the whole, was as full of fight as the best of them.

"No man died that night with more glory—yet many died, and there was much glory." So writes the Thucydides of this war; not about Hilary (as good-luck willed it), but one of his senior officers. And that such a sentence should ever have been written, is a thing to think about. With all that dash of bright carnage fresh on the page of one who did his duty so grandly both with sword and pen, peaceful writers (knowing more of sandy commons and the farm-house fagot than of fascines and gabions, of capons than of caponnières, and of shot grapes than of grapeshot) wisely may stick to the gardening-knife, or in fiercest moments the pruning-hook; and have nothing to say to the stark sword-blade.

Such duty becomes tenfold a pleasure, when the sword-blades not only swing overhead or glitter at the unarmed breast; but bolted into great beams of wood at the most offensive angles, are flashing in the dark at the stomach of a man, like a vast electric porcupine; while bursting shells and powder-barrels,

and blasts of grapeshot thick as hail (drowning curses, shrieks, and wails), sweep the craggy rampart clear, or leave only corpses roasting. Such, and worse by a thousandfold than words may render or mind conceive, was the struggle of that awful night at the central breach of Indajos; and here was Hilary Lorraine, wounded, spent with fruitless efforts, dashed backward on spikes and on bayonet-points, trampled under foot, and singed by the beard of a smouldering comrade, yet glad even to lie still for a minute in the breathless depths of exhaustion. "All up with me now"—he was faintly thinking—"perhaps my father will be satisfied. Good-bye, dear Alice, and darling Mabel—and good-night to this poor Hilary!"

And here his career—of fame or of shame—must have been over and done with, if he had not already won good-liking among the men of his company. For one of them with his next step ready to be planted on the young officer's breast, caught a view of his face, by the light of a fire-ball, stopped short, and stooped over him.

"Blow me!" he exclaimed, while likely to be blown into a thousand pieces; "if this brin't the very young chap as saved me when I wur a dropping upon the road. One good turn deserves another. Here, Bob, lend a hand, my boy."

"A hand! I can't lend thee a hinch," cried Bob; "they be squeezing me up, like a squatting match."

For while all the front men were thus lying dead, the men from the rear would not stop from shoving, and bodily heaving the others before them; as buffaloes rush when they lose their wits. They thrust, every man his front man on the *chevaux de frise*, as if it were a joke, with that bitter recklessness of life and readiness to take their own turn at death which falls upon

men of true British birth, and their cousins across the Atlantic, whenever the strong blood is churned within them. And yet, all this time, they know what they are about.

And so did these two soldiers now. Neither time nor room had they to lift poor Hilary out of the bed of shattered granite where he lay, with wedged spikes sticking into him. And the two men, who wanted to do it, were swept by the surge of living bodies upwards. But first they did this—which saved his life—they threw two muskets across him. Loaded or empty, they knew not; and of course it could not matter so long as the climbing men (labouring their utmost to be killed) found it readier for their feet to tread on the bridge of those muskets (piered with blocks of granite) than on the ribs of poor Hilary. So the struggle went on; and there he lay, and began to peep under other people's legs.

In this rather difficult position he failed to make out anything at all to satisfy or to please him. Listeners hear little good of themselves, and lurking gazers have about the same luck. Not that Hilary was to be blamed for lying in this groove, inasmuch as he really had no chance or even time to get out of it. A great hulking Yorkshireman (as he turned out) had fallen obliquely upon Hilary's bridge, and was difficult to push aside, and quite impossible to lift up. He groaned a good deal, but he was not dead—if he had not been a Yorkshireman the one fact might have implied the other, but Yorkshiremen do groan after death: however, he was not dead; and he keeps a mill on the Swale at this minute.

Hilary, under these disadvantages, naturally tried to lessen them; and though he was pretty safe

where he lay—unless a shell came through the Yorkshireman, and that would have needed a very strong charge—still he became discontented. What with the pain of his wound or wounds (for he knew to his cost that he had several of them), also the violent thirst which followed, as well as the ache of his cramped position, and a piece of spiked plank that worried him, he began to grow more and more desirous of a little change of air.

"Now, my dear sir," he said, with his usual courtesy, to the Yorkshireman, "you do not mean to be in my way of course, but the fact is that I can't get out of this hole by reason of your incumbency. If you could only, without inconvenience, give a little roll to the right or left, you would be in quite as good a position yourself; or if you have grown attached to this particular spot, I would try to replace you afterwards."

"Grah!" was the Yorkshireman's only reply, a grunt of contempt and of surly temper, which plainly meant, "go to—Halifax."

"This is uncivil of you," answered Hilary; "it is getting so hot in here that I shall be forced to retort, I fear, your discourtesy. I beg your pardon a thousand times for making this sharp suggestion."

With these words he pricked the great son of the north in a sensitive part with a loose spike he had found by the light of a French fireball, whereupon, with a curse, the fellow rolled over, like one of his father's millstones. Then Hilary crawled from his hole of refuge, and stiffly resting on his hand and knees, surveyed the scene of carnage.

The moon had now risen, and was shining gloomily under a stripe of heavy cloud, over the bastion of the Trinidad into the channel of the fatal breach, down which the

sultry night wind sighed, laden with groans, whenever curses and roar of artillery left room for them. The breach itself was still unstormed, and looked more terrible than ever; for the sword-blades fixed at the top were drenched and reeking to the hilt with red, and three had corpses impaled upon them with scarlet coats, gay in the moonlight. The rest, like the jaws of a gorging crocodile, presented their bloody jaggedness, clogged here and there with limbs, or heads, or other parts of soldiers. For the moment the British had fallen back to the other side of the ravelin, and their bugles were sounding for the retreat, while the triumphant French were shooting, and shouting, "Why enter you not at all Badajos, messieurs? It is a good place for the English health. Why enter you not then Badajos?"

The sullen Britons answered not, but waited for orders to begin again; recovering breath, and heart, and spirit, and gathering closer to one another, to be sure that anybody was alive. For more than two thousand men lay dead or dying in a space of one hundred yards square. Of the survivors, every man felt that every other man had done his best—but how about himself? Could he be sure that he never had flinched, nor even hung back for a foot or so, nor pushed any other man on to the spikes to save himself from going there? And was that cursed fortress never to be taken by any skill or strength? was even Lord Wellington wrong for once in setting them to do it? and was it to be said in every British churchyard that Britons were not of the stuff of their fathers?

Sadly thus thinking, but after the manner of our nation not declaring it, they were surprised by a burst of light, and a flight of glittering streaks in it. And al-

most before these came down again, they saw that the murderous *cheval de frise* had a great gap in its centre. With a true British cheer, stirring every British heart, out they rushed from their shelter, and up the dark breach, and into Badajos.

One form, however, passed first into Badajos with undisputed precedence, because it happened to be close by, when the sword-blades rocketed away so. And not only that, but the act of that one had enabled the others to follow—an act of valour inspired by luck, and incited by bodily anguish.

It was thus. In the depth of that horrible pause and dejection of the assailants, Hilary, getting relieved of his cramp, rose slowly and stood in a sheltered spot, to recover himself before running away. Everything seemed much against him, so far as he could discover; and no one with a social turn was there to discuss the position.

Moreover, his wounds were beginning at once to sting him and to stiffen him—a clever arrangement made by nature to teach men not to fight so much. Nearly mad with pain—which is felt tenfold as much by quick-born Normans as by slow-born Dutchmen—he saw a shell fall and roll very kindly just between his dragging feet. It carried a very long fusee, sticking out of it, at a handsome curve, and steadily spluttering with fire, like the tail of a rat, when bad boys have ignited it.

“For better, for worse,” cried Hilary, talking to himself, even in his agony, by the power of habit; “go into that hole, my friend, and do your utmost there.” So much had he been knocked about, that the shell (although a light one) was as much as he could stagger with; till he dropped it into a shelfy hole, which he had long been looking at, under the baulk of six-

inch beam, into which the swords were rivetted. Then down he fell, whether from exhaustion, or presence of mind—he could never tell. Through the jags of the riven granite he heard the shell in a smothered way spluttering (like a “devil” in a wasp’s nest)—and then with a thunderous roar and whiz, and a rush through the air of wood, stone, and iron, the Frenchman’s deadly bar was burst.

For a moment Lorraine was so stunned and shaken that all he could do was to stay on the ground; but the shock made one of his wounds bleed afresh, and this perhaps revived him. At any rate he arose, and feebly tottered in over the crest of the breach. The soldiers of the forty-third and fifty-second regiments gave him a cheer as they ran up the steep, while on the part of the enemy not a weapon was levelled at him. This, however, was not from any admiration of his valour—though Frenchmen are often most chivalrous foes—but because these heroic defenders at last were compelled to abandon the breaches. Being taken in the rear by the Fifth Division, which had forced its way in at San Vincente, knowing also that the castle had fallen, and seeing their main defence lie shattered, they retired through the town and across the bridge of the Guadiana.

And now it is an accursed truth that the men who had been such glorious heroes, such good brethren to one another, strong, and grand, and pitiful, turned themselves within half an hour into something lower than the beasts that perish. They proved that the worst of war is not bloodshed, agony, and slow death; nor even trampled freedom, hatred, tyranny, and treachery. On that same night of heroism, patriotism, and grand devotion, the nicest and most amiable vice in-

dulged by those very same heroes, and devoted patriots, was swinish and wallowing drunkenness. Rapine, arson, fury, murder, and outrages unspeakable—even their own allies the Spaniards, glad to be quit of the French, and to welcome warmly these deliverers, found bitter cause,

ere sunrise, to lament the British victory.

So it came to pass that young Lorraine, weak and weary, and vainly seeking a surgeon to bind up his wounds, was compelled to fight once more that night, before he could lay him down and rest.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

There would seem to be times, and scenes, and cases, in which human nature falls helpless under sudden contamination, a mental outbreak of black murrain, leprosy, or plague. A panic, a superstitious fervour, a patriotic or loyal rush, a rebellion, a "revival"—all of these drive men in masses, like swine down a precipice; but the sack of a large town bloodily stormed is more maddening than all the rest put together.

Even good and steady soldiers caught the taint of villany. They confessed (when their headaches began to get better) how thoroughly ashamed they were of themselves, for having been led into crime and debauch by the scamps and the scum of the regiment. Still, at the moment, they were as bad as, or even worse than the general blackguards; because they had more strength to rush astray.

Hilary knew mankind very little, and only from a gentleman's point of view; so that when he found, or lost, his way into the great square of the town, he was quite amazed, in his weak state of mind, by the scene he was breaking into. Here by the light of a blazing bonfire, made of costly furniture, he descried Major Clumps of his regiment, more neatly than pleasantly attached to the front door of a large mansion. Across his breast and arms a couple of musket-straps were tightly strained and pegged with bayonets into the timber so firmly that this active

officer could not even put foot to the ground. On his head was a very conspicuous fool's cap made of a copy of a proclamation, with that word in large type above his brows; while a gigantic grenadier, as tipsy as a fiddler, was zealously conducting the exhibition, by swinging him slowly to and fro, to the tune of Margery Daw, even as children swing each other on a farmyard gate. The Major's fury and the violence of his language may be imagined, but must not be reported. He had always been famous for powers of swearing; but in this case he outdid himself, renewing (every moment) and redoubling the grins of all spectators.

"You shall swing for this," he screamed to his showman, just as Hilary came up; "you shall swing for this, you," &c. &c.

"You shwing first, old cock, at any rate," the grenadier answered, with a graceful sweep of the door and the pendent major.

"Oh Lorraine, Lorraine," cried the latter, as the arc of his revolution brought him face to face with Hilary; "for heaven's sake, stop those miscreants—ah, you can do nothing, I see—you are hit badly, my poor boy."

"My friend," said Hilary to the grenadier, with that persuasive grace which even the costermongers could not resist; "you are much too good a soldier to make a laughing stock of a brave British officer. I cannot

attempt to use force with you, for you are lucky enough to be unwounded. Thank God for that, and release your prisoner—remember that he is not a Frenchman, but a brave and good English major."

With these, and perhaps some more solid persuasions, he obtained the release of his senior officer, who for some moments could scarcely speak, through excitement and exhaustion. But he made signs to Hilary that he had something to say of great importance, and presently led him into a narrow archway.

"There will be vile work done in that house," he contrived at last to tell Hilary; "the men were bad enough at Rodrigo; but they will be ten times worse to-night. We are all so scattered about that no man has his own officer near him, and he don't care a button for any others. It was for trying to restrain some scoundrels of the Fifth Division that I was treated in that cursed way. Only think how we should feel, Lorraine, if our own daughters were exposed so!"

"I haven't got any daughters," said Hilary, groaning with pain, perhaps at the thought. "But I'd drive my sword through any man's heart—that is to say, if I had got any sword, or any arm to drive it with." His sword had been carried away by a grapeshot, and his right arm hung loose in a cluster of blood; for he had nothing to bind it up with.

"You are a man, though a wounded man," the Major replied, being touched a little by Hilary's strength of expression, inasmuch as he had some nice pretty daughters, out of harm's way in England: "it is most unlucky that you are hit so hard."

"That is quite my own opinion. However, I can hold out a good bit, Major, for any work that requires no strength."

"Do you know where to find any of our own fellows? They would be quite ready to fight these blackguards; they are very sore about the way those scoundrels stole into the town. We have always been the foremost hitherto. Your legs are all right, I suppose, my boy."

"All right, except that I am a trifle light-headed, and that always flies to the legs—or at least we used to say so at Oxford."

"Never mind what you said at Oxford. Only mind what you say in Badajos. Collect every man you can find of ours. Tell him the Fifth are murdering, robbing, cheating us again, as they did by sneaking in at a corner, and insulting our best officers. Drunk, or sober, bring them all. The more our men drink, the more sober they get." It is likely enough that officers of the Fifth Division would have thought the same paradox of their own men.

"I cannot get along at my usual pace," said Hilary; "but I will do my best. But will not the mischief be done already?"

"I hope not. I asked Count Zamora, who seems to be the foremost man of the town, which he thought most of—his wine, or his daughters. And he answered of course as a gentleman must. His cellars contain about 300 butts; it will take some time for our men to drink that. And I spread a report of their quality, and a rumour that all the ladies had escaped. The night is hot. All the men will plunge into those vast cellars first. And when they come up, any sober man will be a match for twenty."

"What a pest that I am so knocked about!" cried Hilary, quite forgetting his pain, in the chivalry of his nature. "Major, if only for half-an-hour you can hold back the devilry, I will answer for the safety of the household. But beware of fire."

"You need not tell me about that, young man. I have seen this work before you were born. I shall pick up a cloak and berette, and cork my eyebrows, and be a Spaniard; major-domo, or whatever they call it. I can jabber the tongue a bit; enough to go down with English ears. I will be the steward of the cellars, and show them where the best wine is; and they don't know wine from brandy. And they will not know me, in their cups, till I order them all into custody. Be quick; there is no more time to lose."

Hilary saw that Major Clumps was going to play a very dangerous part; for many of the men had their muskets loaded, and recked not at whom they fired them. However, there was nothing better for it; and so he set out upon his own errand, when he ought to have been in hospital.

At first he was very unfortunate, meeting no men of his own regiment, and few even of his own division; for most of them doubtless were busy in the houses, laying hold of everything. But after turning many corners, he luckily hit upon Corporal White of his own company, a very steady man, who knew the importance of keeping sober, at a time of noble plundering. This man was a martinet, in a humble way, but popular in the ranks in spite of that; and when he heard of the outrage to a major of his regiment, and his present danger; and knew that a rich Don's family was threatened by rascals of the Fifth Division,—he vowed that he would fetch a whole company to the rescue, ere a man could say "Jack Robinson."

"And now, sir," he said, "you are not able to go much further, or do any more. Round the corner there is a fountain of beautiful spring water, worth all the wines and spirits these fellows are disgracing of themselves with. Ah, I wish I

had a glass of good English ale—but that is neither here nor there. And for want of that, a thirsty man may be glad of a drop of this water, sir. And when you have drunk, let it play on your arm. You have a nasty place, sir."

With these words he ran off; and Hilary, following his directions, enjoyed the greatest of all the mere bodily joys a man can be blessed with—the slaking of furious thirst with cold delicious crystal water. He drank, and drank, and sighed with rapture, and then began to laugh at himself; and yet must have another drink. And then for the moment he was so refreshed, that his wounds were not worth heeding.

"I will go and see what those villains are about," he said to himself and the pretty Saint Isidore (to whose pure statue bending over the gracious water he lifted hat, as a gentleman ought to do); "I have drank of your water, and thank you, Saint; though I have no idea what your name is. Our family was Catholic for five hundred years; and I don't know why we ever left it off."

Rub-a-lub, dubbledy, dulluby-dub—what vowels and dissonants can set forth the sound of a very drunken drummer, set upon his mettle to drum on a drum, whose head he has been drinking from. Having no glasses, and having no time to study the art of sloping a bottle between the teeth with drainage; they truly had happened on a fine idea. They cracked the bottles on the rim of the drum, and put down their mouths and drunk well of it. The drum was not so much the worse for this proceeding as they were, because they allowed no time for the liquor to soak into the greasy parchment; but as many as could stand round were there, and plenty of others came after them. So that the drumhead never once brimmed

over, though so many dozens were cracked on it. No wonder, when such work was toward, that many a musket-shot rang along the firelit streets of Badajos, and many a brave man who had baffled the fury of the enemy fell dead in the midst of his frolicking.

Hilary felt that he had been shot enough, and to spare, already; and so, while slowly and painfully plodding his way back to the great square of the town, from corner to corner he worked a traverse, in shelter (wherever the shelter offered) of porch, or pier, or any other shadowy folds of the ancient streets. And thus, without any more damage, he returned to the house of the Count of Zamora.

Here he found the main door closely fastened—by the fellows inside, no doubt, to keep their villainous work to themselves—and as the great bonfire was burning low, he thought that he might have mistaken the house, until with his left hand he felt the holes where the bayonets had pegged up the good major. And while he did this, a great roar from the cellars quickened his eagerness to get in.

"This is a nice thing," he said to himself; "the Major inside, and no getting at him! Such a choleric man in the power of those scamps! And they cannot take him for a Spaniard long, for he is sure to use strong English. And not only Clumps, but the whole of the household at their will and pleasure!"

But even while calling in question his superior officer's self-control, he did not show himself possessed of very wonderful coolness. For hearing a rush as of many feet upward from the lower quarters, Hilary made the best of his way to the smouldering bonfire, and seized with his left hand—for his right was useless—a chunk of some fine wood too hard to burn (perhaps of the African

black-wood, or the bread-fruit tree, or brown cassia), and came back with it, in a mighty fury, and tried to beat the door in. But the door was of ancient chestnut-wood, and at his best he could not have hurt it. So now, in his weakness, he knocked and knocked; and nobody even heard him.

"This is enough to wear any one out," he said to himself, in his poor condition—for the lower the state of a man is, the more he relapses upon his nature, and Hilary's nature was to talk to himself—"if I cannot get in, like this, I must do something or other, and get in somehow."

This would have cost him little trouble in his usual strength and activity. For the tipsy rascals had left wide open a window within easy reach from the street to a man sound of limb and vigorous. But Lorraine, in his present condition, had no small pain and difficulty in making his way through the opening. This being done at last, he found himself in a dark passage floored with polished timber, upon which he slipped and fell.

"What an evil omen!" he cried, lightly—little imagining how true his words would prove—"to fall upon entering a strange house, even though it be by the window. However, I am shaken more than hurt. Goodness knows, I can't afford to bleed again."

Fastening again his loosened bandage—for he had bound his arm now with a handkerchief—he listened and heard a great noise moving, somewhere in the distance. Nothing can be less satisfactory than to hear a great noise, and hearken very steadfastly for its meaning, yet not learn what it can be about, or even where it comes from. Hilary listened, and the noise seemed now to come from one way and then from another. For the old house was peopled with in-

dolent belcoers, lazily answering one another, from corner to corner of passages, like the clapping of hands at a banquet. Wherefore Lorraine, being puzzled, went onwards, as behoves a young Englishman. And herein instinct served him well—at least as the luck of the moment seemed—for it led him into the main hall, whence niches and arches seemed leading away anywhere and everywhere. Hilary here stopped short, and wondered. It was so different from an English house; and he could not tell whether he liked it or not. There was some light of wax, and some of oil, and some of spluttering torches stuck into anything that would hold them, throwing a fugitive gleam on the floor, where the polish of the marble answered it. In other places there were breadths of shadow, wavering, jumping, and flickering.

"This is a queer sort of place," said Hilary; "what is the proper thing for me to do?"

The proper thing for him to do became all at once quite manifest; for a young girl suddenly sprang into the hall, like a hunted butterfly darting.

"They cannot catch me," she exclaimed in Spanish—"they are too slow, the intoxicated men. I may always laugh at them. Here I will let them have another chase."

Flitting in and out the shadows, as softly as if she were one of them, she stopped by the side of Hilary Lorraine, in a dark place, without seeing him. And he, without foot-fall, leaned back in a niche, and trembled at being so close to her. For a gleam of faint light glanced upon her, and suggested strange wild beauty. For the moment, Hilary could only see glittering abundance of loosened hair, a flash of dark eyes, and raiment quivering from the quick turn of the form inside. And then he heard short

breath, sudden sighs, and the soothing sound of a figure settling from a great rush into quietude.

"This beats almost everything I ever know," said he to himself, quite silently. "I can't help her. And she seems to want no help, so far as I can judge. I wonder who she is, and what she would be like by daylight?"

Before he could make up his mind what to do, in a matter beyond experience, a great shout arose in some up-stair places, and a shriek or two, and a noise of trampling. "Holy Virgin! they have caught ('anilla!'" cried the young lady at Hilary's side. "She ought to have a little more of wisdom. Must I peril myself to protect her?" Without further halt to consider that question—swifter than the slow old lamps cast shadow, she rushed betwixt pillars, and up a stone stairway. And young Lorraine, with more pain than prudence, followed as fast as he could get along.

At the top of the stairs was a broad stone gallery, leading to the right and left, and lit as badly as a village street. But Hilary was not long in doubt, for he heard on the right hand a clashing noise, and soon descried broken shadows flitting, and felt that roguery was going on. So he made at his best pace towards it. And here he had not far to seek; for in a large room, hung with pictures, and likely to be too full of light, the fate of the house was being settled. In spite of all drunken stupidity, and the time spent in the wine-cellars, the plunderers had found out the inmates, and meant to make prizes of war of them. Small wonder that British intervention was not considered a God-send, when our allies were treated so. But British soldiers, however brutal in the times gone by (especially after furious carnage had stirred the worst ele-

ments in a man, and ardent liquor fired them), still had one redeeming point—the national love of fair play and sport. They had stolen this Spanish gentleman's wines, burned his furniture in the square, and done their best to set his house on fire, as long as they thought that he skulked away. But now that they touched his dearer honour, and he came like a man to encounter them, something moved their tipsy hearts to know what he was made of.

Miguel de Montalvan, the Count of Zamora, was made of good stuff, as he ought to be, according to his lineage. He was fighting for his children's honour, and he knew how to use a rapier. Two wounded roysterers on the floor showed that, though his hair was white, his arm was not benumbed with age. And now, with his slender Toledo blade, he was holding his own against the bayonet of his third antagonist, a man of twice his strength and weight—the very same tall grenadier who had pegged Major Clumps to the door of the house, and swung him so spitefully.

At the further end of the room two young and beautiful ladies stood or knelt, in horrible dread and anguish. It was clear at a glance that they were sisters, although they behaved very differently. For one was kneeling in a helpless manner, with streaming eyes and strained hands clasping the feet of a marble crucifix. She had not the courage to look at the conflict, but started convulsively from her prayers at clash of steel or stamp of foot. The other stood firmly, with her hair thrown back, one hand laid on her sister's head, and the other grasping a weapon, her lips set hard and her pale cheeks rigid, while her black eyes never left the face of the man who was striking at her father. At the first glance Hilary knew her to be the brave girl who had escaped

to the hall, and returned to share her sister's fate.

Things cannot be always done chivalrously, or in true heroic fashion. From among the legs of the reeling Britons (who, with pipes and bottles and shouts of applause, were watching the central combat) Hilary snatched up with his left hand a good-sized wine-bag, roughly rent at the neck, but still containing a part of its precious charge. The rogues had discovered it in the cellar, and guessed that its contents were good. And now, as the owner of the house, hard pressed and unable to reach his long-armed foe, was forced to give way, with the point of the bayonet almost entering his breast, and bearing him back on his daughters, Lorraine, with a sweep of his left arm, brought the juicy bag down on the back of the head of the noble grenadier. At the blow, the rent opened and discharged a gallon of fine old crusted port and beeswing down the warrior's locks, and into his eyes, and the nape of his neck. Blinded with wine, and mad with passion, he rushed at his new assailant; but the Count, as he turned, passed his rapier neatly between the tendons of his right arm. Down fell his musket, and Hilary seized it, and pointed it at the owner's breast. And now the grenadier remembered what he had quite forgotten throughout his encounter with the Spaniard—his musket was loaded, and on the full-cock! So he dropped (like a grebe or a dabchick diving), having seen smart practice with skirmishers.

However, it must have gone ill with Hilary, as well as the Count and his household, if succour had not come speedily. For the was-sailers, who had shown wondrous temper—Mars being lulled on the lap of Bacchus—suddenly awoke, with equal reason, to wild fury. With much reviling, and condem-

nation of themselves and one another, they formed front (having discipline even in their cups), and bore down the long room upon the enemy.

Drunk as they were, this charge possessed so much of their accustomed weight and power, that the Don looked on all as lost, and could only stand in front of his daughters. But Hilary, with much presence of mind, faced them, as if he were in

command, and cried "Halt!" as their officer.

With one accord they halted, and some of them tumbled down in doing it; and before they could form for another charge, or mutiny against orders, Corporal White, with half a company of his famous regiment, took them in the rear, and smote right and left, and they fled with staggered consciences.

CHAPTER XL.

As soon as the Count and his daughters knew how much they owed to Hilary, and saw the weak and wounded plight in which he had laboured for their good, without any loss of time they proved that Spaniards are not an ungrateful race. The Count took the young man in his arms, as well as he could without hurting him, and kissed him upon either cheek; and though the young ladies could not exactly follow their father's example, they made it clear that it was not want of emotion which deterred them. They kissed the left hand of the wounded youth, and bent over it, and looked at him with eyes so charming and so full of exquisite admiration, that Major Clumps, who was lying on the floor cowed—and far worse, actually gagged—longed to rap out a great oath; but failed in his struggle to break the commandment.

"Oh, he is so hurt, my father!" cried the braver, and if possible, the lovelier of the two fair maidens; "you do not heed such things, because you are so free yourself to wound. But the cavalier must be taken to bed. See he is not capable now of standing!"

For Hilary, now that all danger was past, grew faint; while he scorned himself for doing so in the presence of the ladies.

"It is to death; it is to death!" exclaimed the timid damsel. "What shall we do? Oh holy saints! To save us, and to have slain himself!"

"Be tranquil, Camilla," said the Spanish gentleman, kindly, and without contempt. "You have not shown the spirit of our house; but we cannot help our natures. Claudia, you are as brave as a man; seek for the good woman Teresina, she has not run away like the rest; she must be hiding somewhere. Camilla, release that other brave senhor. Gentlemen all, pray allow us to pass."

Corporal White drew his men aside, while the Count, concealing his own slight wounds, led and supported young Lorraine through a short passage and into a bedroom, dark, and cool, and comfortable. Here he laid him to rest on a couch, and brought cold water, and sponged his face. And presently old Teresina came, and moaned, and invoked the Virgin a little, and then fell to and pulled all his clothes off, as if he were her daughter's baby. And Hilary laughed at her way of working, and soothing him like some little pet kid; so that he almost enjoyed the pain of the clotted places coming off.

For after all he had not received—like Brigadier Walker that hot evening—twenty-seven wounds of

divers sorts ; but only five, and two bad bruises, enough to divert the attention. If a man has only one place of his body to think about, and to be full of, he is scarcely better off than a gourmand, or a guest at a Lord Mayor's dinner. But if he finds himself peppered all over, his attention is not over-concentrated, and he finds a new pleasure in bucking one hole of his body against another. In the time of the plague this thing was so, and so it must be in the times of war.

From the crown and climax of human misery, Lorraine (by the grace of the Lord) was spared. No doctor was allowed to come near him. That fatal step in the strongest man's life (the step tempting up to the doctor's bell), happily in his case was not trodden ; for the British surgeons were doing their utmost at amputating dead men's legs ; while Senhor Gines de Passamonte (the only Spanish graduate of medicine in good circles) had been roasted at one of the bonfires to enable him to speak English. This was a well-meant operation, and proved by no means a fatal measure ; the jack, however, revolved so well, that he went on no medical rounds for three months.

"Senhor, we can no doctor get," said the anxious Count to Hilary, having made up his mind to plunge into English, of which he had tried some private practice. "Senhor, what is now to do ? I can no more speak to please."

"You can speak to please most nobly ; I wish that I could speak the grand Hispanic tongue at all, Sir."

"Senhor, you shall. So brave a gentleman never will find bad to teach. The fine Angles way of speaking is to me very strong and good ; in one year, two year, three year, sir. Alas ! I behold you laughing."

"Count, it was but a twinge of

pain. You possess a great knowledge of my native tongue. But I fear that after such a night as this you will care to cultivate it no more."

"From what cause ? I have intelligence of you. But the thing has itself otherwise. The Angles are all very good. They incend my goods, and they intoxicate my wines. They are—what you call—well to come. They make battle with me for the Donnas, but fairly, very fairly ; and with your valiant assistance I victor them. I have no complaint. Now I make adventure to say that you can speak the French tongue. I can do the very same affair, and so can my daughters two. But in this house it must not be. We will speak the Angles until you have intelligence of the Spanish. With your good indulgence, Senhor. Does that recommend itself to you ?"

"Excellently, Count," said Hilary. And then, in spite of pain, he added, with his usual courtesy, "I have often longed to learn your magnificent language. This opportunity is delightful."

"I have, at this time, too prolonged," Don Miguel answered, with such a bow as only a Spaniard can make, and a Spaniard only when highly pleased ; "sleep, sir, now. The good Teresina will sit always on your head."

The good Teresina could not speak a word of any tongue but her own, and in that she could do without any answers, if only she might make to herself as many as she pleased of them. She saw that Hilary had no bones broken, nor even a bullet in his body—so far as she could yet make out—but was sadly hacked about, and worn, and weak with drains of bleeding. Therefore what he wanted now was nourishment, cold swathes, and sleep ; and all of these he obtained abundantly under the care of that good nurse.

Meanwhile, poor Major Clumps (to whom the Count and his daughters owed quite as much as they did to young Lorraine) did not by any means become the object of overpowering gratitude. He was neither wounded nor picturesque; and his services, great as they were, had not been rendered in a striking manner. So that although he did his best—as most old officers are inclined to do—to get his deserts attended to, his reward (like theirs) was the unselfish pleasure of seeing inferior merit preferred.

"Of course," he cried, after a preface too powerful to have justice done to it—"of course this is what one must always expect. I got bruised, and battered, and laughed at, and swung on a door, and gagged and corded, the moment I use a good English word; and then the girls for whose sake I did it, and turned myself into a filthy butler, because I am not a smart young coxcomb, and my wounds are black instead of being red, begad, sir, they treat me as if I had been all my life their father's butler!"

The loss of his laurels was all the more bitter to the brave and choleric Major, not only because it was always happening—which multiplied it into itself at every single recurrence—but also because he had been rapidly, even for his time of life, subdued by the tender and timorous glances of the sweet young Donna Camilla. The greater the fright this girl was in, the better it suited her appearance; and when she expected to be immolated (as the least of impending horrors), her face was as that of an angel. The Major, although trussed tight with whipcord, and full of an old stocking in his mouth, had enjoyed the privilege of gazing at her while she clasped her crucifix. And that picture would abide upon his retentive, stubborn, and honest brain as

long as the brain itself abode. He loved an Angelical girl, because his late wife had been slightly Demoniac.

Now, by the time that our British soldiers had finished their sack of Badajos—which took them three days, though they did their best—and were beginning to be all laid up (in spite of their iron trim and training) by their own excesses, Lorraine was able to turn in his bed, and to pay a tender heed to things. He began to want some sort of change from the never-wearying, but sometimes wearisome, tendance of old Teresina, whose rugged face and pointed cap would dwell in his dreams for ever. (Of course he was most grateful to her, and never would forget her kindness. Still he longed for a sight of somebody else; ugly or beautiful, he cared not—only let it be some other face. And his wish was granted, as generally happened, and sometimes only too graciously.

Our very noble public schools and ancient universities know, and always have known, how to educate young people. From long experience, they are well aware that all languages are full of mischief; and a man who desires that element finds it almost wherever he pleases. So that our authorities did well to restrict themselves to the grand old form, and the distance of two thousand years. Hence, as a matter of course, poor Hilary had not learned, either at school or college, even one irregular verb of the fine pervasive and persuasive language of all languages. To put it more simply, he could not speak French. In print he could follow it, off and on (as most men, with Latin to lead them, can); but from live lips it was gibberish to him, as even at this day it is to nine and a half out of ten good Britons.

And now, when suddenly a soft rich voice came over his shoulder (just turned once more in great dis-

gust from the dreary door) and asked, in very good French indeed, "How do you carry yourself, sir?" Hilary was at a pinch to answer, "Most well, a thousand thanks, most well." And after this Anglo-Gallic triumph, he rolled on his bandages very politely (in spite of all orders to the contrary) to see who it was, and to look at her.

Even in the gloom of the shaded windows, and of his own enfeebled sight, he could not help receiving an impression of wondrous beauty—a beauty such as it is not good for any young man to gaze upon, unless he is of a purely steadfast heart, and of iron self-control. And Hilary was not of either of these, as himself and his best friends knew too well.

The Count of Zamora's younger daughter, Claudia de Montalvan, was of Andalusian birth, and more than Andalusian beauty. Form, and bloom, and brilliant change, and harmony, and contrast, with the charm of soft expression, and the mysterious power of large black eyes—to all of these, in perfection, add the subtle grace of high lineage, and the warmth of southern nature, and it must be confessed that the fairest English maid, though present in all her beauty, would find a very dangerous rival.

"I quite forgot," said the *senhori*, approaching the bed with most graceful movement, and fixing her radiant eyes on poor Hilary—"there is one thing, sir, that I quite forgot. My good father will not allow French to be spoken by any child of his. He is so patriotic! What a pity, since you speak French so well!"

Hilary took some time to make out this. Then, knowing how bar-

barous his accent was, he weakly endeavoured with his languid eyes to pierce the depth of the Spanish maiden's, and learn whether she were laughing at him. Neither then, nor afterwards, when his sight was as keen again as ever, did he succeed in penetrating the dark profundity of those bright eyes.

"How shall we manage it?" the young lady continued, dropping her long curved lashes, and slightly flushing under his steadfast gaze. "You cannot speak the Spanish, I fear, not even so well as the droll old *senhor*, who makes us laugh so much down-stairs. On the contrary, I cannot speak the English. But, in spite of that, we must hold converse. Otherwise, how shall we ever thank you, and nurse you, and recover you? One thing must be begun at once—can I, without pain, lift your hand?"

Great part of this speech was dark to Hilary; but he understood the question about his hand, and kept the disabled one out of sight, and nodded, and said, "*Oui, senhora.*" Whereupon, to his great surprise, beautiful Claudia fell on her knees by the side of the couch, caught his left hand in both of hers, and pressed it in the most rapturous manner, ever so many times, to her sweet cool lips. And a large tear, such as large eyes should shed, gently trickled on each fair cheek, but was cleverly kept from dripping on his hand, because he might not have liked it. And then, with her face not far from his, she looked at him with a long soft gaze, and her hair (with the gloss and the colour of a filbert over the Guadiana) fell from her snowy forehead forward; and Hilary was done for.

CHAPTER XII.

A sad and a sorry task it is to follow the lapse of a fine young fellow. VOL. CXVI.—NO. DCCVII.

low, from the straight line of truth and honour, into the crooked ways

of shame. Hilary loved Mabel still, with all his better heart and soul ; her pure and kind and playful glance, and the music of her true voice, never wholly departed from him. In the hot infatuation to which (like many wiser and older men) he could not help but yield himself, from time to time a sudden pang of remorse and of good love seized him. Keenly alive to manly honour, and to the goodness of womankind, he found himself playing false to both, and he hated himself when he thought of it. But the worst of him was that he did not think habitually and steadfastly ; he talked to himself, and he thought of himself, but he very seldom examined himself. He felt that he was a very good fellow, in the main, and meant no harm ; and if he set up for a solid character, who would ever believe him ? The world had always insisted upon it that he was only a trifler ; and the world's opinion is very apt to create what it anticipates. He offered excuses enough to himself, as soon as he saw what a wrong he was doing. But the only excuse a good man can accept is the bitterness of his punishment.

The British army, having exhausted havock to the lees and dregs, marched upon its glorious way, in quest of other towns of our allies no less combustible. But many wounded champions were left behind in Badajoz, quartered on the grateful townsmen, to recover (if they could) and rejoin as soon as possible. Lieutenant Lorraine was one of these, from the necessity of his case ; and Major Clumps managed to be another, from his own necessities. But heavily wounded as he was (by one of Don Miguel's daughters), the fighting Major would never have got himself certified on the sick-list, unless he had known, from the course of the war, that no battle now was imminent.

Regardless of his Horace, and too regardful of cruel Glycera, more than too much pined Major Clumps, and would have chanted mournful ditties in a minor key, if nature had only gifted him with any other note than D. Because his junior shone beyond him, with breach of loyal discipline. He might console himself, however, with the solace offered by the sprightly bard—the endless chain of love revolving with links on the wrong cog for ever. Major Clumps was in love with Camilla ; the saintly Camilla declined from him with a tender slope towards Hilary ; Hilary went downhill too fast with violent pangs towards Claudia ; and Claudia rose at the back of the wheel, with her eyes on the distant mountains.

Of all Lorraine's pure bodily wounds, the worst (though not the most painful, as yet) was a gash in his left side, made by pike, or sword, or bayonet, or something of a nasty poignancy. Hilary could give no account of it, when he took it, or where, or how : he regretted deeply to have it there ; but beyond that he knew nothing. It seemed to have been suggested cleverly, instead of coarsely slashing down ; so far as a woman who had not spent her youth in dissecting-rooms could judge. But Major Clumps (too old a warrior to lose his head to anything less perturbing than a cannon-ball) strenuously refused to believe in Hilary's ignorance about it. He had a bad opinion of young men, and believed that Hilary had fallen into some scrape of which he was now ashamed. At the same time, he took care to spread it abroad (for the honour of the regiment) that their young lieutenant had been the first to leap on the sword-blades of the breach, even as afterwards he was first to totter through the gap he made. But now it seemed likely that either claim

would drop into abeyance, until raked up as a question of history.

For the wound in Hilary's side began to show very ugly tokens. It had seemed to be going on very nicely for about a fortnight, and Teresina praised and thanked the saints, and promised them ten days' wages, in the form of candles. But before her vow was due, or her money getting ready, the saints (whether making too sure of their candles, or having no faith in her promises) suddenly struck work, and left this good woman, rags, bottles, and bones, in a miserable way. For violent inflammation began to kindle beneath the bandages, and smiles were succeeded by sighs and moaning, and happy sleep by weary tossings and light-headed wakefulness.

By way of encouraging the patient, Major Clumps came in one day with a pair of convalescent Britons, and a sheet of paper, and pressed upon him the urgent necessity for making his will; to leave the world with comfort and composure. Hilary smiled, through all his pain, at the thought of his having in the world anything but itself to leave; and then he contrived to say, pretty clearly—

"Major, I don't mean to leave the world. And if I must, I have nothing but my blessing to leave behind me."

"Then you do more harm than good by going; and none need wish to hurry you. Sergeant Williams, you may go, and so may Private Bodkin. You will get no beer in this house, I know; and you have both had wine enough already. Be off! what are you spying for!"

The two poor soldiers, who had looked forward to getting a trifle for their marks, glanced at one another sadly, and knowing what the Major was, made off. For ever since the tricks played with him by

drunken fellows who knew him not, Major Clumps had been dreadful towards every sober man of his own regiment. The course of justice never does run smooth.

This was a thing such as Hilary would have rejoiced to behold, and enter into, if he had been free from pain. But gnawing, wearing, worrying pain sadly dulls the sense of humour and power of observation. Yet even pain, and the fear of the grave with nothing to leave behind him, could not rob him of all perception of a sudden brightness shed softly over all around. Two lovely maidens were come to pray for him, and to scatter his enemies.

Claudia de Montalvan led her gentle and beautiful sister Camilla, to thank, once for all, and perhaps to say farewell to, their preserver. Camilla, with her sad heart beating tremulously, yet controlled by maiden dignity and shame, followed shyly, fearing deeply that her eyes would tell their tale. And thus, even through the more brilliant beauty of her braver sister, the depth of love and pity made her, for the time, more beautiful. Between the two sisters there was but little, even for the most careful modeller to perceive, of difference. Each had the purely moulded forehead, and the perfect arch of eyebrow, and the large expressive eyes, well set and clearly cut and shaded; also the other features shaped to the best of all nature's experience. This made it very nice to notice how distinct their faces were by inner difference of mind and will.

"Senhor," said Claudia to Major Clumps, who could manage to make out Spanish; "we have heard that he is very ill. We are come to do the best for him. Camilla will pray—it is so good—and I will do anything that may need. But it is not right to detain you longer.

The gentlemen cannot pray at all, till they are in the holy orders."

The Major bowed, and grimly smiled at this polite dismissal; and then with a lingering glance at Camilla, stumped away in silence to a proper swearing distance.

His glance might have lingered till dark night fell, before that young Donna returned it. All her power of thought or feeling, fearing, hoping, or despairing, was gathered into one sad gaze at her guest, her saviour, and her love. Carefully as she had watched him through the time when there was no danger, she had not been allowed by the ancient nurse to come near him for the last three days. And even now she had been content to obey Teresina's orders, and to trust in the saints, with her calm sweet faith—the saints who had sent this youth to save her—but for her stronger sister's will.

"Disturb him not, sister, but let him rest," said Claudia, whose fair bosom never was a prey to gratitude; "see you not how well he lies? If we should happen to cause disturbance, he might roll over, and break into bleeding; and then you could pray for his soul alone."

"Sister mine, you do not speak well," Camilla answered, gently; "he has shed so much blood for us, that he is not likely to bleed more. It is now the want of the blood, and the fever, that will make us mourn for ever. Cavalier, brave cavalier, can you not look up, and muse?"

Hilary, being thus invoked, though he had no idea what was meant—the language being pure Castilian—certainly did look up, and try with very bad success to muse. His eyes met kind Camilla's first (because she was leaning over him), but in spite of close resemblance, found not what they wanted in them, and wandered on, and met the eyes of Claudia, and rested there.

Camilla, with the speed of love outwinging all the wings of thought, felt, like a stab, this absence from her and this presence elsewhere. And having plenty of inborn pride, as behoved her and became her well, she turned away to go, and leave her sister (who could not pray at all) to pray for what seemed to be more her own. And her heart was bitter, as she turned away.

Claudia (who cared not one half-real for Hilary, or what became of him; and who never prayed for herself, or told her beads, or did any religious thing) was also ready to go, with a mind relieved of a noxious duty; when her softer, and therefore nobler, sister came back, with her small pride conquered.

"It is not a time to dispute," she said, "nor even to give one's self to pray, when violent pain is tearing one. My sister, I have prayed for days, and twice as much by night; and yet everything grows much worse, alas! Last night I dreamed a dream of great strangeness. It may have come from my birthday saint. The good Teresina is having her dinner; and she always occupies one large hour in that consummation. Do a thing of courage, sister; you always are so rich in courage."

"What do you mean?" asked Claudia, smiling; "you seem to have all the courage now."

"Alas! I have no courage, Claudia. You are laughing at me. But if you would only raise the bandage—I dare not touch the poor cavalier—where the sad inflammation is, that makes him look at you so—it is possible that I could, or perhaps that you could——"

"Could what?" asked Claudia, who was not of a long-enduring temper; "I have no fear to touch him; and he seems to be all bandages. There now, is that what you require?" Camilla shuddered as her

sister firmly (as if she were unswathing a mummy of four thousand years) untied Teresina's knots, and laid bare the angry wound, which was eating Hilary's life away. Then a livid virulent gash appeared, banked with proud flesh upon either side, and Claudia could not look at it.

But Camilla gathered the courage often latent in true gentleness, and hooded only in her heart how the poor young fellow fell away and fainted from the bold exposure, and falling back, thus made his wound open and gape wider.

"I see it! I see it! I shall save him yet," she cried, in feminine ecstasy; and while Claudia thought her mad, she snatched from the chain at her zone a little steel implement, often carried by Spanish girls for beauty's sake. With dainty skimmings, and the lightest touch, she contrived to get this well inside all the mere outward mischief, and drew out a splinter of rusty iron, and held it up to the light in triumph; and then she went down on her knees and sobbed, but still held fast her trophy.

"What is it? Let me see!" cried Claudia, being accustomed to take the lead: "Saint plague, what is a mere shred like that, to cause so much emotion? It may be something the old nurse put there, and so you have done more harm than good."

"Do nurses put pieces of jagged iron into a wound to heal it? It is part of a cruel Frenchman's sword. Behold the fangs of it, and the venomous rust! What agony to the poor cavalier! Now sponge his forehead with the vinegar; for you

are the best and most welcome nurse. And when he revives show him this, and his courage will soon be renewed to him. I can stay here no longer, I feel so faint. I will go to my saint, and thank her."

When old Teresina returned, and found her patient looking up at Claudia, with his wound laid bare, she began to scold and wring her hands, and order her visitor out of the room; but the proud young lady would have none of that.

"A pretty nurse you are," she cried, "to leave this in your patient's wound! Is this your healing instrument, pray? What will the Count of Zamora say when I show him this specimen of your skill? How long will he keep you in this house? Oh blind, demented, gorging, wallowing, and most despicable nurse!"

That last word she pronounced with such a bitterness of irony, that poor Teresina's portly form and well-fed cheeks shook violently. "For the love of all the saints, sweet Donna, do not let my lord know this. The marvellous power of your bright eyes has cast their light on everything. That poor old I, with these poor members, might have gazed and gazed for ever; when lo! the most beautiful and high-born lady under heaven appears, and saves the life of the handsome lord that loves her."

"We will speak no more upon this matter," Claudia answered, magnanimously. And the nurse thenceforth was ready to vow, and Hilary only too glad to believe, that the sorely wounded soldier owed his life to a beautiful maiden. And so he did; but not to Claudia.

THE GREEK FOOL.

THE liveliest of living Greek professors is reported to have impressed on his junior class, upon a recent occasion, the trenchant dogma that "every person who despises the Greek language and literature proves himself to be a conceited puppy and an ignorant fool." It is odd enough that, by pursuing the opposite course to that which the professor deprecates, the student of Greek literature may make acquaintance with a hybrid between the fool and the puppy, nowhere found in such perfection as in the books of certain contributors to it. The simpleton, the ninny, the fool, natural and unartificial, struts abroad in his undesignated folly and simplicity more completely in the collections of Hierocles and Philagrius, than on any other ancient or modern platform. Mr Kalston, indeed, gives us a glimpse or two of a kindred simpleton in the *derdik* of his Russian Folk-Tales, but it does not appear from his account that this variety of the fool genus is always as "daft" as he would desire to be thought. And in his Zoological Mythology, Professor De Gubernatis discovers beneath the cloak of simplicity which enwraps the fool of Slavonic tradition, an embodiment of wit and cunning more akin to the clever fooling of a hero of early Roman History, "Brutus—*stulti sapiens imitator*." In Russian, as in Scotch Folk-Tales, we come across parents who distress themselves prematurely as to the fate of unborn descendants; and old maids who melt into tears at the thought of what might have been had each of them married, and the offspring of a union of the son

of one and a daughter of the other had the mischance to tumble out of windows. But for rich and rare development of downright inconsecutive unreasoning absurdity of folly, commend us to the Greek fool, whom beginners of Greek learn to welcome under the name of *Σχολαστικός*, and who deserves loving remembrance for having to many a youngster enlivened the dreary waste of the *Analekta Minora*. Who does not recall the "foolish fellow" wishing to swim, and what he resolved on a narrow escape from drowning; the ninny who, proud of his achievements in house-building, carried a brick about as a sample; and the noodle, more bird-witted than the objects of his little game, who, when he saw a number of birds perched upon a tree, spread his cloak on the ground, and proceeded to shake it, as if for fruit? But our friend *Σχολαστικός* soon came to an end, perchance because to the old race of pedagogues the mixture of pleasant and useful recommended by Horace seemed less wholesome for boys in *statu pupillari* than the thornier paths of didactic poetry and philosophic prose. Since then, however—indeed within the last five or six years—a German editor has been at pains to publish a scholarly and critical edition of the sayings and doings of the friend of our youth; and though his ideas of editorial duty certainly do not include the illustration of the Joo Millerisms which he has collected, by apposite and amusing parallels, nor, indeed, anything beyond a careful representation of the Greek text, with occasional notes and con-

joctures in cases of doubt and difficulty, he has abundantly demonstrated that it is by no means a true account of *Σχολαστικὸς*, to say that his *facetiae* are limited; nay, rather, that if we are content to group him with his Cumæan and Abderitan cousins, he will afford as ample a field of "jest-book" literature as any reader would be capable of traversing "while the fit was on." That such a fit was short-lived with the editor we have referred to—Alfred Eberhard of Berlin—we should infer from his admission that he desisted in the middle from the task of parallelism and illustration of Greek foolishness out of Latin, Italian, German, and French literatures, because he came to the conclusion that the labour of verifying his references and expanding his manuscript notes would tend to weariness rather than profit. But we are far from assenting to this conclusion, as a rule; although in this particular case there may have been an innate deficiency of humour in the editor, which made itself sufficiently felt to deter him from a task he would have accomplished only perfunctorily. That which he has accomplished—after the matter-of-fact, business-like, unadorned manner of German editors—affords a tolerably huge bed of material to quarry, out of which those who choose may shape the stones to their particular fashion and purpose. We shall first give a brief and uncritical sketch of this material, as we find it, and as it is presented to us by Eberhard; and then proceed to introduce a Merry-Andrew, who, according to Porson, was the *fons et origo* of all the jokes usually fathered on Joe Miller.

The collective name of Eberhard's volume is 'Philogelos,' or, as we might name a like collection, 'The Complete Jester.' It consists ostensibly of the remains, in this kind of

literature, of Hierocles—presumably a Neo-Platonist of Alexandria in the fifth century—and of Philager, or Philagrius, a Cilician rhetorician, of about the same date of the Christian era. Little is known of either, except that their jocose remains were first put forth in collected form somewhere about the ninth or tenth century. One Marquardt Fræher first published the *facetiae* of Hierocles in Europe about the beginning of the seventeenth century; and though editors at Cambridge, Leipsic, and Paris, in the next century, all availed themselves of his collection, they did nothing to improve or add to it, although by that time a large supplement of *facetiae* had been brought to light at Gröningen. Some of these were incorporated by Jacobs in his edition, the best known before that of Boissonade at Paris, which is the result of his calling into his counsels a certain Minoides Minas, a Greek well known to European libraries and museums as a manuscript hunter of somewhat unreliable habits and antecedents, and as one whom Eberhard does not scruple to designate "*homo Græcus tot libris inventis, corruptis, ablatis, subditis celeber.*" His connection with the Fables of Babrius, as they have been presented to modern scholars by the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and the doubtfulness of his representations to the British Museum, which purchased his MS. of the second part of those fables, are topics which recall to the learned a question yet unsolved. The result of his co-operation with Boissonade was, as might be expected, but a partial success. Late and unclassical Greek works constantly supply the *lacunæ* found by Minas in transcribing the various MSS. which he copied; and something better and more trustworthy than the Parisian edition of 1848, which he inspired

so dubiously, was yet to seek, when our present editor, occupied at Berlin with other literary researches, came upon valuable MSS. in the library of that city, by the aid and collation of which, and with the help, where serviceable, of Boissonade's notes, he was able to produce a far more complete edition of *Facetia*, under the comprehensive title of 'Philogelos,' than had yet seen the light. The date of this edition is 1869; and though even it bristles with queer and doubtful Greek, and, after exercising our ingenuity to the utmost, not unfrequently leaves us at sea as to the point of remarks or retorts, which, had we but the key-word, would reward us with a hearty laugh at some new foolery, still it is a considerable gain on all editions that went before it, and may well serve the purposes of the curious reader until a more popular edition, with English notes and illustrations, shall have appeared. Out of what is intelligible in it we are not without a hope of being able to draw a sample of jokes, old and new, of a nature to move the risible organs of our readers, and to present to them a species of the "fool" genus with which the British reader is only half familiar. Rather more than one hundred jests are tacked to the name of "Scholasticus:" the rest are set down, in groups, to representative classes—misers, cowards, drunkards, woman-haters, and others who afford equally fair game—and to representative nationalities, such as the citizens of Cumæ, Sidon, and Abdera, the reputation of the last of which for especial dulness is as old as Martial or even Cicero.

Although it would be easy to adduce instances, in these collections,

of the kind of jest which provokes the reflection that "it takes a wise man to make a fool," yet the greater number of *facetie* recorded present rather unmistakable tokens of defective intellect, of incapacity for logical consecutiveness, and of an understanding weak enough to be the sport of every form of fallacy, and to justify the vulgar suspicion of a "tile off," or "an upper story short of its due furniture." The visitor of any large asylum will have been struck with the curious hazziness as to *time* and *numbers* which characterises a large section of its unfortunate inmates; and this obfuscation of the reasoning and reflecting faculty is very marked in the Greek simpleton. Sometimes it may be the only screw loose; and in the first instance we shall cite it may fairly have been so, or our fool could hardly have obtained his "diploma." "A man," we read, "accosted a foolish physician with a statement of his case: 'Doctor, when I wake up out of sleep, I'm half an hour in darkness before I recover my sight as I have it now.' 'Ay, indeed!' said the physician; 'then don't wake up *till the half-hour's over*.'" The prescription in this case might have well proceeded from an unprofessional member of the same fraternity, who, "having a farm many miles off his dwelling-house, threw down *seven milestones* by way of abridging the distance;"* or from another of the same kidney, who, having heard from a friend that he had dined on a fine capon *killed a day before*, sent and had the poulterer "*slay him a fowl killed the day before*." In some cases there is a leaven of obstinacy dominating the fool's folly; in others of conceit near of kin to it. The

* Possibly it may have occurred to the Greek fool that the roadmaker might, like the Irishman, plead the number of milestones in excuse of the badness of the roads. "If the quality be rather infairior, we give good measure of it, anyhow."—Jest-Book, p. 152.

former is strong in the foolish hedge-school master, who on one occasion looked suddenly at a certain corner of his school and cried out, "Donis is behaving ill in the corner there." "He ain't come yet," interposed another pupil. "When he does come, then," retorted the self-justifying Scholasticus (Philogelos, No. 61). On some such fixed principle of self-respect the princess in 'Through the Looking-Glass' allows her maid bread and jam *every other day*; but it is always *yesterday* or *to-morrow*, and never *to-day*. The above instances concern time; but not less erratic is the Greek fool's manner of dealing with numbers. A friend said to a fool who was going to travel, "I want you to buy me two slaves, each fifteen years old." Said the other, "Very good! and if I can't meet with a couple of such age, I'll buy you one of thirty years old." It was not quite the converse plan to which, according to Mark Lemon's 'Jest-Book,' the gentleman's servant resorted, who, when bidden by his master to secure him two inside places in the Glasgow mail—because he was too huge for one—returned from the booking-office with the following report of his errand: "Please, sir, there were not two inside places to be had: so I've taken you one inside and one out." This peculiar confusion of mind as to number is of a kindred character to a particular sample of the mental weakness of Scholasticus—*i.e.*, when on being told that there were twenty steps up a certain ladder, he inquired "how many there were in going down it." On the other hand, it might be referable to the waggery of a half knave, half fool, such as the man in the Greek *face-tia*, who, having lent an ass which could not be returned to him, said, he did not mind taking a couple of mules as a set-off. But most pro-

bably the true explanation is to be found in an inability to take in more than one idea at a time, to distinguish singular and plural, and to comprehend collateral mention of space, time, and number. When a fool gets a fixed idea in his head, it seems to occupy it to the exclusion of other matters, and to lead him to ignore inconsistencies of conduct, however incompatible with such an idea. Thus we read that "an Abderite wanted to hang himself. The rope broke, and he bruised his head. Without delay he ran to the apothecary's for a plaster, applied it carefully to the bruised place, and then proceeded to carry out his suicidal project" (Philogelos, No. 112). The joke reminds us of one of the anecdotes told in the pleasant 'Memorial of Archibald Constable,' by his son, recently published. An old deaf aunt of the publisher was on her deathbed, and her mind, always eccentric, had begun to waver and fail. "Ann," she said to her attendant, "if I should be spared to be taken away, I hope my nephew will get the doctor to open my head, and see whether anything can be done for my hearing."

Not a few of the absurdities of which the Greek simpleton is guilty will be found to arise from imperfect definition of terms. Ambiguity is induced by his taking in one sense what was said in another, or by his refusal to accept a plain statement, under the tempting encouragement of a verbal fallacy which occurs to him. An example of the former is to be found in the capital story about a waterproof-cape, which the Greeks called "birrus." "A man said to a fool, 'Lend me a cape just a field's length.' 'I can lend you one,' he replied, 'reaching as far as the angle; but I haven't one a field's length.'" It is obvious that the one understood the word "length" as relating to feet and

inches, the other as having reference to time measurement. The other case may be illustrated by a story of a foolish traveller given by Hierocles, whose equipage came to a standstill because the mules were too tired to go further. Upon the driver's unloosing them for a little rest, on finding themselves freed from the yoke they took to running away. "Knaves," said Scholasticus to the driver, "don't you see that the mules are running? It's the vehicle which is in fault, and too tired to run" (Philog., Nos. 99, 100). Not very unlike this story, in the ambiguity arising from two aspects of the same object being contemplated by the interlocutors, is that of the Abderite who was going to sell a pitcher that was bereft of its ears. When asked why he had removed these, he replied, "in order that the pitcher may not run away when it hears that it has been sold."

It would seem from the annals of Scholasticus that the contemplation of twins was a very frequent trap to catch and bewray fools. On one occasion, happening to be in company with persons who were remarking the wonderful likeness between two twin brothers, the worthy whose remarks we are chronicling delivered himself of the observation: "This one's not so exactly like that as that one's like this." But such profundity and show of subtlety does not seem to have characterised our friend in his actual intercourse with twins, for we read in Hierocles a joke about him which repeats itself in many languages: "One of twin brothers died; a fool, meeting the survivor, accosted him thus: 'Was it you that died, or your brother?'" The question recalls at once a similar one addressed, says gossip, by a certain Lord Mayor of blundering notoriety, to a gentleman who had had the small-pox twice: "Did it prove fatal," he inquired,

"the first time or the second?" As to twins, a little ambiguity of speech is not necessarily proof positive of folly. Not very long since we read in a letter of some twins, who, when they were babies, were always getting mixed; but one of them was drowned early in life, and the survivor used to say, "nobody could ever tell whether it was me or my brother." "I always knew," was the *wise* conclusion of the account given by one of those interesting individuals, "what a source of constant confusion he and his twin brother were to the nurses, housemaids, and schoolmasters."

Another and wider field, as might be reasonably expected, for the display of our hero's talent, or want of it, may be designated that of *mal-à-propos*. In perfect good faith and honest gravity the simpleton utters sentences meant for compliments, though if taken in their natural interpretation they might convey an ill wish or a direct affront. Some of these speeches have their modern counterpart, and are not confined to the annals of the Greek Tomfool. The Duchess, for example, who in the innocency of her heart told George II. "how much she should like to see a coronation," may not have passed in her day for an absolute simpleton, especially if she was pretty; and yet there was little to choose between her wisdom and that of Scholasticus, who, when his father-in-law, meeting him on his return from foreign travel, inquired after his fellow-traveller, replied, "Thank you, he's very well, and in capital spirits, for he's buried his wife's father." There is no reason to doubt that such an answer may have been made; for we are cognisant of a well-attested incident of a call upon newly wedded folks, in the course of which one of the visitors, going through the compliments and formalities of the customary cake and

wine, lifted his glass towards the bridegroom and said that he hoped he should often have to wish him health and happiness on a similar occasion. This very reply, in truth, is the substance of the 72d of the *Facetiae* of Hierocles in Eberhard's collection, where the unconscious joker "hopes often to celebrate the same feast, and always as prosperously." In some examples of this kind of silly speech the *malapropos* is broadened into an unintentional disregard of filial piety—as for instance, when our fool, when his aged father was *in extremis*, invited his friends to attend on the morrow with garlands, as for his funeral. On the morrow the friends arrived, and finding the old man not dead, but somewhat better, were naturally vexed at having come on a fool's errand. But their bidder's politeness—the offspring of conceit and foolishness—was equal to the occasion. "I, too," he said, "am ashamed at your waste of time, and love's labour lost; but bring the garlands to-morrow, and we'll bury him, be he how he may." It was a parity of reasoning, or of unreason, which was manifested by the Alderite's son in the same collection (No. 123), who, having burned his deceased father, as the law directed, ran into the house, where his mother lay sick, and said to her, "There's still a little wood over; if you're agreeable, and it's feasible, come and be burnt with the same fuel." He lost sight of his filial piety in a one-sided grasp of the idea of "making one job of it." So, indeed, it is in many of these exhibitions; the dominant idea crushes every other out of the narrow upper story of the numskull. Scholasticus, we are told elsewhere, was writing to his father from Athens, and pluming himself on his progress in rhetoric and elocution, to acquire which he had

been sent thither. He added this paragraph—"And I pray, sir, that on returning home I may find you a defendant on a capital charge, that I may air my oratory in your defence." This is worthy of the Irish horse-stealer, who, when O'Connell had obtained his acquittal, exclaimed, in the exuberance of his gratitude, "Och, counsellor! I've no way *here* to thank your honour; but I wish't I saw you *knocked down in my own parish*—wouldn't I bring a faction to the rescue?" It ought to be known, however, that on occasions the Greek fool was the father, and not the son, and that his *malaprópos* was as unparental as the other's was unfilial. A fool's son, on being sent to the wars, bragged that he would come back with the head of one of the enemy. "Good!" said the old simpleton; "but even if I see you come home *without a head*, I shall be thankful and delighted." But to judge from these *facetiae*, a twist or a narrowness in the brain is apt to provoke the oddest *contretemps* and recriminations betwixt son and sire. In one case, a grown-up son, being twitted by his father with having a child to maintain, and advised to kill it, because the expense fell practically on the old *paterfamilias*, afforded a fine illustration of the "tit-for-tat" in a fool's mouth, when he retorted, "Just you kill your own children, and then advise me to destroy my little one!" Another, having an altercation with his father, said to him, to crown all, "Base varlet! don't you see how you have wronged me!—for if you hadn't been born, and stood in the way, I should have come into my grandfather's money." We are reminded of the Irish clergyman, who, noticing among the portraits of the Scottish kings in Holyrood Palace one of youthful appearance, while his son was de-

picted as old, and as having a venerable beard, exclaimed, in wonderment, "*Sanctu Maria!* is it possible that this gentleman was an *old man* when his father was born?"

In the sayings and doings of some of Hierocles's clients, it comes out that father and son are equally qualified for a degree in daftness. Witness the following instance: "A fool's son was playing at ball. The ball fell into a well. Young Hopeful bent over it, saw his own shadow, and demanded the ball of it. When no answer was made, he complained to his father that the ball was not given back. Thereupon the father stooped down, and, addressing his shadow, expostulated: "Come, master, you give my son his ball back" (No. 33).

We have no index, however, of the state of the Cumean father's intellect, whose daft son, being condemned to death in his father's absence, besought all the lookers-on, on the way to execution, not to tell his father, for he would certainly beat him to death if he heard of it. "Teach him to know better next time, sir; teach him to know better next time," was the moral reflection, in our hearing, of a half-witted old man, when told of the hanging of a certain murderer. In none of the Greek *facetiae* that we have met, do we find any case of fraternal affection so puzzle-headed as that developed by the Irishman who enlisted in the 75th Regiment, in order to be near his brother in the 76th.

A grand commonplace of the fool in his folly is the category of "sleep and dreams." The head that can barely carry one idea at a time is incapable of distinguishing waking sights and thoughts from those of sleep. Thus a man met a fool, as we read in Hierocles, and said to him, "Sir blockhead, I saw and spoke to you in my sleep!" "A thousand pardons," was his reply;

"I was so busy I didn't hear you." In like manner, some one said to another simpleton, "Demeas, I saw you here, three days back, in my dreams." "You lie!" he replied; "I was in the country." His brain seems to ignore the distinctions of waking and sleeping, whether it be to gainsay and confute another, or to make the best of a bad bargain, as in the following instance of an Abderite. This worthy dreamed he was selling a sucking-pig, for which he asked a hundred pence. Some one bid him fifty; he stoutly refused, and in his energy woke up. As pig and money were alike denied to his waking sight, he speedily closed his eyes again, and, extending his palm, said to the dreamland bidder, "Well, well, let's have the fifty!" A very odd story is told in the 56th joke of the collections before us, of greater length than these jests commonly are, and looking more like a cutting from fable-lore, such as M. Minas might have introduced into them by mistake. We cite it in this place because sleep has its part in it, and the fool's confusion and blundering are connected with it, though not so directly as in the above instances. "Scholasticus, a bald-pate, and a barber, were travelling together. Halting in a desert, they agreed each to keep awake for four hours, and to watch the baggage in turn. It fell to the barber's lot to watch first, and he being a wag, played the foolish fellow the trick of shaving his head before waking him at the end of his watch. Aroused from his snooze, the fool began to rub his head, and finding that it was bald, said to himself, 'This barber's a poor good-for-nothing, for by mistake he has awakened the bald-pate instead of me.'" He was, it seems, reduced to the same doubt of his identity, as the venerable egg-seller of our nursery rhymes, who, having

had her petticoats cut short by a peddler named Stout, was driven to the test of her little dog's recognition for the assurance of her being her very self.

Returning to genuine cases of jests arising out of confusion between sleeping and waking, we may cite that of the two fools, one of whom dreamed that he had trodden on a nail, and straightway (on waking) bandaged his foot. His comrade having asked and learned the reason, delivered himself of the sage observation: "Rightly are we called foolish; for why ever do you go to rest without your shoes on?" A meet pendant to this class of jests is the story of the silly fellow who, wishing to ascertain whether sleeping became him, shut his eyes, and then placed himself before a mirror. It may, perhaps, be capped by the modern jest of the new maid-servant, whose mistress, having heard strange sounds at night, cross-examined her as to whether she was given to snoring. "I really don't know, marm," replied Pecky, innocently; "I never lay awake long enough to discover."*

From the "sleep" category of jestlore, we may pass to the *ana*, so to speak, of fools under medical treatment, in connection with which it will be fair to chronicle a few silly speeches attributed to professors of the healing art. When Tomfool falls sick, his folly is apt to read the doctor's prescription too literally, and in his anxiety to act upon it, to frustrate his own over-caution. Such was the case of one who, having had his uvula operated upon, was bidden not to talk. Accordingly, he desired his slave to return for him the salutations of those who bade him good-morrow; but, when this was done, kept saying to each in the fulness of his courtesy: "Don't take it as

an affront if my slave salutes you in my stead; my medical man has bidden me not to talk." "Another fool" (we still quote our Greek oracles), "being sick, agreed with the doctor that he would pay him a fee if cured. So when his wife blamed him for drinking wine when he was in a high state of fever, he retorted, "What! do you want me to get well, then, and to have to pay the doctor his fee?" Such, we suppose, was the resource which presented itself to the simpleton for endeavouring to be even with his medical adviser's demands, an instance of the sharpness of which is given under the head of Cumæan Facetie (p. 175), where a doctor having brought a patient sick of a tertian fever to a semi-tertian, demanded of him half his fee. It was not always, however, that his patients were ill-matched with him. One such, who deserves his classification with the witty fellows rather than the foolish, being treated for ophthalmia by a thievish doctor, had his lamp stolen by him, and lent out on usury. One day the medico asked his patient, "How are your eyes?" "Why, bad enough," said the witty fellow offhand. "Since you lent my lamp, I can't see it." Two variations of one and the same story anent the over-conscientiousness of convalescent fools must not go unchronicled. One of the class, seeing a physician coming as was his wont, slipped out of sight. A friend, observing this, asked the reason. "Well," said the other, "'tis some time since I have been sick, and really I'm ashamed to be seen by him." The other is a still finer illustration of true *mauvaise honte*. "A doctor gave up a Cumæan patient. The patient recovered, and shirked the doctor. On the latter inquiring the reason, the explana-

* Mark Lemon's Jest-Book, p. 276.

tion was as follows: "Why, you said I was dying, and so I'm ashamed to be alive and well." Both these patients exhibit such tenderness for their medical man's veracity, as to merit the approval with which a modern leech is said to have commended a punctual swallower of his medicines: "Ah, my dear sir, you *deserve* to be ill!"

Perhaps, however, under the surface, these simpletons may have had a better reason for shirking the doctor, if, as some of these anecdotes go to prove, he was not only bungling, but fond of tentative experiments. We read of a Cumaean doctor, who, whilst performing a surgical operation upon a patient crying out in severe pain, changed his knife for a blunter one. Such misplaced pity reminds us of the dentist who stops in the midst of extracting a tooth to express to his patient the fear that he is hurting him. Of another Cumaean operator, we learn that, after dressing a wounded head, he laid the patient on his back, and poured water into his mouth, to ascertain whether his plastering was water-tight. Some of these gentry would seem to have been churls withal, and this without the signal gifts of healing which excused the brusqueness of an Abernethy or a Jephson. Said a poor patient to one of these, "I can't lie down, stand, nor sit, without pain." "There's nothing left for you then," said the M.D., "but to—be hanged." Another doctor, of the same temper, and withal bereft of one eye, asked a sick man, "How do you find yourself?" "As you see," was the reply. "If," rejoined the doctor, "you find yourself *as I see*, one half of you is dead." We fear, too, that, in the judgment of the compiler of these anecdotes, the professors of the healing art were more sordid than their modern representatives, besides being more

unskilful and less judicious in their remarks. *Ecce signum!* "A Sidonian physician having received a thousand drachmæ as a legacy from a patient at his decease, complained to the next of kin, at the funeral, of the legacy being so shabby. In course of time the heir fell ill, and, on sending for the same physician to deal with his disorder, was met with the rejoinder, If you'll leave me five thousand drachmæ, then I don't mind *doing for you as I did for your father*" (§ 139). Here we have an undesigned truth; in the other cases rudeness and bitter irony. That a witty saying may be fired off by a medical practitioner with no impeachment of his courtesy or politeness, is seen in the case of the doctor's reply to a lady who complained to him that "alas, she was near thirty!" "Do not fret at it, madam," he said, with admirable irony; "you will get farther from that frightful epoch every day."

Though we are not aware of instances of it in these Greek *factelia* and chronicles of foolish speech, it is by no means improbable that the medical authorities impeached in some of them would have justified themselves, like other empirics, with an "if," and established themselves in the right, in all cases. That this was the way with the astrologers, who were called in of old as regularly as the doctors, two anecdotes will suffice to show. "A senseless astrologer telling a child's horoscope said, 'This child will grow up to be a rhetorician, a vice-governor, and a governor.' The child died. Its mother applied for repayment of the fee, on the plea that the orator and statesman in embryo had died in childhood. 'Nay!' said the astrologer; 'and so he would have been all this, if he had but lived.' Another charlatan of the same sort said to one who consulted him in a lengthy speech, 'It is not in your

horoscope that you should have children.' 'But I have seven,' said the other. 'Take care of them, then,' returned the unabashed astrologer."

Beside the various oracular responses of embodied simplicity which we have endeavoured to classify, there are extant many others of a more isolated character which bespeak either unmixed foolhood, or a mixture of wit and folly. There can be little doubt that the order to stuff a pitcher, that had served for a bolster, with feathers by way of making it softer, if ever it was given save in story-land, proceeded from an unrelieved idiot. But, like the tale of the simpleton who, wanting to cross the river in a hurry, preferred to ride into the ferry-boat and not alight, it is only a good story. Absence of mind and maladroitness might explain the story of the man who, going to inquire for a sick friend, was told by his widow, "Alas, he's gone!" and simply replied, "If he return, will you say I called?" but there was method in the madness of him who, when called to task for usurping his hall-porter's function, and saying "not at home" with his own lips, proceeded to pick a quarrel with the visitor because he doubted *his* word, though he would have believed his slave's. The first part of the story is tacked to a British satirist, who may have got it from this source, and it is also known to Cicero. There could be no mistake as to the mental calibre of the pedestrian who was surprised at finding a piece of road which was a declivity as he went, present itself as a stiff ascent to his returning steps; but the jest of the host whose guests enjoyed a collared head so much that they vowed they would dine with him next day, upon which he went to his butcher and ordered *another head off the same pig*, is an anticipation of the Irish bull, and

worthy to figure side by side with the Irish spirit-merchant's advertisement, that he has still on sale a small quantity of the whisky *which was drunk by his late Majesty while in Dublin*. On the whole, however, though the entire collection goes to furnish a complete treasury of ancient Joe Millerisms, we should maintain, as we started by averring, that to meet a fool in his folly, a born fool judged out of his own mouth, the finest opportunity is in Hierocles and his fellows and imitators. The royal jesters of our own courts, in past ages, and the so-called daffies of our jest-books, constantly turn the tables on their interrogators—as in the case of the miller who followed up a wise fool's admission, that "some things he kened and some he didna ken," by an attempt at definition and system. On being asked what he knew, he said, "I ken a miller has aye a gey fat sou." "And what d'ye no ken?" said the miller. "Ou," he returned, "I diinna ken at wha's expense she's fed." There are very few such instances of full change given in the literature of Scholasticus, though we are inclined to rank among the nearest approaches to it the daft son's answer to his brag-gart father's question, when he met him in the market, fresh from the country. "Well, boy, and what are the sheep doing?" "Why, father, the one's lying down, the other's on his legs" (No. 108)—an exhaustive account of his father's flock, which did not exceed the dual number. Some of our best English jests savour very strongly, however, of a Greek original. We look in vain in the collections which are to our hand, for the source of one which is given by Mark Lemon (p. 147), and of which the fun arises out of the achievements of one sense being adduced to outvie those of another. "A man was boasting of strong

sight, and said—"I can distinguish a mouse on the top of your high tower." 'I don't see it,' said the other; 'but I can hear it running.'" But others are not so far to seek. Here, for instance, is a well-dressed and cleverly modernised version of an old friend. "A well-known borrower stopped a gentleman whom he did not know, and requested the loan of a sovereign. 'Sir,' said the gentleman, 'I am surprised you should ask me such a favour, who don't know you.' 'That,' replied the borrower, 'is the very reason I do so; for those who do know me won't lend me a farthing.'"* A sort of appendix to the *facetiae* of Scholasticus—some fifteen sayings, not of the witless, but the witty (or *εὐστράτελοι*)—contains one repartee which may well have been the foundation or fountain-head from which the borrower got his idea. "A witty fellow," it runs, "when asked to lend a couple of flesh-scrappers after a bath—one to a stranger, the other to a man whom he knew, but knew to be a thief—gave answer thus: 'I know you, and I won't lend; and I won't lend to you, because I don't know you'" (§ 150). Another of these so-called witticisms is an old and dry joke saddled on many, though here it is referred to the typical *εὐστράτελος*. "A witty joker, when a silly barber inquired 'how he should shave him,' replied, 'Silently.'" In his essay on Garrulity, Plutarch tacks this anecdote to the name of Archelaus. "Barbers," moralises Plutarch, "be constantly busy fellows with their tongues—and no marvel; for lightly the greatest praters and idlest persons in a country frequent the barber's shop, and sit in his chair, where they keep such chat that it cannot be but by hearing them prate

so continually, his tongue also must walk with them; and therefore Archelaus answered very pleasantly unto a barber of his that was a man of no few words, who, when he had cast his linen cloth about his shoulders, said unto him, 'Sir, may it please your Highness to tell me how I shall cut or shave you?' 'Marry,' quoth he, 'holding thy tongue, and saying not a word.'"† Almost as sound and pertinent as these answers, though the one is incommunicative and the other guarded, are two which, in the Greek collections, are attributed to fools of one nation or another. The first was to a bystander who inquired, as a stately funeral passed along the street, who was dead. The mourner interrogated said, with an indication of the finger, "The person who lies on the bier." The second records the oracle of a foolish soothsayer (?) who, when taken prisoner and bidden by the foe to prophesy the issue of an impending battle, said with much gravity, "You will win the day if the enemy don't steal your back-hair"—i.e., if you don't turn your backs to them. Perhaps this last is but a sample of the wisdom of a good many ancient oracles; but it would be a bold thing to say that the utterer of it, ancient or modern, was necessarily demented.

Not to weary the reader with a plethora of pleasantries drawn from the collections of Hierocles and Philagrius, it may be affirmed, without fear of controversy, that there are many stories in the amusing 'Essay on Irish Bulls' which might be traced up to a Greek origin; many more in that storehouse, and others of the same kind, which, if not paralleled, may be matched by blunders of Greek coinage. The

*k, p.

† Plutarch, De Garrulitate, § 13—Philemon Holland's Translation.

jest-books tell of a templar who left a note in the key-hole, and in it directed the finder, if he could not read, to carry it to the stationer at the gate, who would read it for him. Such misdirected forethought, however, is nothing in comparison of the story of the foolish Greek pedestrians, one of whom having lagged behind and lost sight of his fellow, on reaching a milestone found that he had written upon it "Come on and catch me up." "Not so," wrote the simple slow-goer in answer, on the same medium of communication; "you wait for me."

Without attempting to illustrate our statement by any array of examples, we may remark, in conclusion, that the hoard of *facetiae* and fooleries which we have been laying under contribution is rendered slightly unmanageable by the occurrence of a great many Latin words in Greek characters, as well as of late phrasology, especially in the matter of oaths and asseverations, which betoken a Christian rather than a classical date as that of their composition. It must be added that, owing to the fault of transcribers, at one time or another, the text is in some places not merely ambiguous but hopeless. We have not had access to Boissonade's edition, but Eberhard is careful to cite it in explanation of cases of difficulty; and our impression is, that after both have been called in, a great many passages need an abler and surer

healing touch. But, nevertheless, there is a liberal residue—when we have consigned two or three dozen *facetiae* to the hospital—of good sound samples to provoke laughter, to spice conversation (sparingly, like a good artist), and to vindicate the antiquity of foolish fellows and simplotons. Enough, perhaps, to furnish Charles Lamb with an answer, "historical and authentic," albeit collective and not individual, to his query in *Elia*,* "Who was the greatest fool that ever lived?" Certes! those of Hierocles are greater, more natural, more lovable, from Lamb's point of view—i.e., veneration for an honest obliquity of understanding—than any whom he trots out in his "Essay on All Fool's Day." Amongst them, up and down the ranks of a company,—which it would be well if some English translator or remodeller would present to his modern public in suitable attire—might be found the "fool of nature," "the self-sufficient, positive fool;" the mixed character "whose every inch that is not fool is rogue;" the fool "that now and then is right by chance;" and the wise man who makes a great show of his little foolery. Whoso undertakes to marshal the Greek fools for review before English readers may fairly say, with Louis XIV. to the Venetian ambassadors, "J'opposerais un si grand nombre de fous à vos sages, que toute leur sagesse sera incapable de leur résister."

* *Elia*, 1st Series, 1. 96-100.

THE DISAPPOINTING BOY.

"My dear Septimus," I said, "I congratulate you on your son. He is a most pleasant fellow; cheerful without silliness—intelligent, but not a prig."

"Humph!" replied my friend.

A great part of conversation in this country is carried on by grunts; but if there is anything which cannot be expressed in this manner, it is cordial assent. I relapsed into silence, and filled my glass. Septimus passed his hand over his hair, which is rather long, and still thick, though streaked with many threads of grey, and gazed thoughtfully through the window, which opened on to the lawn. A faint light lingered in the west, and one star shone brilliantly above the black cedar, near which was dimly seen the graceful figure of my friend's wife. At her side was the young man on whom, moved by genuine liking and the emotions natural to a benevolent person who has dined well, I had just pronounced a seemingly inopportune panegyric. We sat at a round table, over which a shaded light was hanging, and the claret passed slowly between us. It was too old to be hurried. After a silence of a few minutes, my friend leaned back in his chair, and said—

"If it would not bore you, I should like to tell you a few anecdotes of my dear boy's life."

"Pray, do," I said. I was in the mood for listening—disposed for silence and moderately curious. Septimus has a manner gentle as the evening, and a voice which might have grown mellow in his own cellar.

"It has long seemed to me," he began, "that the rules of conduct

which we try to impress on our children are absurdly inconsistent with those by which we expect them to regulate their later life. When they are young they are to be unobtrusive, and to give up to everybody; when they have reached man's estate they are to give way to nobody, but to push their fortunes in the world. As well might we punish the child for going near the water, and expect the man to swim; or train the runner for the race by making him walk backwards. When Tommy was born, I made up my mind to avoid the common error. In the battle of life he should be taught to win, and not to go round, when the fighting was over, with a red cross on his arm. When he was a baby he showed a great love of colour, and would lie for hours smiling at the sunlight, and making little motions with his hands. It seemed clear to me in those days that the child would be a great painter (you know that I was always fond of art), and take a high position. There is a great opening in that direction. An active man, who cultivates a bold style, and is above niggling over details, can paint ten pictures in the year, and, when he has made a name, can sell them for £1000 each. When I pointed out to Jessie what a road of fortune lay before our baby, she laughed at him, and called him Tommy R.A.

"But of course in those days I could not be sure of the line in which my son would excel. My duty was to prepare him to excel in any which he might choose, by developing in him the taste for competition. I looked about for a competitor, and had the good luck

to find my little nephew Theodore, who is ten minutes older than Tommy. I borrowed him from his parents, and at once brought the two lads into competition. I well remember my first attempt, and its failure. I had been left in charge of the children for a short time, and seizing the opportunity, induced them to race across the room for a lump of sugar."

Here I interrupted my friend by asking if the boys were not young for education.

"Not at all," said he; "for let me tell you that in these days, when the idea of individual liberty is in the air we breathe, children rebel against the influence of their parents almost before they are breeched."

"You surprise me," I said, "and wellnigh make me accept the poet's picture. You remember the lines?

'Didst never hear how the rebellious
^{Egg}
 Stood up i' the straw, and to his Mother
^{Goose}
 Cried, Madame, I will not be sat upon.'"

Septimus smiled in a deprecating manner, somewhat uncertain, I think, whether I were in jest or earnest. He continued his story. "Tommy was a good walker, if you make allowance for the novelty of the accomplishment, but lost some time in lateral motion like those of a landsman on a rolling sea; therefore Theodore, who had a perpetual inclination forward, and went with an involuntary goose-step, took the lead at once, and would have won, had not his head, advancing too quickly for his legs, come suddenly in contact with the floor. Now was my boy's chance; but instead of going by his cousin, who was prostrate and howling, he sat down on the carpet and bellowed twice as

loud for sympathy. Jessie said that I ought to be ashamed of myself, and divided the lump of sugar between the competitors.

"When the boys were a little older, I again borrowed Theodore, and made a little class of him and Tommy, hoping for healthy rivalry in the acquisition of knowledge. I began with an opening address, in which I pointed out to them that the duty of each was to beat the other; and that, as every man in the grown-up world was trying to get as much of the luxuries and honours as he could, so each boy should try to gain for himself as large a share as possible of the marbles, toffee, and other prizes, which I should from time to time offer. They heard me with great gravity, and our opening day was a decided success. I soon found, however, that my prize system was a failure, since, as the students always played together, they cared not a jot who won the toys, which they enjoyed in common; and as to the toffee, they both suffered so much after the first prize-day, that Jessie put her veto on that form of reward.

"After this I determined to substitute pennies, and for a time thought that I had effected my purpose. Tommy grew wonderfully industrious, and in spite of my strict impartiality accumulated a vast store of copper. Week after week he drew on me with papers of marks, which were duly honoured, until I saw myself in days to be the aged father of the first of gentle financiers. He should direct the application of his neighbours' fortunes, speculate in a gigantic war, become Baron Tommy at a foreign court, perhaps Sir Thomas at his own. My dream was rudely dispelled. One day my small nephew came to me in great glee. 'Uncle

Septimus,' said he, 'do you know that it is my birthday?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'and Tommy's birthday too, although you certainly gained an advantage over him, for which no activity on his part can ever compensate.' 'And please, Uncle Septimus,' continued Theodore, 'do look at the present which Tommy has given me;' and he held up a highly decorated whip and scarlet reins. It was but too clear that the fortune which my son had accumulated by his industry, had been expended in a present for the defeated candidate; and when questioned on the subject, the young prodigal at once allowed that this had been the sole motive of his extraordinary devotion to study. While I was trying to impress upon him that if the triumph of the successful resulted in the gain of the unsuccessful competitor, emulation was impossible, his mother came in with a rush and hugged him. Jessie is apt to act from impulse, as almost all women are. When I pointed out to her, on one occasion, that unless everybody is always trying to get as much of everything for himself as he can, the most valuable laws of political economy are false, she said that she did not care if they were, and that she knew that it was better to help another than to help one's self."

Here I could not help interrupting my friend Septimus with the remark that there was no better way of helping one's self than appearing as a helper of others, if you knew the right moment at which to leave them; and that some had grown wonderfully rich in this manner.

Septimus seemed to think my remark irrelevant, for he took no notice of it, but continued his story.

"You may suppose," he said, "that

in choosing a school for my boy I should be greatly influenced by size; for, if competition be a good, the wider the field of competition the better. I sent him off to Eton with a copy of Mr Smiles's stimulating work on 'Self-Help,' and a manual of political economy, to which his mother added a large hamper and a Bible. His school career was fairly successful, and would have been brilliant but for that moral obliquity, of which, alas! there was no longer room to doubt. There was no limit to his generosity, which was constantly developed by an ever-growing popularity. There never was so popular a boy. The masters could hardly find fault with him, and his schoolfellows made a hero of him, as was natural, indeed, for he could refuse them nothing. His gaiety, which never flagged, grew riotous when he was conferring a favour. He was the author of more Latin verses than have been left to us by the poets of Rome, and never dashed off his own copy until he had wooed the Muses to the side of Tomkins, Brabazon, Jones, Montgomery, and a host of others. Again and again I told him, both verbally and by letter, that popularity is the reward of those who are the gulls of society; that there is no current coin of so little value; and that the only real proof of a man's success is the jealousy which he excites. He now not only neglected my advice, but even respectfully contradicted me; and it must be confessed that his answers had a great look of brilliancy, for he was an unusually clever lad, and might now be anywhere if he chose. I ought to add that he never grew angry in argument. He has his mother's sweet temper, which is a very good thing in a woman.

"Perhaps you think that I have given undue importance to trifles;

and indeed I made light of them myself until my son, in a great crisis of his career, believed in a manner which I could not misinterpret, though I am thankful to say that I could pardon it. He was now eighteen years old, when he and his greatest friend, a boy of the name of Dart, entered together for scholarships at one of the Oxford Colleges. I will not linger over the story; indeed, if you will excuse me for a moment, I will fetch my son's letter, from which you will learn the catastrophe at a glance, while I shall be spared the pain of recital."

Septimus, who had risen slowly while he was speaking, crossed the passage to his study, and came back with the following note, which he placed in my hands:—

"OXFORD, 18—.

"MY DEAR FATHER,—I hope that you won't be awfully sick at what I have done; but I am afraid that you won't like it. I thought of you a great deal before I made up my mind, but I don't know what else I could have done. There is a fellow up here called Mills, who is just going to take his degree, and is very thick with the dons. He was at my tutor's when I first went to Eton, and was very keen that I should get one of the scholarships here. Somehow or other he found out from one of his don friends (which, of course, he had no business to do), before the last day of the examination, that a Clifton fellow was pretty safe for the first scholarship, and that the other was a very near thing between Dart and me. Now you know that old Dart could not have come up to Oxford at all if he had not got a scholarship, and it did not make any difference to me, because you always let me do what I want. So the

fact is, that I did not do quite my best in the last papers. I am as good as sure that it did not make the least difference in the world; for the dear old man is a perfect needler at a critical paper (Greek particles and scholarship tips, &c., you know), and was bound to lick me any way. Only I did not like to keep it dark from you, though of course he must never know anything about it; and you never saw any fellow so happy as he is; and so you must not be vexed, or at least must have got over it before you see your affectionate son,
TOMMY.

"P.S.—Of course you will tell the mother, and she will make you forgive me, I know. I am awfully well and happy; and the fellows here are tremendously kind and jolly."

When I had finished reading this scholarly composition, and had breathed a sigh for the lost slang of my early days, it occurred to me that I had a chance of praising my young friend for a virtue which even a parent could not deny him. And calling to mind an old tale of our university life, at which Sep and I were wont to smile when we were careless undergraduates, I laughed, and said—"You should be thankful for so honest a son, who did not 'keep it dark,' as he might have done. He seems as anxious to avoid all misunderstanding as was Toby O'Connor, when he carefully engraved his name upon the stone which he afterwards flung through the dean's plate-glass window."

This anecdote had never before failed to raise a smile; but my friend was evidently in no mood for laughter. After a simper of acknowledgment, he carefully folded up the letter, and, smoothing

it with his hand, continued his story.

"Can you imagine my feelings when I read this missive?" he said. "I could not speak; so I threw it across the breakfast-table to Jessie, and went away to my study. For a full half-hour there was no sound. Then I heard the door of the dining-room open, and my wife's step in the passage. I called to her. When she came in, I saw that her eyes were full of tears. I took her in my arms, and begged her not to fret about it, saying that it was a terrible disappointment, and that we must bear it together. I was quite choky, and she did not appear to hear me. 'O Septimus,' she said, after a few minutes, 'what have we done that God should have given us such a noble son?' and she burst out sobbing. I have long ceased to feel surprise at the behaviour of women. Every man marries a Sphinx. The power which that boy, with his frank manner, cheery laughter, and honest heart, (for I admit his charm, as who does not?) had got over his mother, who is no fool, I can tell you, was inexplicable. If he had robbed the bank to buy sweetmeats for the urchins of Little Britain, I believe that his mother would have cried for joy and gone to say her prayers. There is a peculiar beauty about a woman's character; but as to expecting rational conduct or logical argument, you might as well make a salad of roses or walk in high-heeled boots."

Septimus had now finished the anecdotes of his son. Leaning his head upon his hand, and looking across the table, he asked, "What is my boy to be?"

"What does he wish to be?" I asked in turn.

"That is just what I asked him the other day," said my friend, with

a half smile; "and the young wretch suggested that he should follow my profession."

"Your profession!" cried I, in amazement. I had known Septimus all my life, and was well aware that he had never followed an occupation for more than six days at a time. The routine of work which he planned on Monday morning, never could survive the intervention of the following Sunday.

My friend looked at me rather comically and said, "I am afraid he was laughing at me. You know that I went in for all sorts of things when I was a young man. I was wild about art at one time; and once I seriously thought of making a fortune on the Stock Exchange. You remember my devotion to literature, and how I studied architecture that year when we travelled together. I might have made something of them, if I had not been so often anticipated by Mr Matthew Arnold, Mr Ruskin, and others. It was not until I was engaged to Jessie that I took up political economy, and found that I had been an unproductive consumer. It is a wonderful science, and makes humanity so simple, showing you that all men are very much alike, if you look at them in the right way, and don't confuse yourself by the analysis of people's characters."

"Well, Septimus," I said, "you can't be surprised that your son should be as idle as a young dog as you were in your youth. Perhaps he may some day catch this science, as you did, for it is certainly in the air."

"But," said Septimus, "the curious thing is that he is not idle at all. On the contrary, he works very steadily, but hates to get anything for it. I have shown him bishops in their aprons, and judges in their gowns, but without the

slightest effect. When I took him into the House of Commons he expressed an opinion that all the members should wear wigs like the Speaker's, maintaining that no man could be revolutionary in a wig. He added that, but for the head-gear of the lawyers, codification would be inevitable. When I introduced him to the peer of my acquaintance, he cross-questioned the noble lord about his tenants' cottages. I should suppose him to be entirely without reverence, if he did not sometimes burst into enthusiasm over people of whom, for the most part, I have never heard, and who have certainly achieved no position. But, though he is without ambition, he is so far from idleness, that his industry is almost a vice. He not only pursues every study, which cannot possibly lead to fortune or place, but he occupies his spare time with other people's business. Some days ago my labourer (I had but one) abruptly

left the place, and on inquiry I found that Tommy, anxious to diminish the surplus agricultural population, had helped him to emigrate. He is on the point of delivering a series of lectures to our peaceful rustics, who have heretofore been perfectly satisfied with my penny readings, and by these means he will probably depopulate the village. He talks of a visit of inspection to the valley of the Mississippi. In short, I begin to fear that I am the father of an agitator. A strange lad, of whom the only thing which you can safely predict is that he will do what he likes, and that his mother will abet him. Will you have any more wine?"

"One moment," I said. "I only want to ask, What has become of the borrowed Theodore?"

"He is a very fair player at Polo," replied my host, "You won't have any more wine? Then let us join Jessie and my boy on the lawn."

PILCHARDS AND PILCHARD-CATCHERS ; OR, HOW WE LIVE
IN WEST PENWITIL.

"MEAT, money, and light,
All in one night ;"

is an old Cornish rhyme describing the sudden coming in of a "school" of pilchards, and marking their threefold value. The "light," indeed, is obsolete ; pilchard-oil is not burned in these days of paraffine, but sent up to Bristol, whence it is said to come out as "best cod-liver oil." But "meat" the fish still furnish in abundance, both fresh and dried, and also salted, to last on till after the new potatoes are drawn. "Money," too (if the takes are good, and yet not so large as to bring down the price too much), is got from Spaniards and Italians for the *fumados*, "fair maids"—squeezed pilchards packed in hogs-heads. And money was seldom more wanted in West Cornwall than at present. It was "catching weather" both for hay and corn harvest ; the potatoes "are but slight the year ;" and as for tin, with iron, and coal, and timber at such a price, and men's wages going up too, most of the mines are being worked at a loss.* "Adventurers" are crying out under repeated "calls," and pursers and managers, who usually have a pretty large venture in the concern, are looking serious. The men, too, though *assueti mulo*—to what a Black Country miner would call wretched fare—find it hard to get along on their 50s. to £3, 10s. a month, "now that everything's so dear." They are emigrating in troops to Queensland, to Otago, to the Rocky Mountains, anywhere but to

the north, to which coal-owners vainly try to attract them by magnificent offers of £10 a-month. For those who stay, it is a happy thing that there is the sea as well as the land to trust to ; a man who has his cow and potato-patch, or little field of oats, or perhaps his share in a scine too, as well as his mining, can scarcely come to beggary ; he can afford to work "under tribute," taking his own time, and dropping a day at mine when "the farm-work" is heavy. Hard though times are, many men far higher up in the world have harder times than these "crofters," so many of whose "improvements" we pass on our way to see the "fish tucked" down at Sennen Cove. No doubt their soil is very light ;—you can get nothing out of it unless you put plenty in ; but this has made the natives anticipate Mr Moule's system in a most effectual way ; everything that can possibly become manure "is put to pile," and when duly mellowed, the pile is spread over the grass, or dug in with fresh dung along with the seed-potatoes. Their farming is not particularly neat ; big granite rocks crop up sometimes in the middle of their fields,—they simply till round them ; leases are rare, and almost always "on lives," so that a man will hardly spend £30 (ay, it sometimes costs as much as £80) an acre in blasting out the rock. The smaller rocks of course they dig out, and build into the polygonal fences, so like the old Etruscan work ; the big ones, left *in situ*, waste some-

* Unhappily, since this was written, mining has gone from bad to worse : some mines are quite given up, others only keep their pumping-engine at work ; even the best have closed their poorer workings.

times a good tenth of the ground, but then the crofter consoles himself by saying of the rest, "the nearer the bone the sweeter the flesh." Such is the land,—what of the tillers? Well, of culture they have none, except what the prayer-meeting gives. They have forgotten their old legends, the memory of which still survives in local names. The batt-play of the Celts (at which Diarmuid of the beauty-spot was playing when Fionn's young bride Idrone fell in love with him), the wrestling, the miracle-plays, are gone. The "round" or amphitheatre in St Just is a prey to wandering showmen. A century ago, Bottrell (in his 'West Penwith Stories') says, the 'Tale of Troy' and other romances used to be told beside the hearth-fires, and the best plough-horse was always called Hector. We still have names like Occator and Arcalus (Hercules); but the 'Tale of Troy' is as unknown as the 'Itapodésa.' No doubt about it; "romantic" culture, such as it was, has died out among the masses in the modern struggle for existence; and Methodism, like Mohammedanism, cares only for culture of one kind. Still, Methodism has kept the miner comparatively sober; and the conditions of his life must always preserve him from being wholly commonplace. For surely, not to speak of the wonders below ground, the sight of the ever-changing sea ought to be an education in itself. Nay, an old stone hedge, moss and lichen clad, and gay in summer with foxglove and wild thyme and "finger-and-thumb" and hawkweed, and in winter rich with ferns and "penny pics," and heather blanched by the sea winds—has plenty of lessons for those who can read them. But if culture is rare, fuel is plenty; furze cut and stacked, and (alas!) a sort of sham

peat made by paring the grass and heather roots off the moors, and so giving almost the whole inland a look of utter desolation. "Phonician" cream, too, makes up for the little flesh-meat; geese are growing "against St Just feasteday;" fowls are being fattened *ingratus urli*—ungrateful, inasmuch as it grumbles at the high prices of which its own railway is the cause. Cows, too, are no longer "eating up their profit" as they do in the dry seasons, when the calves are bound to be killed off almost as soon as they are born. Why don't we have reservoirs, we whose soil of granite-sand wants a "shower every week-day, and two on Sundays"? The winter state of these pared moors, with the water lying in all the little hollows, among the roots of ling and tetralix, and common heather (for *Cornish* heath, be it known, is only found on the Lizard, and on a bit of serpentine near St Ives, and somewhere in the north-west of Portugal), shows how easily irrigation might be managed, and how the reservoirs would save coal by supplying continuous water-power to the mines.

But "the call of the sea," as it grinds over the Sennen Cove shingle, reminds us that we've not come to talk farming, but to see pilchards "tucked." Here is Whitsand Bay, a semicircle with fully six miles diameter. The cliffs are gentle compared with those of Tol-pedn-Penwith on the south coast, but they are very fine for all that, and the sweep of the coast is grand. Look at Cape Cornwall to the north, grin like a lion *couchant*; and remember, if you are geological, that the Cape is "killas" (clay slate) *with granite veins*, and that it is just where the granite and the killas join that the metallic lodes are found. Between the Cape and the Bay are some raised beaches which

you ought to see ; but at present it is enough to notice the colour of the water—Homer's purple a little way out, where the boats are clustering round their seines ; pale blue-green inshore, with a fringe of snowy foam edging the white sand. There are the Long-ships, with their new lighthouse ; the far-off " Wolf-rock " lighthouse looks like a pole rising out of a lump of snow. Scilly you can't see, for the " lift " has dropped down almost on the horizon. Nor do you see the Land's End ; it is shut out by Pen-maen-dhu (black stone-head), under which nestles Sennen Cove, the last village in England. Sennen Church-town is a mile or more inland ;—St Sennen, I ought to say : his saintship hails (like most of the Penwith saints) from Ireland. He is that most ungallant Senanus on whom Moore wrote a " melody "

(" Oh haste, and leave this sacred isle "),

and whose oratory and round tower are on Scattery island, near Kilrush. He is, in fact, the *σέννας* of the Shannon, or Shenan as Spenser calls it.

The seines have been shot before we come up. There are two of them, one owned by a company of St Justers, and worked by men " at wages ; " the other, the original " covers " or poor men's seine. The former has a little steam-launch to wait upon it ; and the company's walled yard, under the white green-shuttered Constguard buildings, is complete in all its appliances—huge capstan, a reserve of splendid boats, abundance of *gurries* (handbarrows), well-roofed bulking houses, now empty (they've taken nothing yet this season), with their oil-channels dry. The " covers " do things in a more makeshift, but, on the whole, not less successful, way. The contrast is just what you often see in many places between the " bloated Estab-

lishment," doing its work as best it can with scanty means, and spick-and-span Dissent—a Shoreditch district church, for instance, and not far off a wealthy Clapton congregational chapel. The result is much the same ; each keeps the other up to the mark. I can't say that there is so much love between the " covers " and the others that they look on one another as partners to be beckoned unto ; but at any rate they don't foul one another if they can help it.

The seines, which are now forming two circular walls round their respective takes, are nets at least 160 fathoms long, and from 4 to 5 fathoms deep. Each is carried out in a big boat, attended by a " cock-boat." As soon as the " huer " (" *huc* and cry ") from the cliff signal that the shoal is coming near, the seine-boat pulls vigorously on, shooting the seine as it goes, the cock-boat staying at the seine's tail. The fish, striking against the net, invariably follow the seine ; and the great object is to get so far ahead of the " school " as to be able to turn round and complete the circle by rejoining the cock-boat. If this is done, the fish are shut in in perhaps an acre of water, marked out by the corks which fringe the upper edge of the seine. When the two boats have met, the men make a great splashing to drive the fish back, and then carefully " tach " the net—haul up and fasten together the two ends of the wall so as to complete the circle, which is then gradually drawn tighter. The seine must be dropped quickly, or the " school " gets away underneath it. At P'emberth, a sweet little cove, west of that St Loy which alone of all these coves is wooded to the water's edge, they lost their fish the other day. " I reckon they weren't desperate enough upon them," a huer explained to me. " The fish do

soon take a settlement at this time of year." The fish charge the seine, but fortunately not all together, else, of course, they would have sufficient power to break through. And now, if the water is smooth enough, the tucking is begun as soon as possible. Those neap tides are best, for a strong tide will sometimes burst the net, or else sink it, so that the fish get away over it. Step into that little boat that's just going out, and you'll be in time to see the tuck-net cast. The tuck-net fits inside the now contracted seine, much as your two hands, set scoop-wise, would fit inside a small wash-hand basin. At the thumbs are two "hooks"—*i.e.*, foot-ropes; where the fingers touch is a "cork rope;" and where the wrists touch is a "brace" or rope which is to be pulled in to the "hooks" as soon as the loose baggy end of the tuck has sunk under the fish. A boat lies close by the two "hooks," and the fish are kept away from it by bobbing up and down a big "boulder-stone" until the bag is formed underneath them. Then the bag is lifted, and the living mass is brought to the surface and scooped up dry into the boats. The grand thing is not to break the fish, for unless quite sound they are unfit for "bulking." A tuck-net will hold perhaps 700 hogsheds, but the men seldom care to lift any more than 200; if it is a very good take, they will tuck twice or thrice before they empty the seine. Sometimes they "miss tuck"—the fish sink, or else get out between the "hooks;" then of course they have to try again, hoping the weather will keep calm. Now and then, they say, a "school" has been kept in seine till salt for bulking has come over from France; but occasionally a close-packed "school" will nearly all get crowded to death if they are kept in too long. This

time the company has "missed tuck" while the "covers" have already begun loading their boats. What a sight, as the silvery mass struggles and writhes as if it were one being, instead of myriads of collective lives! At every dip some fish flash off and splash back into the water; it is like baling out quicksilver.

On shore all is expectation. Young and old, miners and "bal-girls," have come down, either to carry back a string of fish—for if you stand near an unloading boat you can soon pick a score of "wind-falls" out of the water—or to earn a shilling or two by carrying to the bulkers. Anybody can do this. The boys who carry from the boat along the boulder-pier up to the yard are paid 3d. the journey; the girls and "widows" who keep the bulkers supplied get 5d. an hour. Many earn quite a tidy sum: unhappily All Saints' will soon be here; and an urchin's remark, that that day's work was "so many more pints for St Just feast," shows how too much of the money goes. Good-temperism has not come down here before it was wanted; the drinking is very little compared with the deep potations of the northern miners, but it is often far too great for the food; and I can't help thinking the mine-account dinners, with their unlimited Cornish punch, encourage it. A mine captain who has eaten mutton and beef, and perhaps pork and pudding too, can carry a deal of punch; but a pilchard-fed miner had better keep to his "tea" unless he can improve his solids. The gulls, sitting by hundreds on the reefs, are also expectant; they will come in for a share of broken fish, and of the refuse of those cleaned for "putting in salt."

As soon as the first boat touches land the work begins: boys and men carry up maundsfull; girls hand them

in *gurries* to the "bulkens," who range them in the "houses" with their noses outside ; other girls bring up salt for sprinkling between the layers. When the fish are piled up high enough, weighted boards will be placed on top, and the oil will begin to run out. This "virgin oil" is prized far above that which is afterwards squeezed out by stronger pressure. The long rows of heads set in salt, and facing outwards, make a pilchard-house look like a cellar full of little silver bottles. Not all the "take," however, is "put in bulk ;"—a great deal is always sold for local consumption. No Cornishman ever eats a "fair maid," but he is very fond of a salt pilchard boiled with new potatoes. But the "lift" has quite fallen, and we are in a mist melting into rain. No good for us to wait ; they'll be all night tucking, and poor work it will be with no moon—though if you never saw the phosphorescence of a mass of fish out-gleaming the men's lights, it would be worth while to stay till dark. I wonder whether Sennen Cove will ever "progress" so far as to use the magnesium light for night-tucking. But you must, please, before we go, just let me walk up to the top of Pen-macndhu, and peer over into the Gamper, gloomiest of bays, with not even a boulder-beach, but cliffs sheer to the water. How black it looks to-night!—that tall island-rock, called "the Irish lady," is in complete mourning. Nor can I distinguish round the bay those red and brown masses which simulate masonry, and always seem to me as if they were fragments of the fire-wrecked wall of some city of Lyonesse. But close at my feet are blocks built on blocks, and "logans" lodged on the cliff edge, and lichen-clad piles which might be the lintels of some Cyclopean gate. Up to the

huer's hut ! there is his horn—a magnified penny-trumpet ; there are the black calico bags ("bushes," they used to be real boughs of furze) with which he makes his signals. He is happy, and yet anxious, for his pay is so much out of every take, and if the fish break away he gets nothing. "Glad they've got fish" is the greeting on all hands ; to which you add the hope that the great men in Penzance will eventually give them a good price for it. They say the Italian market is not what it was ; and some have suggested that since the Pope is confined to the Vatican, the people don't keep Lent as well as they did. "The Pope" was a great Cornish toast ; those who hated his doctrines feeling that at any rate he was right in making his subjects eat pilchards for forty days. Why not send some to London ? It has been tried ; but when the Londoners wouldn't eat the wonderfully cheap mackerel sent up last month (I am writing in Oct. 1873) from the south coast,— "actually thought it was too cheap to be good,"—what chance can pilchards have with a 350-mile journey before them ? Where do the nets come from ? From Bridport, all the way ; no home manufacture of them. But where do the fish come from ? Where do herrings come from, if you please ? and are sprats young herrings ? Pilchards, wherever their home may be, first appear on the south Cornish coast. They are then moving westward, and are caught chiefly in drift-nets. They often stretch across to Ireland, whither the Cornishmen sometimes follow them—for the Irish, intent on Home Rule, are too apt to let the harvest of the sea slip through their fingers. They then steal up the Bristol Channel ; for in mid-October they are coming down along the north Cornish coast, and are much fatter than

when they went up. You are told that a shoal is sometimes stopped for hours off Gampier Bay, unable to stem tide and current and get round the Land's End. Why don't we put them into boxes as they do sardines? I don't know; very likely they'd be just as good, but they are not sardines, which are, however, occasionally found here. And now we'll go home. Note how far the sand has drifted up the low valley which breaks the sweep of Whitsand Bay. It is spreading, and will spread unless they plant couch-grass. Why should it spread now more than in old times? or is it periodic, like the glaciers? The mist is thickening; we can't see Cape Cornwall, and Chapel-Carn-Brea looms out over Kelynack downs thrice as grandly as his height entitles him to do. As you look up at him, think of old Dr Borlase and the question of prehistoric burials. A Borlase has come to the front again, and is doing good archaeological work: but I wish they would be more careful at their exploring; some of them have "seat" this poor chapel till scarcely one stone of it is left upon another. Now turn to the sea, so calm to your landsman's eye and ear: you can just hear the water gently swirling round the rocks; but I daresay on the bar of Porthcurnow, which used to be the great harbour of Cornwall till evil spirits filled it up with sand, there is such a swell that you could not land a boat. This Porthcurnow, south-east of Land's End, is where the cable starts from which carries messages to India and all the world over. The Penwith folks are as proud of it as if it was their own invention; but they don't over wall like the clerks,—“a set of wild chaps, that neither fear God nor man; I actually saw a lot of them on that rock fishing on Sunday,”

said an old fisherman as he baited his conger-hooks. I hope they may do nothing worse; but some of them are said to be fellows who have failed for everything else—not exactly the men whom one would choose to send out as England's representatives to far-away stations.

The Porthcurnow sand is full of lovely shells, many microscopical; and tiny echini too, smaller than the “cheeses” of the wild mallow; it is in fact shell, whole or pounded. Tregeagle, that strange Cornish spirit, who is at once a form of the “wild-huntsman” (the Dartmoor Whistman) and a real personage of no great antiquity, unjust steward to the Robartes family, is supposed to be employed in sweeping Porthcurnow free from sand; but his work is like that of the Danaïdes. Besides, as he is often howling all night in Dosmery pool on Bodmin downs (which pool he has to bale out with a pierced limpet), or being hunted over the said downs by black dogs, the sands naturally increase in his absence. But our way does not lie by Porthcurnow; neither will we turn into Sennen Church-town, though it does contain the “first and last inn in England.” We'll hasten back towards Sancreed, across a moor where, in daylight, I could show you the remains of beehive huts, and the marks of fields where “the old men” grow *pellas*, that old-world grain still grown about Zennor and the Gurnard's Head; and a *fogo* or cave-dwelling, with arched roof, only half broken in by the archaeologists, and two or three of those “holed stones” (“crick stones,” good to cure rickety babies, and to rid grown people of rheumatism), which the folks who are ashamed to talk any longer about “rock-basins” still make a mystery of. Here is a more modern memorial: on that huge

stone which you can just see across the misty field, Wesley preached, on his first visit (they had built a chapel for him before he came again). Round the same stone, we are told, seven Saxon kings once dined. I wonder was their experience like that of Andrew Boord (the "merry-andrew"), Henry VIII.'s physician, who, having visited all Europe and part of Asia, found the fare worse in Cornwall than anywhere else,—Galicia, in which his Scotch friends were starved to death on their pilgrimage to St James's, not excepted. Those who come to Cornwall now think that we have "changed all that," and changed it very much for the better.

Well, I've told you about the "tucking" at Sennen Cove. But the work here is nothing compared with what you may see at New Quay by Bodruthan Steps, or at Newlyn (close to Penzance, just by the quaint little "lost" village of Mousehole), or at St Ives, the headquarters of the seine-shooting. Its M.P., Mr Magniac,* was lately congratulating St Ives on its lovely bay, and saying it ought to be a grand watering-place when it gets its railway. But the visitors mustn't come at pilchard season; for during the takes, and long after, St Ives is of the fish fishy. Sennen Cove is bad enough, but at St Ives you seem to be plunging at every turn into pilchard-ossal *débris*, and to be living in an air which shows that a new fish-like smell may be just as bad as an ancient one.

The south coast west of Newlyn has its fishing-coves too. Lovely they are; but they don't do much in the way of seine-shooting. Their takes are principally in the

drift-net, and they catch conger and pollack, and, above all, crabs and lobsters and crawfish—all sent away to London at so much a dozen;—not twelve crustaceans, remember; it takes two crawfish or several moderate-sized crabs to make "a fish."

Pemberth, the port of Buryan—and Porthgwarra west of it (what a sweet roll these Dasque names have, like the sea on a soft afternoon! it's the same with many of our surnames, Penaluna, Bosanco, Andrew-artha)—are both fishing villages. You should see them, and the inland behind them—much more interesting than the ugly close-packed north moors, where heather and furze have a hard struggle for life against the fuel-gathering crofter. Here there is furze shoulder-high, preserved for the sake of the Western Hunt; here, too, are plenty of prehistoric remains—notably the field of Boleit, with its "nineteen merry maidens," a fine stone circle, called *dauns mein*, "the maids' dance," because, as usual, the stones are girls who would dance on into Sunday. Their musicians suffered the same fate; there they stand, hard by—two huge monoliths, known as "the pipers," perhaps marking the spot where some great chiefs fell, if indeed (as they say) the whole stone record marks the last battle-field between "Celt and Saxon," where Athelstan defeated Howel, prince of Cornu-Britons.

I mentioned Buryan,—you must see it; its tower is one of the finest in the county. The church, as a type of the long, low, early-perpendicular churches of the district, is worth the restoration which the present rector is striving hard to bring

* *Fruit*: the reaction has even reached us; and the local magnates, who have grown fat on tin and pilchards, saw their candidate badly beaten by a Tory, a comparative stranger.

about. Its churchyard crosses, too, are remarkable even in this land of crosses; and the remains of its painted and gilded screen—part was carried off from time to time to patch up the village pigsties—are very curious. There is no trace of the prebendal buildings,—perhaps there never were any at all; for, says Leland, “their longtoth to St Buryens a deano and a few prebendarys *that almost be nether ther.*” Indeed, the last dean, Stanhope, might have quoted plenty of precedents for his non-residence. Thus, when Edmund Earl of Cornwall died, Edward I. claimed St Buryan as a royal free chapel,—“a peculiar,” as they are called,—and gave it to his chancellor, Sir William de Hamilton, who was already dean of York, and holder of six or eight livings. Bishop Bitton (less courtly than some bishops of “the Georgian age”) objected to a necessarily absentee dean, and a lawsuit followed which was not settled when the bishop died. Queen Isabella, again, got into hot water with Bishops Stapleton and Grandison, for putting in her chaplain, John de Maunte, whom Grandison excommunicated “for neglect of duty, and disregard of his monitions;” and it was not till eight years after that there was a grand making-up all round,—the bishop preaching a notable sermon at St Michael’s Mount on (1 Pet. ii. 25), “Ye are now returned to the shepherd and bishop of your souls;” and absolving John, and the Vivians and others his abettors, on promise of amendment and renewal of the oath of obedience. Not even then, however, was John suffered to rest: the bishop had excommunicated him for non-residence; the king, some dozen years later, turned him out altogether as being a foreigner, and kept the revenues for himself.

No troubles of this kind beset non-resident Dean Stanhope. Disabled at Waterloo, he came to his crony the Prince Regent for help. “I can’t do anything for you in the army” (said the Prince, who, we know, used to find out after dinner that he, too, had been at Waterloo); “but get ordained, and I can put you into something down in the duchy.” Perhaps London was empty just then; anyhow, it was a bishop from the sister isle who was applied to in the terse style of H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief: “Dear Cork, Please ordain Stanhope.—Yours, YORK.” To which, in due time, was received an equally terse reply: “Dear York, Stanhope is ordained.—Yours, CORK.” So the honourable and reverend became dean of Buryan, of course without the least intention of ever living near it. Mr Paynter made Boskenua, in St Loy—the lovely glen that runs out near “the Bucks” rocks—a marvel of luxuriant growths. Mr Augustus Smith changed the Scilly Isles from wretched nests of famine to thriving go-ahead communities; and in Treseo, the islet on which he lived, he formed a semi-tropical garden, the like of which you could not see nearer than Madeira. But they were mere laymen, hampered with the notion that office implies responsibility: Dean Stanhope, being a churchman, could draw his large stipend and spend it (*de cœur léger*) mostly between New Bond Street and Hyde Park Corner.

But now there is no dean of Buryan; the deanery is divided—Buryan getting some £570, St Levan £260, St Sennen £240, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners something “for general purposes,” I suppose. And there are three resident parsons, one of whom, now eager to restore his church of Buryan, has built himself a fine Gil-

bert-Scott-looking house. But there is such a thing as being "too late;" and that is what the Church is in West Cornwall at any rate. The thing is dead. Absentee deans, non-resident parsons, "anybody" for curate,—even this "anybody" living not among his people, but in some comfortable town,—all this has done its work. Read in any "Cornish Tales" the stories about Parson Spry, and you won't wonder at "Church feeling" being at a low ebb. You see that it is so in St Levan parish. At the very moment when the tower-pinnacles begin to be visible from the inland, rising like ears out of the littlecombe in which the church nestles close to the sea and yet cut off from it, you catch sight of a much more prominent object—a chapel, spick and span, just for all the world like a *corps de garde* in a fashionable quarter of Paris. At the same moment, too, if you are coming by the bridle-track from Sennen green, you pass a quite different chapel, next door to a big farmhouse, to which it stands in the same relation as scores of little churches do to the "great house," to which, and not to the more or less neighbouring village, they belong. "Farmer" here is plainly "patron" of that whitened barn, with rather shaky walls, on to which join three or four of his hind's gardenless hovels, with thatch roped down, Irish fashion; his patronship means that "the supply," "local" or otherwise, looks to him for tea and suchlike when service is over. Cornwall has improved in regard to hospitality since Wesley's day. He, who could put up with locusts and wild honey as well as most men—nay, who rather liked such fare—yet notes the meagreness of his Cornish entertainment: "the best place in the world for getting an appetite; the worst for satisfying

it." Think of him and John Nelson, after a three hours' preaching, going off black-berrying because "everybody went home, and no one asked us to dinner." And that square, substantial house—ugly with yellow door and (ye gods!) a bright brass knocker,—oh, so unlike the grand old farmhouses in Shropshire or Kent, or even the old Cornish "places," like those at Botalack or Pendeen!—seems to promise plenty of the meat that perisheth in return for the latest news about the New Jerusalem. That is just why the Established Church can't hope to get much hold of the masses, such as they must for some generations continue to be—not thoroughly even by means of her one remaining "arm," her Sunday-schools. She has no "latest news;" she is too Scripturally vague in regard to the things of the after-world to suit people who crave after certainty. Had she, since the Reformation, gone on carrying out the programme sketched out in the Rubric and the Catechism, things might have been different; she might have prepared a whole people for truer, broader views. But she let large populations grow up in ignorance; and ignorance must and will have certainty about its poor selfish soul. The schoolmaster, and not the parson, is what is chiefly wanted now; and everybody who cares for England's future should try to "raise the standard" at training-colleges and suchlike, so that our teachers may be able to give "sweetness and light" as well as the three "R's." In this way, outlying populations, like those in West Cornwall, may be prepared for "the Church of the Future;" but with the Church of the present they will have little or nothing to do. Here and there the Rev. Positive Safety may galvanise the dead body a little bit, hold revivals

like his Methodist brethren, and "convert" folks wholesale; but to the Church, as a whole, he rather does harm than good. But then, fortunately or unfortunately, he is only to be found here and there. One who has read Coleridge, and both the Newmans, and Carlyle, and all the rest of them—who has thought pretty much as Kingsley and Stopford Brooke print—cannot go in for that kind of thing, even for the sake of filling his church, and being for a time the newest idol of a district. Nor yet can the man of general culture, who has lived in the world and has been taught by those who have gone through the course that I have hinted at. The Rev. P. S. succeeds to some extent on the same principle on which the medicine-man of a savage tribe succeeds—he blows his own trumpet; he is right, and everybody else is wrong. God "deals with" all souls in one way—in that particular way which needs his spiritual midwifery. Talk to him of the infinite variety of men's minds, as diverse as their features,—what does he care? Procrustes was nothing to him. In perfect good faith,—for he is no hypocrite, is Positive, only "blinded by his self-conceit," incapable of seeing beyond the breadth of his own line,—he will force all minds into the same mould, make everybody else feel as he does, or say they so feel; and then he'll hand them a first-class ticket for the realms of glory.

And this is what "the masses" want; nothing but that will satisfy them. They cannot imitate Christ's divine reticence, and be content to "go to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God;" they can't be satisfied "to commit the keeping of their souls unto Him as to a faithful Creator." No doubts, no "'dividual essence of truth," for

them. Either by absolution,* or unction, or assurance, they must get something definite; and Positive is certain he can give it them: like Balaam's, "his eyes are opened;" he is in the secret of the Most High. So shake the medicine-bag, beat the conjuror's drum, and let us feel at any rate that we have "full assurance."

But others besides the Rev. P. S. can play the same game, with different counters. They go in for "carrying out the Church system in its entirety;" but when I hear their choirs shouting, "O Paradise! 'tis weary waiting here," and

"I greatly long to see
The special place which my dear Lord
In love prepares for me,"—

I feel they are just Positive over again in another form, and I long to alter the words of that most offensive of hymns into something like "O blessedness! to work and strive for God—to tread with steady feet the road which Christ our Lord hath trod." Their church system "takes" in large towns, I believe; and I quarrel with no honest way of serving God, but only with the cruel exclusiveness, the denial of charity, which so many of the various Positives evince.

Here in West Cornwall, however, this Church system does not answer. At St Levan the little church was "restored;" and it was truly restored—not cleared out and half built over again, but every bit of "the old" religiously preserved—a much more satisfactory way than imitating the French plan of doing all the work over again, and then hypocritically pleading that it is *sur les anciens modèles*. And when it was reopened, they got the bishop down, and had banners and a procession, headed by a cross-bearer. This was an awful offence in the eyes of people already vexed because the

church had not been moved some mile or more to meet the village, instead of being kept near the well and oratory of "Levan an Irishman," which you may still find in a little ravine running down to the sea. "Doesn't seem as though we'd had the Reformation, does it?" said a bystander, narrower even than Positive himself. And I am told the "carrying out the Church system" at St Levan has resulted in a congregation which several even of the least used of City churches could outnumber. But I don't mean to spend all my time in the thankless task of enlarging on the fact that the Church of England, when she cut herself off to a great extent from supernaturalism, lost her hold (for the present—I hope only for the present) on "the masses;" nor yet on the oft-told tale of extra neglect, and consequently extra dissent, in parts like Cornwall. Seeing St Levan Church so lonely, after having just passed that barn-chapel so well placed amid a centre of population, made me think, and thinking made me sad. But enough of it; the question will solve itself somehow. I much prefer "levelling up" to another letting loose of intolerance such as seems to threaten them in Ireland since disestablishment. Meanwhile the slow work of enlightenment will prepare us for that Church of the Future which must come if men's intellectual and theological progress is at all to keep pace with their material.

Another cause of present failure in outlying places is the isolation of the clergy. Great and little Bethel have their grand field-days every now and then.* Big guns are sent down to make the wilderness re-echo

with their roar; and posters, green, red, and yellow, with letters six inches long, "come out quite thick" all over the district to rouse people's expectations. The Establishment disdains this sort of work; it leaves its clergy alone. The bishop can't do everything, even when (like him of Exeter) *il se multiplie*, and may be said to be always "going to and fro upon his huge diocese, and moving up and down in it." If his parish is not a centre for confirmations, a man can scarcely expect an episcopal visit, unless he happens to want a consecration after restoring church or enlarging churchyard. The archdeacon never goes near him; he draws his fees—what for, God knows!—and gives him in return a fifth-rate charge, to listen to which is the greatest bore of the year. The rural dean does come round to see if the church is in repair; but even if the rural dean is a big gun, he carefully leaves his ammunition at home on such occasions. If there are two or three pounds to be picked up, some of "the societies" will send a deputation, often the driest of dry sticks, for the big guns of the Establishment are kept for the great centres. Who ever heard of a man like Canon Iiddon evangelising the Fens or West Penwith? I object to the word "mission," and to much that goes on under the name; but what a moral help an order of preachers would be! Now everything comes from the parson: if he loses heart, all goes to the bad; and even if he keeps going, his people somehow get to fancy that he can't be much of a man since he is so neglected. Of course there are compensations here, as in most

* The Wesleyans are wise in their generation. Their numbers have been declining, thanks to emigration and to the growth of sects—Bible Christian, Free Church, and suchlike; and so they hold their conference this year at Camborne, of all places in the world.

things: isolation has bred independence and self-reliance, and has kept down sacerdotalism,—a positive good, but gained at the cost of much influence over the people. Then, again, the clergy, being lonely, have lost *esprit de corps*; any layman can see that they have much less of it than any other set of men. Two laymen or two Nonconformists on the same platform can afford to take liberties with each other, to twit one another pleasantly about their little differences; two clergymen scarcely ever venture on that sort of fun, of which, by the way, most meetings are so fond. They always seem to have a secret dread of finding that they differ in essentials. I am sure they lose ground both by holding apart and by being as it were forgotten at headquarters. I don't want an Archbishop's Bill to bring the bishops in as tyrannical meddlers; but, as a Churchman, I do want the bishops to care more for outlying places. I want to see our St Levan "worked" by earnest men who would give a yearly week, not of unreal excitement, but of practical teaching eloquently put; who would be as fervent about chastity and soberness and cleanliness as a red-hot "missioner" is about ineffable mysteries. We are but human creatures after all; and rich as well as poor would think more of the parson if he was backed up in that way. Indeed, if such a system could be well carried out, I would retract, and say that the Church is not too late even in West Penwith.

They who built St Levan certainly thought first of God and then of themselves. One feels the same thing in most west Cornish "Church towns." The total absence of any old houses, such as you meet

so often in the oolite country, is not wholly due to want or intractableness of material. They could and did build churches; and granite houses would have lasted too: but probably ages after St Levan built his chapel, stone was never used for secular buildings. Outside, the church has a transept, early English work, very rare hereabouts, where most of the churches were restored (by total rebuilding) sometime during the 15th century. The bench-ends are curiously carved and coloured, and so are the remnants of the rood-screen—not half so quaint and effective as the fragments at Buryan. One or two of the St Levan lancets have sandstone quoins. How did they come? Ily sea, like the flints found now and then on the little beaches, which, no doubt, were ballast? *—from Caen?—or from Hayle, near St Ives, where the sand of the downs is in several places turning (they say) into solid rock? I like the look of St Levan inside; greens and reds and neutral browns in woodwork are much better than the absurd blackness of some modern-antique oak, or than the glaring yellow of polished pine. Look at the crosses in the churchyard; one is seven feet high. Cornish crosses are seldom so ornate as the best of the Irish or Manx crosses,—granite is a stubborn material than "calp;" but they often have the same strange clothed figure of Christ, tied, not nailed on, which Mr Marcus Keane, in his 'Towers and Temples of Ancient Ireland,' says "is clearly pre-Christian, and Cuthite," whatever that may be; and which others have supposed to represent that Cuchullin of whom the Gael tell such weird stories. Mind you

* Small flints, however, are found also on the moors inland, as far as anything hereabouts can be inland; and they are sometimes arrow-heads, sometimes chippings.

see the coast west of St Levan. Porthgwarra is a dear little fishing cove, with tunnels through the rock, reminding you of that celebrated landing-place in Sark. Walk down over the boulders, and look at the clear brown water,—brown with the shadow of the seaweed, but so clear. It is pale green further out, where the white sand begins; deep blue beyond;—sometimes with that rich dark tint, the very *obs.*, so rare in our latitudes. You don't see such greens and blues east of Spithead. Mr Brett has not a whit exaggerated in his this year's (1873) pair of Cornish pictures. Every cove has its own colour. Here the boulders are black, in the next they are milk-white. Here the low cliffs are pale pink, hung with plentiful grey lichen; a bowshot off they are lower still and reddish brown—sand predominating over rock. What is granite? Does it belong to the Devonian system? or is it (as we used to think) a thing apart? And “regenerate granite,” as some of the books profanely call it;—was granite ever melted up again after disintegration? Anyhow, it has existed long enough to appear as “rolled pebbles” in the raised beaches which are such a curious feature of the north side of the Land's End peninsula—about Whitsand Bay, and on towards St Just. On this south side, the cliffs, even where they are low, are generally columnar, often jointed so as to seem almost basaltic, as at the Chair Ladder near Tol-pedn-Penwith (the holed head in the twisted headland), both as fine pieces of rock as you can find anywhere in South Britain.

And so our “tucking” walk has taken us farther than I intended. We have somehow “done” a good deal of the south coast as well. It was worth doing; but we

must not forget our pilchards, so here goes for a few more facts as to the fishery. Newlyn, as I said, is the headquarters of drifting, as St Ives is of seining. The former goes on in water of any depth: the seine (as we saw) must touch ground and have a smooth bottom; it must also be as much as possible out of the way of tides. In the drift-net the mesh is large, so that the fish gets its head through though its body cannot follow. Hence, when hauled up, as it is some two hours after it was shot—at sunset, viz., and at sunrise, for then the fish are liveliest—it presents a very curious appearance, stuck full of wriggling despairing creatures caught by their gills. A drift-boat is a joint-stock concern; but the “companies” don't trouble themselves about drifting, they leave it to “the poor men.” It sometimes happens that in a bad season—*i.e.*, when the fish keep too far out for the seines to get round them—the drifters do much the best of the two. For great is the uncertainty of seining; the quantity shipped from St Ives alone, for instance, has varied within the last quarter of a century from 7000 to nearly 30,000 hogsheds. In 1847 so much was caught that some of the seines had to be kept in the water a fortnight, owing to the lack of hands to take up the fish. Hence, of course, the price varies: fresh fish from 2s. a long hundred, down as low as 6d.; *fumado* from 85s. to 35s. a hoghead of 52 gallons, holding some 3000 fish. Naturally the wage-men have a share in the “takes;” their wages—from 12s. to 15s. a-week—are supplemented by a sixth of the fish divided among them. The drifters don't confine themselves to Cornwall; they have fine sea-boats, and not only follow the pilchards to Ireland, but go after the herring all the way up St George's Channel—nay, not seldom

push on through the Clyde Canal into the North Sea. They come back in time for the pilchards, who, however, are not always regular in their appearance. In 1842 there was a take in Mount's Bay at the end of April; and it is on record that in 1790 several "schools" were seen in February. The notion that they don't emigrate, but keep near the bottom, is due to their being found in winter in the stomachs of bigger fish. The scene when the drift-boats come ashore is even livelier than the bulking at which we "assisted." Not only is everybody busy, but every one is shouting or screaming (your Cornish are *un peuple criard*); the *joursters* (hawkers), who have driven down from inland, cracking their whips and yelling out the highest they will give per hundred; the wives eager to learn what sort of take it has been; everybody pitching his voice at that sing-song which so baffles the comprehension of the monotonous Teuton. There is great fun and no fighting, though the fishermen sometimes turn sulky, and won't sell below a certain price. Soon every parish round will become St Ives-ish. The "crystal clear" where you used to water your horse is beset by half-a-dozen women pulling off the heads, and then deftly scooping out the insides with their fingers. I wish they would understand that, put at once "to pile," the fish offal makes the best of manures—quite as good as the refuse salt which is so largely used—but that left to lie about, it loses its goodness, besides decidedly being "matter in the wrong place." It is a pretty sight to see a company of drift-boats ranked like a miniature fleet in order of battle. A line of nets, each some twenty fathoms long, will stretch three-quarters of a mile. The chief danger to the gear is from the keels

of passing vessels, which are therefore signalled off by burning a wisp of straw. For drifting, the sea must not be too clear; sometimes if you look down you can see the net through all its seven fathoms of depth, gleaming like a lattice-work of fire. At such times the fish are pretty sure to swerve aside. Two hogsheads per boat is a fair take, but a boat has sometimes taken up twenty hogsheads at one haul. The drifters always take their lines out with them, and find plenty of work in capturing the hake, and conger, and polluck, which are preying on the "school," even gnawing off the fish caught in the drift-meshes. Dog-fish, too, good for the lobster-pots, are sometimes caught in enormous numbers: they are so bold that you can catch them with the hand as they run at the bait, but beware of the terrible hook with which their fins are armed.

St Ives is "Porth Ia;" Ia or Ivo being either (it does not much matter which) an Irish king's daughter or a Persian bishop who somehow got to Ireland and then came across. Camden says its old name was Pendennis (Pen-dinas, the fortified headland), which is also the name of the cape at Falmouth. Like Marazion, Penzance, and several other Cornish towns, it is ecclesiastically but a chapelry, helped out by Queen Anne's bounty. St Ia's chapel and town have long been buried under the sand, and not till 1410 did the Pope give leave for a new chapel—the present St Ives Church. The drifters and their works sink into insignificance beside the 180 or more seines yearly fitted out at St Ives. The fishing-ground is small; and among such a number of competitors quarrels must be sure to arise; so since 1776 the mode of procedure has been settled by Act of Parliament, dividing the bay into six "stems" or stations,

and providing that when a boat has shot its seine, successfully or not, it must give place to another. We saw how the "tucking" was done, and the "bulking" in the fish-cellars or "places" ("palaces" they are called about Mevagissey). After lying in bulk about a month, and getting rid of the best of their oil, the fish are carefully washed and packed in hogsheads with looseish staves, so that when the fish are pressed, all the remaining oil and pickle may be run off. Besides the "virgin oil" aforesaid, from two to five gallons are squeezed from every hogshead. The fish can't be worth much after all this squeezing; the Italians used to think they were smoked, hence *fumados*; and Norden, writing at the end of the fourteenth century, says: "They are preserved by fuming and drying, and the dried ware they carrye into Spayne, Italic, Venice, and divers places within the Straytes, where they be very vendible." Seining is more modern than drifting, but its antiquity is respectable. Carew ('Survey of Cornwall,' 1602) says: "The least of their fish in bigness, greatest for gain, and most in number, is the pilchard. They come to take their kind of the fresh between harvest and Allhallowtide, and were wont to pursue the brit upon which they feed into the havens, but are now forestalled on the coast by the drovers and seiners." And now you know all that I know, and I think all that you need know, about the

way in which they catch their fish in West Cornwall, and the sort of coast on which they catch them. Of those who catch, Murray says: "They are, like all Cornishmen, impatient of continuous labour." I should say it was just the opposite; they don't ever rush furiously through a short spell of work, as the Norse *berserkir* navvy does, and then for a while subsides; but they are always at it, dung-dabbing or potato-hoeing, or patching their boots, when they're not "on day corps at bal." Unhappily, some of them have no land to be busy on. Oh, if I were a West Cornwall landowner, I'd take care that this want should exist no longer! There are hundreds of acres crying—"Till me; barren as I look, I can grow the grass of a cow, or potatoes enough for a family;" and there are hundreds of men just now (May 1874) on half-work at the mines, men whom England can't afford to lose. Big farms may pay best in the short run, but men of the right sort pay better in the long; and our Penwith miner-fishercottier is one of the right sort. Better "the Duchy" should buy back the moors, and let them out in allotments,—of course on good security, the men renting them not as individuals but in associations,—than that in these bad times this sturdy useful race should be suffered to dwindle away. "Fish, copper, and tin," is the old Cornish toast; and why not "peasant-farming" too?

THE STORY OF VALENTINE;

AND HIS BROTHER.

PART IX.—CHAPTER XXV.

"So Mr Pringle is on the other side," said Mary Percival. "Perhaps it is just as well, considering all things."

"Why should it be just as well?" said Violet, with a spark of fire lighting up her soft eyes. "Is unkindness, and opposition among people who ought to be friends, ever 'just as well'? You are not like yourself when you say so;" and a colour which was almost angry rose upon Vi's delicate cheek.

"My dear, I have never concealed from you that I want to keep you and Val apart from each other," said Miss Percival, with an injudicious frankness which I have never been able to understand in so sensible a woman; but the most sensible persons are often foolish on one special point, and this was Mary's particular weakness.

"Why should we be kept apart?" said Violet, with lofty youthful indignation. "Nobody can keep us apart—neither papa's politics nor anything else outside of ourselves."

"Vi! Vi! I don't think that is how a girl should speak of a young man."

"Oh, I cannot bear you when you go on about girls and young men!" cried Violet, stamping her small foot in the vehemence of her indignation. "Is it my fault that I am a girl and Val a boy? Must I not be friends with him because of that, a thing we neither of us can help, though I have known him all my life? But we are fast friends," cried Vi, with magnificent loftiness, her pretty nostrils dilating, her bright eyes flashing upon her com-

panion. "Neither of us think for a moment of any such nonsense. We were friends when we were seven years old, and I would not give up my friend, not if he were twenty young men!"

"You are a foolish little girl, and I am sorry for you, Vi," said Mary, shaking her head. "At any rate, because you are fond of Val, that is no reason for being uncivil to me."

At these words, as was natural, Violet, with tears in her eyes, flew to her friend and kissed her, and begged pardon with abject penitence. "But I wish I had nothing more on my mind than being friends with Val," the girl said, sighing, "or the difference of people's politics. Of course people must differ in politics, as they do in everything else. I am a Liberal myself. I think that to resist everything that is new, and cling to everything that is old, whether they are bad or whether they are good, is very wrong. To choose what is best, whether old or new, is surely the right way."

"Oh, you are a Liberal yourself?" said Mary, amused; "but I don't doubt Val could easily turn you into a Conservative, Vi."

"Val could not do anything of the kind," said Violet, with some solemnity. "Of course I can't have lived to be twenty without thinking on such subjects. But I wish I had nothing more on my mind than that. Both Liberals and Conservatives may be fond of their country, and do their best for it. I don't like a man less for being a Tory, though I am a Liberal myself."

"That is very satisfactory for us

Tories, my dear," said Mary, "and I am obliged to you for your magnanimity; but what is it then, my pretty Vi, that you have upon your mind?"

The girl paused and let fall a few sudden tears. "Mary," she said (for there was a Scotch tie of kinship between them also which made this familiarity admissible), "I am so frightened—and I don't know what I am frightened at. I feel sure papa means to do something more than any one knows of against Val."

"Against Val! he means to oppose his election, no doubt, and give Lord Eskside and our side all the trouble possible: we know that!" cried Mary, who was a politician of the old school. "These are always the tactics of the party—to give as much trouble, and sow as many heartburnings as possible; though they know they have not a chance of success."

"I suppose it is just what the Tories would do if they were in the same position," said Violet, naturally on the defensive. "But all that is nothing to me," she cried; "if people like to fight, let them: I don't mind it myself—the excitement is pleasant. But, of course, you know better than I do—are you sure there is nothing more than fair fighting that papa could do to Val?"

"I am sure your papa is not a man to do anything inconsistent with fair fighting," said Mary, evasively, her curiosity strongly roused.

This stopped Violet once more. She gave a heavy sigh. "I hear them say that everything is fair in an election contest, as everything is fair in war."

"Or love."

"I don't understand such an opinion," said Violet, rising to her feet and striking her pretty hands together in impatience. "If a thing

is wrong once, it is wrong always. Love! they call that love which can be pushed on by tricks and lies; and people like you, Mary—people who ought to know better—say so too. Of course, one knows you cannot *think* it," the girl cried, with a quick-drawn breath, half sob, half sigh.

"Well, dear, I suppose we all give in to the saying of things which we don't think," said Miss Percival, deprecatingly; "but, Vi, you have made me curious. What is it your father means to do?"

"I wanted to ask *you* that; what can he do? Can he do anything?" said Violet. Mary looked at the impulsive girl, not knowing what to answer. Vi was true as truth itself in her generous young indignation against all unworthy strategy—and she was "fond of" and "friends with" Val, according to the childish phraseology which, in this respect at least, she chose to retain. But still even Violet's innocence was a reason for not trusting her with any admission that Valentine was open to special attack. She might assail her father with injudicious partisanship, entreating him to withhold from assaults which he had never thought of making; so that, on the whole, Mary judged it was judicious to say nothing as to any special flaw in the young candidate's armour. She shook her head.

"I cannot think of anything that could be done against Valentine," she said. "He has been a good boy, so far as we know; and when a boy is not a good boy, it is always found out. Sir John is to propose him, and Mr Lynton of the Inn to second,—he could not have a better start; and dear old Lord Eskside to stand by him, to get his wish at last," said Mary, with a little glimmer of moisture in her eyes. "You young things don't think of the old people. It goes to my heart, after all their

disappointments, to think they will have their wish at last."

Violet did not make any reply. Though she was a Liberal herself, and looked upon politics generally from such an impartial elevation of good sense, it was no small trouble to poor Vi to know that she could not even pretend to be on Valentine's side at this great moment of his life;—could not go with Lady Eskside's triumphant party to see him done honour to in the sight of all men; could not even wear a bit of ribbon, poor child, for his sake, but must put on the colours of snuffy Mr Seisin, and go with her mother to the opposition window, and pretend to look delighted at all the jokes that might be made, and all the assaults upon her friends. Violet would not allow how deeply she felt this, the merely superficial and necessary part of the situation; and, in reality, it was as nothing to her in comparison with the dread in her heart of something more, she knew not what—some masked battery which her father's hand was arranging. She took Mary out to show her the improvements which were being made at the Hewan, the new rooms which were almost finished, and which would make of the poor little cottage a rustic villa. Joan Moffatt, whose nest had not been interfered with, though Mr Pringle had bought the place, came out as she heard the voices of the ladies, to take her share in the talk. Jean had now the privileged position of an old servant among the Pringles, and still acted as duenna and protectress to Violet on many a summer day when that little maiden escaped alone with her maid from Moray Place. Mr Pringle had been getting on in his profession during those years; not in its honours, the title of which he had allowed to go past him, but in its more sub-

stantial rewards. He was better off, and able to afford himself the indulgence of a whim; so the Hewan had been bought, half in love, half in hatred. In love, because the children, and Violet especially, were fond of the little place; and in hatred, because it commanded the always coveted domain of Eskside.

"You are a Liberal too, I understand, Jean," said Mary; "you are all Mr Ross's enemies up here."

"I wish he might never have waur enemies," said old Jean, "and that's no an ill wish; but I'll never disown my principles. I've aye been a Leeberral' from the time of the Reform Bill, which made an awfu' noise in the country. There's nane o' your contests worth speaking o' in comparison with that. But I'm real distressed that there's an opposition for a' that. We'll no get our man in, and we'll make a great deal o' dispeace; and two folk so muckle thought of in the country as my lord and my lady might have gotten their way for once. I canna bide the notion of going again' Mr Valentine; but he's a kindly lad, and will see that, whatever you are, ye maun gang with your pairty. Lord bless the callant! if it was for nae-thing but yon chicken-pie, he's a hantle mair to me than ony Edinburgh advocate that was ever born. But you see yoursel, Miss Percival, how we're placed; we maun side with our ain pairty, right or wrang."

"Yes, I see the difficulty of the position," said Mary, laughing, "and I shall make a point of explaining it to Val."

"Do that, mem," said Jean, seriously. She did not see any joke in the matter, any more than Vi did, whose mind was in a very disturbed state.

"And I suppose your son will be of your mind?" said Mary, not indis-

posed to a little gentle canvassing on her own part.

"I couldna undertake to answer for John," said the old woman; "nor I wouldna tamper with him," she added, "for it's a great responsibility, and he ought to judge for himself. There's one thing with men, they tak a bias easy, and John was never a Leebéral on conviction, as ye may say, like his faither and me; and he has a' the cobbling from the House, and a' the servants' work, and my lord's shooting boots, and so forth, and noo and then something to do for my lady hersel; so I wouldna say but he might have a bias. It's a grand thing to have nae vote," said Jean, meditatively, "and then ye can have the satisfaction of keeping to your party without harming your friends on the other side."

Jean expressed thus the sentiments of a great many people in Eskside on the occasion of this election. Even some of the great tenant-farmers who were Liberals, instead of delighting in the contest, as perhaps they ought to have done, grumbled at the choice set before them, and regretted the necessity of vexing the Eskside family, old neighbours, by keeping to their own party. For Val Ross, as they all felt, was, on the whole, a much more appropriate representative than "a snuffy old Edinburgh lawyer," said one of the malcontents, "with about as much knowledge of the county as I have of the Parliament House." "But he knows how to bring you into the Parliament House, and squeeze the siller out of your pouch and mine," said another. The Parliament House in question, gentle Southern reader, meant not the House of Commons, but the Westminster Hall of Edinburgh, into which, or its purlieus, it was quite easy to get with Mr Seisin's help, but not so easy to get out again. I

am afraid, indeed, that as the Liberal party was weak in the county, and there had been no contest for some time, and no active party organisation existed, there would have been no attempt to oppose Valentine at all but for the determination of Mr Pringle, who, without bringing himself very prominently forward, had kept his party sharply up to the mark, and insisted upon their action. That they had no chance of success, or so little that it was not worth calculating upon, they all acknowledged; but allowed themselves to be pushed on, notwithstanding, by the ardour of one fierce personal animosity, undisclosed and unsuspected. Mr Pringle had been gradually wound up to this by the processes of many years; by the facts of Val's arrival at Rosscraig, so unlike those which ought to have attended the coming home of the heir; and by the still more aggravating fact that the district had forgotten all about these, and that only himself cherished any recollection of the curiosity and questioning, once so general, as to this child, who had been so strangely dropped at the old lord's door. I think if other people had recollected it, and if any sort of stigma had remained upon Val, the feelings of the heir-presumptive would have been less exaggerated; but to find that everybody had forgotten these suspicious circumstances—that even his insinuations as to the lad's love of low company, though sufficiently relished for the moment, had produced no permanent impression—and that the world in general accepted Valentine with cheerful satisfaction as Richard Ross's son and Lord Eskside's heir, without a doubt or question on the subject,—all this exasperated Mr Pringle beyond bearing. No passionate resentment and sense of injury like this can remain and rankle so long in a mind without somehow obscuring

the moral perceptions; and the man had become so possessed by this consciousness of a wrong to set right and an injury to avenge, that it got the better both of natural feeling and morality. He did not even feel that the thing he meditated was beyond the range of ordinary electioneering attack; that it strained every law even of warfare, and exceeded the revenges permitted to civilised and political men. All this he would have seen in a moment had the case not been his own, or had the circumstances been different. He would have condemned any other man without hesitation; would have solemnly pointed out to him the deliberate cruelty of the project, and the impossibility of throwing any gloss, even of pretended justice, over it. For no virtuous impulse to punish a criminal, no philanthropic purpose of hindering the accomplishment of a crime, could be alleged for what he meant to do. The parties assailed were guiltless, and there was no chance that his assault, however virulent, could shake poor Val's real position, however much it might impair his comfort. He could scarcely, even to himself, allege any reason except revenge.

Meanwhile Val had been summoned home. He had spent Christmas with his father, and since then had travelled farther afield, visiting, though with perhaps not much more profit than attended his tour in Italy, the classic islands of Greece. It was early spring when the summons reached him to return without delay, everything in the political horizon being ominous of change. Val got back in March, when the whole country was excited by the preliminaries of a general election. He had been so doubtful of the advantage of the abundant English society he had enjoyed abroad, that he was comforted to find himself in

English society at home, where it was undeniably the right thing, and natural to the soil. When he arrived at Eekside there was a great gathering to meet him. His address was to be seen at full length on every bit of wall in Lasswade and the adjoining villages, and even in the outskirts of Edinburgh; and the day of nomination was so nearly approaching that he had scarcely time to shake himself free from the dust and fatigue of his journey, and to think of the speech which it would be necessary to deliver, in answer to all the pretty compliments which no doubt would be showered upon him. Val, I am afraid, was a great deal more concerned about making a good appearance on this occasion, and upon conducting himself with proper manly coolness and composure—as if being nominated for a seat in Parliament was a thing which had already happened to him several times at least in his career—than about the real entry into public life itself, the responsibility of an honourable member, or any other proper subject of serious consideration. When he asked after everybody on his return, the dignified seriousness with which he was told of the presence of the Pringles at the Hewan did not affect the young man much. “Ah, you never liked poor Mr Pringle, grandma,” he said, lightly. “I have little occasion to like him,” said Lady Eekside; “and now that he is the getter up of all this opposition, the only real enemy you have, my own boy——”

“Oh, enemy! come, grandma, that is too strong,” said Val. “If I never have any worse enemy than old Pringle, I shall do. But I am sorry they are on the other side,” he added, with a boyish thought that his blue colours would have looked prettier than ever near Violet's bright locks. He paused

a moment, and then burst out with a laugh. "I wonder if they will put her into old Seisin's yellow ribbons," he cried, quite unaware how dreadfully he was betraying himself. "Poor Vi!"

Lady Eskside and Mary looked at each other—the one with a little triumph, the other with horror and dismay. It was my lady whose face expressed the latter sentiments. She had constantly refused to believe that Val had ever "thought twice" of Sandy Pringle's daughter. Even now she assailed Mary indignantly, as soon as Valentine's back was turned. "What did you mean by giving me such a look? Do you mean that a boy like that cannot think of a girl he has known all his life without being in love with her? My dear Mary, that is not like you. I was laughing myself, I confess," said the old lady, who looked extremely unlike laughter, "at the idea of their yellow ribbons on Vi's yellow hair. The little monkey! setting herself up, forsooth, as a Liberal; I'm glad the colours are unbecoming," Lady Eskside concluded, with the poorest possible attempt at a laugh.

Mary made no reply—but she was much more prepossessed in favour of Val than she had ever been. Women like a man, or even a boy for that matter, who betrays himself—who has not so much command of his personal sentiments but that now and then a stray gleam of them breaking forth shows whereabouts he is. Mary—who had taken Violet under her protection, determined that not if she could help it should that little girl fall a victim, as she herself had done—was entirely disarmed by the boyish ingenuousness of his self-disclosure. She thought with a half sigh, half smile, once more, as

she had thought that summer day by the linn, that this boy might have been her son had things gone as they should—that he ought indeed to have been her son. Sometimes this is an exasperating, sometimes a softening thought, and it came to Mary on this occasion in the mollifying way.

"Don't ask me anything about Vi," she said to Valentine the same evening. "You know I never approved of too much friendship between 'you; she is your enemy's daughter."

"What do you call too much friendship?" said Val, indignantly. "If you think I am going to give her up because her old father is an old fool, and goes against us, you are very much mistaken. Why, Vi! I have known her since I was *that* high—better than Sandy or any of them."

"Her father is not so dreadfully old," said Mary, laughing; "and besides, Val, I don't put any faith in him; his opposition is a great deal more serious than you think."

"Well, I suppose he must stick to his party," said Val, employing in the lightness of his heart old Jean's words; "but I know very well," he added, with youthful confidence, "that though he may be forced for the sake of his party to show himself against me, he wishes me well in his heart."

"You are convinced of that?"

"Quite convinced," said Val, with magnificent calm. Indeed I rather think the boy was of opinion that this was the case in the world generally, and that however outward circumstances might compel an individual here and there to appear to oppose him, by way of keeping up his party or otherwise, yet in their hearts the whole human race wished him well.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was on a bright spring morning that the nomination of a knight of the shire to represent Eskshire in Parliament took place in Castle-ton, the quiet little country town which was not far from the Duke's chief seat, and tolerably central for all the gentry. The party from Eskside drove over in state, my lord and my lady, with Miss Percival and Val, in the barouche, and with four horses in honour of so great an occasion. They were all in high spirits, with hopes as bright as the morning, though I think Valentine thought more than once how pleasant it would have been to have had little Vi sitting bodkin on the front seat of the carriage between himself and his grandfather. There would have been plenty of room for her, though I don't know that this would have been considered quite a dignified proceeding by my lady. The little town was all astir, and various cheers were raised as Lord Eskside and Val went into the committee room ; and my lady and Mary went on to the hotel which was in their interest,—a heavy, serious, old, grey stone house in the marketplace close to the hustings, from one of the windows of which they were to witness the nomination. On the other side stood the other hotel where Mr Seisin's supporters congregated. When Lady Eskside took her place at the window specially reserved for her, there was a flutter of movement among the crowd already assembled, and many people turned to look at her with interest scarcely less than that with which they would welcome the candidate and his supporters. Lady Eskside was a great deal older than when we saw her first ; indeed, quite

an old—a very old—lady, over seventy, as was her husband. But she had retained all her activity, her lightness of figure and movement, and the light in her eyes, which shone almost as brightly as ever. The beauty of age is as distinct as, and not less attractive in its way than, the beauty of youth ; the one extremity of life having, like the other, many charms which fail to us commonplace persons in the dull middle-ages, the period of prose which intervenes in every existence. Lady Eskside was a beautiful old woman ; her eyes were bright, her colour almost as sweet and fresh, though a little broken and run into threads, as when she was twenty ; her hair was snow-white, which is no disadvantage, but the reverse, to a well-tinted face. She had a soft dove-coloured bonnet of drawn or quilted satin coming a little forward round her face, not perched on the top of the head as ladies now wear that necessary article of dress ; and a blue ribbon, of Val's colours, round her throat,—though I think, as a matter of choice, she would have preferred red, as “more becoming” to her snowy old beauty. Mary, you may be sure, was in Val's colours too, and was the thorough partisan of the young candidate, however little she had been the partisan of the boy himself in his natural and unofficial character. There was a bright fire blazing in the room behind them to which they could retire when they pleased ; and the window was thrown wide open, so that they might both see and hear. The hotel opposite—not by any means such a good one as the Duke's Head—was of course in the opposition interest, and blazed with

yellow flags and streamers. At the window there, just before the commencement of proceedings, several ladies appeared. They did not come in state like Lady Eskside, for Mr Seisin had no woman-kind belonging to him; and these feminine spectators were wives and daughters of his supporters, and not so enthusiastic in his cause as they were about their own special relations who intended to perform on the occasion. Among them, in a prominent position, but keeping back as much as possible, Mrs Pringle and Violet were soon descried by the ladies opposite. Neither of them wore anything yellow, as Lady Eskside, with sharp old eyes, undimmed by age, discovered in a moment. "They are both fair, and yellow is unbecoming to fair people," she said, with involuntary cynicism. I do not much wonder that she was severe upon them; for indeed had they not pretended all manner of kindness and friendship for her boy? "It is not their fault," said Mary, apologetically. "I wonder what you mean by telling me it is not their fault," cried Lady Eskside. "Is a man's wife just his housekeeper, that she should have no power over him? They should not have let Sandy Pringle make a fool of himself. They should not have given their consent, and stuck themselves up there in opposition to the family. I have no patience with such women." It was not wonderful that my lady should disapprove; and I don't think that two greater culprits in feeling than Mrs Pringle and her daughter were to be found in all Eskside. They had the satisfaction of knowing that the husband and father who had driven them to make this appearance was not unaware of the sentiments with which they regarded it; but that, I think, was all the comfort these poor ladies had.

Then there came a stir in the crowd, and a thickening and increase of its numbers, as if more had been poured into a vessel nearly full; and the candidates and their supporters came up to the hustings. How Lady Eskside's heart swelled and fluttered as her handsome boy, a head taller than his old grandfather, who stood so proudly by him, appeared on that elevation over the crowd, detached from the rest, not only by his position as the hero of the day, but by his fresh youth, and those advantages of nature which had been so lavishly bestowed upon him! Lady Eskside looked at him with pride and happiness indescribable, and kissed her hand to him as he turned to salute her at her window; but I will not venture to describe the feelings of the other ladies, when Val, with, they thought, a reproachful look on his handsome face, took off his hat to them at their opposite window. Mrs Pringle blushed crimson, and pushed back her chair; and Violet, who was very pale, bent her poor little head upon her mother's shoulders and cried. "Oh, how cruel of papa to set us up here!" sobbed Vi. Mrs Pringle was obliged to keep up appearances, and checked her child's emotion summarily; but she made up her mind that the cause of this distress and humiliation should suffer for it, though she could not fly in his face by refusing absolutely to appear. These agitated persons did not find themselves able to follow the thread of the proceedings as Lady Eskside did, who did not lose a word that was said, from the speech of Sir John who proposed Val, down to the young candidate's own boyish but animated address, which, and his good looks, and the prestige and air of triumph surrounding him, completely carried away the crowd. Sir John's little address was short, but very much to

the purpose. It gave a succinct account of Val. "Born among us, brought up among us—the representative of one of the most ancient and honourable families in the county; a young man who has distinguished himself at the university, and in every phase of life through which he has yet passed," said Sir John, with genial kindness. Mr Lynton, who seconded Val's nomination, was more political and more prosy. He went into the policy of his party, and all it meant to do, and the measures of which he was sure his young friend would be a staunch supporter, as his distinguished family had always been. Mr Lynton was cheered, but he was also interrupted and assailed by questions from Radical members of the crowd, and had a harder time of it than Sir John, who spoke largely, without touching abstract principles or entering into details. Mr Lynton was a little hustled, so to speak, and put through a catechism, but was not badly received. Val's, however, was the speech of the day. He rushed into it like a young knight-errant, defying and conciliating the crowd in the same breath, with his handsome head thrown back and his young face bright and smiling. "He has no end of way on him," Lord Hightower said, who stood by, an interested spectator—or rather, metaphorically, ran along the bank, as he had done many a day while Val rowed triumphant races, shouting and encouraging. Val undertook everything, promised everything, with the confidence of his age. He gave a superb assurance to the Radicals in the crowd that it should be the aim of his life to see that the intelligence of the working classes, which had done so much for Britain, should have full justice done to it; and to the tenant-farmer on the other side,

that the claims of the land, and those who produced the bread of the country, should rank highly as they ought always to do. The boy believed that everything could be done that everybody wanted; that all classes and all the world could be made happy;—what so easy? And he said so with the sublime confidence of his age, promising all that was asked of him. When Mr Seisin's supporters and himself came after this youthful hero, it is inconceivable what a downfall everybody felt. I am bound to add that Mr Seisin's speech read better than Val's in the paper, and so did that of his own proposer. But that mattered very little at the moment. Val carried the crowd with him, even those of them who were a little unwilling, and tried to resist the tide. The show of hands was triumphantly in his favour. He was infinitely more Liberal than Mr Seisin, and far more Tory than Sir John. He thought every wrong could be redressed, and that every right must conquer: there was no compromise, no moderation, in his triumphant address.

Lady Eskside and Mary made a progress down the High Street when the gentlemen went to their committee rooms, and saw the Duchess and the Dowager-Duchess, who were both most complimentary. These great ladies had heard Val's speech, or rather had seen it, being too far off to hear very much, from their carriage, where they sat on the outskirts of the crowd. "What fire, what vigour he has!" said the Dowager. "I congratulate you, dear Lady Eskside; though how you could ever think that boy like his father——"

"He is not much like your family at all, is he?" said the Duchess-regnant, with a languid smile. This was the only sting Lady Eskside received during all

that glorious day. The old lord and the young candidate joined them ere long, and their drive back was still more delightful to the old couple than the coming. Lord Eekside, however, growled and laughed and shook his head over Val's speech. "You're very vague in your principles," he said. "Luckily you have men at your back that know what they are doing. You must not commit yourself like that, my man, wherever you go, or you'll soon get into a muddle."

"Never mind!" said my lady; "he carried everybody with him; and, once in the House, I have no fear of his principles; he'll be kept all right."

"Luckily for him, the county knows me, and knows he's all right; though he's a young gowk," said the old lord, looking from under his bended eyebrows at his hope and pride. They were more pleased, I think, than if Val had made the most correct of speeches. His exuberance and overflow of generous youthful readiness for everything made the old people laugh, and made them weep. They knew, at the other end of life, how these enthusiasms settle down, but it was delicious to see them spring, a perennial fountain, to refresh the fields and brighten the landscape, which of itself is arid enough. They looked at each other, and remembered, fifty years back, how this same world had looked to them—a dreary old world, battered and worn, and going on evermore in a dull repetition of itself, they knew; but as they had seen it once, in all the glamour which they recollected, so it appeared now to Val.

Val himself was so much excited by all that had happened, that he strolled out alone as soon as he had got free, for the refreshment of a long walk. It was the end of March: the trees were greening over; the river, softening in sound, had begun to think of the summer as

his banks changed colour; and the first gowans put out their timid hopeful heads among the grass. Val went on instinctively to the linn, with a minute wound in his heart, through all its exhilarations. He thought it very hard that Vi should not have been near him, that she should not have tied up her pretty hair with his blue ribbon, that she should have been ranged on the other side. It was the only unpleasant incident in the whole day, the only drop in his cup that was not sweet. He explained to himself how it was, and felt that the reason of it was quite comprehensible; but this gives so little satisfaction to the mind. "Of course he must stick to his party," Val murmured to himself between his teeth; and of course Mrs Pringle and Violet could not go against the head of the family in the sight of the world at least. When Val saw, however, a gleam of his own colour between the two great beech-trees he knew so well, he rushed forward, his heart beating lighter. He felt sure that it was Violet's blue gown, which she must have put on, on her return, by way of indemnifying herself for wearing no blue in the morning. He quickened his step almost to a run, going softly over the mossy grass, so that she did not hear him. The sunset was glowing in the west, lighting up the woods with long slanting gleams, and clouds of gorgeous colour, which floated now and then over the trees like chance emissaries from some army where the cohorts were of purple and gold. Vi sat with her face to that glow in the west, under the old beech-tree where the Babes in the Wood had been discovered; but her face was hidden, and she was weeping quite softly, confident in the loneliness of the woods, through which now and then a long sobbing sigh like a child's

would break. The pretty little figure thus abandoned to sorrow, the hidden face, the soft curved shoulders, the golden hair catching a gleam of the sunset through the branches, and still more, the pathetic echo of the sob, went to Val's heart. He went up close to her, and touched her shoulder with a light caressing touch. "Vi! what's the matter?" said the boy, half ready to cry too out of tender sympathy, though he was nearly twenty-two, and just about to be elected knight of the shire.

"Oh Val, is it you?" She sprang up, and looked at him with the tears on her cheeks. "Oh, don't speak to me!" cried Violet. "Oh, how can you ask me what is the matter, after what has happened to-day?"

"Is that what you are crying for?" said Val. "Never mind, Vi, dear. I know you have got to stick to your father, and he must stick to his party. It was hard to see you over there on the other side; but if you feel it like this, I don't mind."

"How did you think I should feel it?" cried the girl. "Oh no, you don't mind! you have plenty, plenty better than me to be with you, and stand up for you, but I—I do mind. It goes to my heart."

And here she sat down again, and covered her face once more. Val knelt beside her, and drew away her hands.

"Here was where we sat when we were children," he said softly, to comfort her. "We have always cared more for each other than for any one else; haven't we, Vi? How could I have plenty, plenty to stand by me? wasn't it unkind to say so, when you know you are the one I care for most?"

Violet did not lift up her head, but she cried more softly, letting the voice of the charmer steal into her heart.

"I was savage when I saw you over there," said Val, with his lips very close to her ear. "But you did not put on their ugly colours at least; and now you are all dressed out in mine, and I don't care," said the youth; and he stooped and kissed her blue gown prettily, as a young knight-errant might.

"Oh Val!" cried Violet, with a fresh outburst, but turning towards him; "I thought you would be angry."

"How could I be angry with you, Vi? Should you have been angry if it had been me?"

"Yes," she said, quickly; "if I had thought you didn't care." And here she stopped and grew crimson, and turned away her head.

"But you could not suppose that I didn't care," said Val; "that would have been impossible. If you only knew how often I have thought of you while I have been away! It was cruel of you not to let me see you before I went; but when I was gone, I am sure there never was a day, seldom an hour, that I did not think of you, Vi."

She turned round her head to look at him for a moment: there were tears still in her eyes, but very soft ones, a kind of honey-dew. "Did you, Val?" she said, half under her breath.

"Always," said the lad. "I wanted you to see everything I saw. I thought how sweet it would be if we could go everywhere together, as we did when we were children—but not just like that either. You know, don't you, how fond I am of you, Vi?"

"Oh Val!" She was almost as near him as when she fell asleep on his shoulder. "But you must not speak to me so now," she cried suddenly, making an effort to break the innocent spell which seemed to draw them closer and closer; "it makes me wretched. Oh Val, it is not

only that we were on the other side this morning. My heart is breaking. I am sure papa means to do something against you, and I cannot stop him. I think my heart will break."

"What can he do against me?" said Val, in his light-hearted confidence; "and he would not if he could. Don't think of such nonsense, Vi, but listen to me. We are not children now, but I am fonder of you than of anybody in the world. Why shouldn't we go everywhere together, be always together? If I could go to your father now and say you belonged to me, he could not carry you off to the other side—could he? Vi," said the lad, a little chilled and anxious, "don't turn your head away, dear. Won't you have me, Vi?"

"Oh Val, wait a little—I daren't listen to you now. I should be afraid to say a word."

"Afraid, Vi, to say anything to me—except that you don't care for me!" said Valentine, holding her fast. "Look me in the face, and you could never have the heart to say that."

Violet did not say anything good or bad, but she turned softly to him: her face met his eyes as a child turns to a mother or a flower to the sun, and they kissed each other tenderly under the great beech boughs where they had sat leaning against each other, two forlorn babies, ten long years before. The scene now was the completion of the scene then. What explanations were wanted between the children? they had loved each other all along; no one else had so much as come within the threshold of either heart. They clung together, feeling it so natural, murmuring in each other's ears with their heads so close; the sunset glowing, then fading about them, till the green glade under the

beeches was left in a silvery grey calm of evening, instead of that golden glow. The Babes in the Wood had forgotten themselves. Violet at last discovered with a start how changed the light was and how embrowned the evening. She started from her young lover's arm.

"Oh, how late it is!" she cried. "Oh, what will they think at home? I must go. I must go at once, or they will think I am lost."

"We have been lost before now," said Val, taking it much more easily. "But it is late, and there's a dinner and fine people at Rosscraig. Oh Vi, what a bore, what a bore! Can't you come with me?—not this night when so much has happened, not this one night?"

"Indeed you are very bold to speak of such a thing," said Vi, with dignity; "and you must not come with me either," she said, mournfully. "Oh Val, I am afraid we have gone and made things worse. I told you not to speak."

"Very likely that I should not speak!" said Val. "But, Vi, look here; now that it is settled, you may come with grandmamma on Thursday, mayn't you? I cannot have you on the other side now."

"But I am on the other side," said Vi, with some loftiness. "I am a Liberal myself. I should never have opposed you, Val, or worn anybody else's colours, even if I had not—cared for you; but I am a Liberal as well as papa."

"You must be a Tory when you belong to me," said Val.

"Never!" cried Violet; and she shook his arm away and stood independent, with eyes glowing and cheek flushing. Valentine was half angry, half amused, with a man's instinctive sense of the futility of such protestations. How delightful it was! almost a first quarrel, though their engagement was not an hour old!

"Well, then, you shall be a little Radical if you like—so long as you come," he said. "I give in; but you must come with us for the election. I have set my heart on that; otherwise I shall stand up on the hustings," cried Val, "and say, That young lady is going to be my wife, and this is how she treats me. I swear, if you are not with grandmamma, I will——"

"How foolish you boys are!" said Vi; and she took his arm, as if, they both thought, they had been old engaged people, or married people (it did not much matter which). And in this way they made their charmed progress through the wood, forgetting the passage of time till they came to the brae at the Hewan, where Violet, with some terror, dismissed her lover. "You shall not come any farther," she said; "you shall not. I don't mean you to see papa to-night. Oh Val, Val! what shall I do if he means to do you any harm?"

"Tell him he will be harming you," said Val; but how lightly he took her terror: what could Mr Pringle or any man do to him? He was at the high topgallant of success and happiness, almost intoxicated with all the good things that had come to him, and with the young innocent love which rose warm as a summer stream and as soft, fed by all the springs of his heart, growing with all the growth of his life. It was very hard to leave her there, and make his way to his dinner and his politics; but still it had to be done, though Violet stamped her little foot in impatience before he would go. When they parted at last, Val sped along the twilight woods like an arrow, with nothing but triumph and delight in him; he had plucked the last flower of happiness, to wear in his bosom for ever. There seemed to be nothing wanted to the per-

fection of the moment, and of his life.

As for Violet, she was far from being so happy. She went up the brae more leisurely, in no hurry to go in. Poor child! all her anxieties came back to her with double force. How was she to tell this, how to keep it secret? the one was almost as hard as the other. And then the great chimera in her mind, which she tried to say to herself was nothing, nothing! that dread which she could not explain or define—the consciousness that her father was going to do something against Val. What could she do to hinder him? She shrank from encountering his sharp looks, from telling him her story,—and yet was it not her duty to make one final effort? She went round the new buildings to the little old front of the cottage, which still commanded that view over the Esk which Violet loved so well. Her father was walking about alone smoking his cigar. No one else was visible. The peace of evening had fallen upon the house; but it was cold after the sunset, and Mrs Pringle had not come out to cheer her husband while he smoked his cigar; indeed, to tell the truth, he was not sufficiently in his wife's good graces to have this indulgence. If Vi, his favourite child, could do anything, now was the moment. Her heart began to beat violently as she stood and looked at him, hesitating, drawn forward by one impulse and back by another. A mere chance movement settled the question. He held out his hand to her as she stood looking at him "Come, Vi, give me your company," he said; "your mother thinks it too cold to come out. Where have you been, child, so late?"

"I have been down at the linn," said Violet; "it is always so pretty there."

"But you need not have forgotten

your dinner, my dear ; your mother does not like it ; and I thought you were tired after your drive to Castle-ton," said Mr Pringle, in slightly reproachful tones.

"I am not tired, papa ; I was a little—troubled in my mind. Papa, must we go on the election day, and put ourselves up again, against Val ? Oh papa, why ? might we not stay at home at least ? That is what I was thinking of. Valentine never did any harm to us, papa."

"Has not he ?" said Mr Pringle, fiercely. "You are a goose, Vi, and know nothing about it ; you had better not speak of what you don't understand."

"Why shouldn't I understand ?" said Violet, roused. "I'm just as able to understand as any one. The only harm Val has done is by being born, and how could he help that ? But papa, dear," said the girl, twining her arm suddenly within his, and leaning on him closely—"that was not what I was thinking of. Down at the inn, where we used to be so much together, how could I help thinking ? Val was always so——" Vi paused, with injudicious words on her lips which she stopped just in time—"nice to me," she added, with a quick breath of fright at her own temerity. "Even the boys were never so good to me ; they never took me out into the woods to play truant. Oh papa, if you could only know how delightful it was !"

"He might have broken your neck," said the obdurate father. "I owe him something for the fright he gave us that day."

"What fright did he give you ? Mamma has told me since she was not a bit frightened. It was the very sweetest—no, almost the very sweetest," said Violet, a little thrill of tremulous happiness going through her heart, which told of a sweeter still—"day of my life.

He took as much care of me as if I had been—his sister ; more than the boys ever take. Oh papa ! and to sit up yonder against him, as if we were not friends with Val. He is the only one who does not blame you a bit," said Violet, unused to secrets, and betraying herself once more.

"He ! you have seen him, then ? It is very kind of him certainly not to blame me," said Mr Pringle, with a smile.

"He says, of course you must stick to your party," said Violet. "I just met him—for a moment—in the wood. He was not angry, though I should have been angry in his place. He said it was very hard to see mamma and me over there, but that of course we could not help it, and that he was sure you would not really harm him even if you could."

Mr Pringle was not a bad man, and his whole being was quaking at that moment over something he had done. Like many another amiable person, led astray by a fixed idea, he had brooded over his injury till it filled all earth and heaven, and made any kind of revenge seem lawful and natural, until, as the climax of a world of brooding, he had launched the deadly shaft he had been pointing and preparing so long. Now it was done, and a cold chill of doubt lest it were ill done had seized upon him. He had called Violet to him on purpose to escape from this, and lo ! Violet seized upon him too, like an angel of penitence. He paused a moment, casting a perturbed glance towards Lasswade, whence probably by this time his shaft had been launched—poor little innocent village, under its trees. Had there been time to draw back I almost think he would have done it ; but as there was not time, Mr Pringle took the only alternative. He shook off his daughter's arm, and told

her to go in to her mother, and concern herself with things she understood ; and that when he wanted her advice and her friend Val's, he would ask for it, not sooner. "A couple of babies!" he said contemp-

tuously, not perceiving, in his remorse, and resentment, and sore impatience, that even now he had linked the name of his young enemy, upon whom he had revenged himself, to that of his favourite child.

CHAPTER XXVII.

So early as next morning the messenger of vengeance had gone like a fiery cross all over Eskside—up the water and down the water, placarded in the hamlets, sent flying by the post over all the county. It came by the morning's post to Rosscraig itself. The man who went for the letters got a copy from somebody, which was given with much solemnity and secrecy to Harding the butler for his private information. The upper servants laid their heads together over it in the housekeeper's room with fright, and yet with that almost agreeable excitement which moves a little community when any great event happens to the heads of it. Excitement is sweet, howsoever it comes ; and the grim pleasure which servants often seem to enjoy, even in "a death in the family" is curious to behold. This was much more piquant than a death, and nobody could tell to what it might lead ; and then there was the thrilling suspense as to who should venture to tell it to my lord and my lady, and how they would take it when they found it out.

As was to be expected, it was through Harding's elaborate care to keep it from his master that it was found out. Lord Eskside was in his library before breakfast, very busy with his lists of voters, and the calculations of each district and polling-place, all of which agreed so delightfully in the certain majority which must carry Val triumphantly to his place in Parlia-

ment—a triumph which, all the more perfect that it was late, filled the old lord's heart. His wrinkled forehead was smoothed out as if he had swallowed an elixir of life ; his shaggy eyebrows, almost white now, were still, or nearly so ; his under lip had subsided peacefully. How many disappointments had passed over that rugged old head ! His son Richard had been nothing but one disappointment from beginning to end, sometimes giving acute pain—always a dormant dissatisfaction to his parents. For years and years he had been lost to them altogether ; he had sinned like a prodigal, bringing in a wild and miserable romance into the family records, without making up for his sin by the prodigal's compensating qualities,—the readiness to confess, the humility of asking pardon. Richard had done badly by his family, yet was as proud, and took up as superior a position, as if he had done well. He had not only disappointed but scorned his father's hopes. Neither father nor mother had any comfort in him, any good of him, any more than if they had no son. But there was recompense for all their suffering in Val ; he was altogether their own, their creation : and the pleasure with which the old lord found all his hopes realising themselves in this boy, who was still young enough to be under his own influence, to take his opinions as a kind of *credo* and symbol of faith, to carry out his wishes, and take up the inheritance of the Rosses, as he had perfected

and filled it up during his long life—was, I think, far greater, more perfect and delightful, than the success of any middle-aged man like Richard, who, as old Jean Moffatt said, was quite as old if not older than himself, could have given him. There were a hundred things in Richard's character that jarred upon his father, which his good sense made him accept and submit to, knowing how hopeless it would be to attempt to shape a man of the world, who half despised even while he respected his rustic father, into anything like his own image. But there was nothing yet which was grieving or contradictory in Val. The boy was passionate, but then every boy had some defect; and a little wayward and wilful if roused, but always submissive as a child to the arguments of affection, and candid to understand when he was wrong. Lord Eskside saw with fond eyes of affection, and heard from every one—scholastic Grinders, and persons in society, and men of the world—that no more promising lad could be than this hero of his, who had accepted all his schemes and fallen in with all his views. To attain this rare pleasure in your old age is not a common blessing, and it was all the more exquisite because he knew how rare it was.

In this state of mind he rose from his library table and his lists of voters, and stalked out with his hands clasped under his coat tails, to look at the great registering thermometer which hung outside on the shady corner at the west wing. When he came into the hall, Lord Eskside saw Harding in the distance, poring over a paper which he held in his hand,—a large white broadsheet, very much like Val's address, of which there were some copies about the house. Harding's obtuseness was a joke with the old lord. "Has he not got the

sense of it into his old noddle yet?" he said to himself, half laughing, and watched with quiet amusement the butler's absorption. Lord Eskside's patience, however, was none of the longest, and he called Harding before many seconds had passed. The man was too much occupied to hear him, and did not stir. Then the old lord, half irritated, half laughing, called again. "If that's Mr Ross's address you are reading, bring it here, you haverel, and I'll explain it to you," he said. Harding turned round with a scared look, and, crushing up the paper in his hand, he thrust it into his pocket with hurried and almost ostentatious panic.

"It's not Mr Ross's address, my lord," he said.

"Hey! what is it then?—let me see. Lord bless us, man!" said his irascible master, "why do you put on that look? What is it? Let me see!"

"I assure you, my lord, it's nothing—nothing of the least consequence," said Harding. "Your lordship would not look twice at it; it's nothing, my lord." And he put his hand upon his pocket, as if to defend that receptacle of treason, and stood with the air of the hero in the poem—

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

Harding, for the first time in his life, was melodramatic in his determination to give his blood sooner than this objectionable paper. While the old lord stood looking at him half alarmed, and becoming more and more impatient, Mrs Harding strayed from her room, which was within reach of the voices, as it was her habit to do when her husband was audible in too prolonged colloquy with my lord.

"Marget," said Lord Eskside, "what has that haverel of a man of

yours got in his pocket? I never can get a word of sense out of him, as you well know."

"Hoots, my lord, it's some of his nonsense papers. What have you in your pocket, man? Cannot you give my lord a sensible answer? It's some of the squibs or things about yon auld Seisin, the lawyer body that's set up against us,—a bonnie like thing in our county, that has never had a Whig member as lang as I can mind."

"That's true," said Lord Eskside, mollified; "it's scarcely worth the trouble to publish any squibs. Let's see it, Harding,—and don't look so like a gowk, if you can help it. What is the matter with the man?"

"Give it him without more ado," whispered Mrs Harding peremptorily to her spouse. "He maun see it sooner or later, and he'll think we've something to do wi' it if you keep it back. Here's the paper, my lord. Na, it's no a squib on auld Seisin. I'm thinking it's something on the other side."

"What do you mean by the other side?" said Lord Eskside, his eyebrows beginning to work as he snatched it out of her hand.

"Nae doubt they have their squibs too," said Mrs Harding, making her escape with as unconcerned a face as possible. The husband, on the contrary, stood gaping and pale with horror, not knowing what thunderbolt might burst upon him now.

The old lord smoothed the crumpled paper, and held it out before him at a distance to read it without his spectacles. He stood so for a moment, and then he went back into the library, and shut the door. About half an hour after he rang the bell, and asked that my lady should be called. "Ask Lady Eskside to be so good as to come to me here," he said, in strange subdued

tones, without looking up. This was a very unusual summons. In all the common affairs of life he went to her, and it was only when something more grave than usual happened in the house that Lord Eskside sent for his wife. He did not rise when she came in, which she did at once, her old face flushed with alarm. All the ruddy rustic colour had gone out of my lord's face; his very hand was pallid which held the paper. He drew a chair close to him with his other hand, and called to her impatiently, "Come here, Catherine, come here!"

"What has happened?" Her eye ran over the papers on the table, looking for the yellow cover of a telegram—thinking of her absent son, as mothers do. If it was nothing about Richard, it could not be anything very terrible. Having satisfied herself on this point, she sat down by him, and put her hand upon his arm. "My dear, you are not well?"

"Never mind me," he said; "I am well enough. Read that."

Lady Eskside looked at it, wondering, then looked up at him, gave a low cry, and drew it towards her. This was what she read:—

"To the free and independent Electors of Eskshire.

"GENTLEMEN,—You were called upon to listen to, applaud, and accept certain statements yesterday, coming from no less a person than Sir John Singleton, and other great personages of the county, which it may perhaps be well to examine dispassionately before acting on them so far as to send to Parliament as your representative a young man possessing no real right to such an honour.

"I mean to say nothing against the gentleman calling himself, and

called by others, Mr Valentine Ross. He is young and absolutely untried ; therefore, though it cannot be said that he has done anything to justify his claims on your support, it is equally true that he has done nothing to invalidate them, so far as he possesses any. This, however, is the fundamental question which I wish to assist you to examine. What are his claims upon you ? They are those of Lord Eskside's grandson, heir of one of the most considerable families in the county—a family well known and respected by all of us, and about whose principles there can be no doubt, any more than of their high honour and estimation in the district. These are the pretensions of the party who support Mr Ross as a candidate for your suffrages. Sir John Singleton—and no one can respect Sir John more than I do, or would give more weight to his opinion—introduced his name to you with high eulogies, as 'one born among us, brought up among us, the heir of one of the most ancient and honourable families in the county.' Now the question I have to lay before you is straightforward and simple—'Is this true ?' Sir John's first statement is of course to be taken as a figure of speech, and I will not be so ungracious as to press it, for we all know that the young gentleman in question was not born among us. He made his first appearance at Eskside, as most of you are aware, when a child of about seven years old. How did he make his first appearance ? Was he brought home carefully, out of one comfortable nursery into another, under the charge of suitable nurses and attendants, as our own children are, and as it is natural to suppose the son of the Honourable Richard Ross—a man holding an important appointment in her Majesty's diplomatic service, and the heir of an old

title and very considerable estate—would be ? I answer, unhesitatingly, No. The child, in the dress and with the appearance of a tramp-child, was brought to Lord Eskside's door by a female tramp—a wandering vagrant—who lodged that night in a low tavern in the neighbourhood. He was thrust in at the door, and left there without a word ; and equally without a word he was received. The persons who were present knew that no message nor letter nor token of any kind was sent with the child. He was left like a parcel at Lord Eskside's door. Lord Eskside immediately after announced to the world that his grandson had been sent to him, to be brought up at home. And the child thus strangely introduced, without mother, without pedigree, without resemblance, without a single evidence of his identity, is the young gentleman who is known to us by the name of Mr Valentine Ross, and who now asks our suffrages on his family's merits rather than his own.

"Gentlemen, I am not one to disregard any claim which a man, who has in any way served his country, makes upon his own merits. To such a man I reckon it an impertinence to ask any question as to his pedigree. But when a young man says to me, Elect me, because I am my father's son, I ask, Is it certain that he is the son of the man he claims as father ? All that we know of his history is against it. His reputed father has studiously kept out of the way. Why, if he is Richard Ross's son, whom we all know, is not Richard Ross here to acknowledge him ? Instead of Richard Ross, we have nothing but a fond old man who has adopted an ingratiating boy. Lord Eskside has a right to adopt whom he pleases ; but he has no right to set up some base-born pretender—some

chance child thrown on his bounty—as the heir of his honours and the representative of his family. Will you send to Parliament, as a loss of Eskside, an old man's pet and pensioner, a supposititious heir? or will you not rather demand a searching inquiry into a history so mysterious, before you strengthen, by your election of him, the pretended rights of an impostor? He may be an innocent impostor, for I say nothing against the young man in his own person; but until his claims have been investigated, and some reasonable evidence afforded, an impostor he must be considered by all Eskside men whose ambition it is to have everything about them honest and above-board.

“AN ESKSIDE ELECTOR.”

“The demons!” cried Lady Eskside. Hot tears were shining in her eyes, forced there by pressure of rage and shame. She clenched her hand in spite of herself. “Oh, the word's not bad enough! Devils themselves would have more heart.”

“It's Sandy Pringle's doing,” said the old lord. “I thought he was too mild and mild. He's been preparing it these dozen years; and now the moment's come, and he's struck home.”

“It's too bad for Sandy Pringle,” said the old lady, pushing her chair from the table. “Oh no, no; it's too bad for that; the man has bairns of his own.”

And the tears ran down her cheeks with sheer pain. “We were never ill to anybody,” she moaned; “never hard-hearted that I know of. Oh, my poor old lord!—just when your heart was light, and you had your way!”

She turned upon him in the midst of her own pain with a pathetic pity, and the two pairs of tremulous old hands clasped each other closely with that sympathy

which is far deeper than any words. I do not think it would have taken much to bring a tear down the old lord's rugged cheek as well as his wife's. The blow had gone straight to his heart. Pain—helpless, bitter, penetrating, against which the sufferer surprised by it can do nothing but make a speechless appeal to heaven and earth—was the chief sensation of his mind. He was so unprepared and open to attack, so happy and proud, glad and rejoicing in the last evening lights, which were so sweet. For the first moment neither of them could think—they could only feel the pain.

Then there came a sense of what had to be done, which roused the old pair from the pang of the first shock. “It will be all over the county this morning,” said Lord Eskside. “Of that we may be sure. A man could not be bad enough to do so much without being bad enough to do more. We'll say nothing about it, Catherine; especially, we'll tell the boy nothing about it. Leave him at peace for the moment; to-morrow he is sure to hear; but in the mean time, as soon as breakfast is over, I'll make some excuse, and drive over to Castleton. We'll keep him out of the way. I'll see Lynton, and Sir John, and as many more of the committee as I can, and consult what's to be done.”

“You'll tell them how false it all is, and how devilish,” said my Lady; “devilish, that is the only word.”

“Devilish, if you please,” said Lord Eskside; “but how am I to say it's false? Half the county know it's true.”

Lady Eskside stopped the contradiction which came to her lips. She wrung her hands in that impotence which it is so much harder on the strong to bear than on the weak. “Oh, that woman! that

woman!" she cried; "the harm she has done to me and mine!"

"I will lay the whole matter before them," said Lord Eskside; "there is nothing else for it now—they must hear everything. At times it may be prudent to hold your peace; but when you must speak, you must speak freely. I will tell them everything. It would have been better to have done it long ago."

"Oh, what is the need of telling them?" cried my lady—"do you think they don't know? Ay, as well as we do; but do what seems to you good, my good man. It's like to break my heart; but I am most sorry for you, my dear, my dear!"

"Dry your eyes now, Catherine," he said, hoarsely; "we must not show our old eyes red to all these strangers. Come, the bell has rung, and we'll all be the better of our prayers."

They went in, arm in arm, to the great dining-room, where the servants were waiting, more curious than can be described, to see how my lord and my lady "were taking it." They had no satisfaction, I am glad to say. The old lord read his short "chapter," and the short prayer which followed, in a tone in which the most eager ear could detect no faltering. And my lady, if perhaps not so buoyant in her aspect as yesterday, did not betray herself even to Mary Percival, who knelt calmly by her side, and did not know how her old heart was sinking.

"We will give you a holiday to-day, Val," Lord Eskside said, after breakfast; "but for me, I will drive over to Castleton and see how everything is going on."

Val, who had visions of rushing up to the Hewan, and who felt himself perfectly safe in his grandfather's hands, consented gaily. "If you are

sure you don't want me," he said; and the old man drove off smiling, waving his hand to the ladies at the door. Harding and the other servants were very much puzzled by their master. They had thought it not unlikely that he might afford them still further excitement by fainting dead away or going off in a fit.

I do not know which had the hardest task—Lord Eskside telling the story of his son's marriage, with all its unfortunate consequences, to the serious county magnates assembled round the table of the committee room, and looking as grave as though Valentino had committed high treason—or his wife at home, trying to look as if nothing had happened, and to keep Val by her side that he might not hear of the assault upon him. At one period of the day at least my lady's work was the hardest. It was when Val insisted upon having from her a message to Violet Pringle or her mother, asking that the girl might accompany her next morning to see the election.

"Violet Pringle!" cried the old lady, tingling in every vein with resentment and indignation—"of all the people in the world, why should I take her father's daughter about with me? You are crazy, Val."

"Perhaps I am," said Val, with unusual gravity and humility; "but if I am crazy, I am still more crazy than you think. Grandma, I want you to take Vi about with you everywhere. Don't you know what friends she and I have always been? Listen, and don't be angry, Granny dear. When all this is over, and there is time to think of anything, I want you to give your blessing to Vi and me. She is going to be my wife."

The old lady gave a scream: it was nothing else. She was wild for the moment with wonder, and anger,

and horror. "Never! never! it must never be! Your wife!" she cried. "Oh, Val, you are mad. It can never be!"

"How can you say it can never be, when it *is*?" said Val, gently, with the smile of secure and confident happiness. "Yes, I don't mind Mary hearing, as she is there. Last night I met Vi in the woods. I was half mad, as you say, to think they had kept her away from me on such a day. I asked her to promise that it should never be so any more; and now nothing can come between us," said the young man in the confidence of youth. The idea of any strenuous objections on the part of the old people, who had yielded to every wish he had formed all his life, did not occur to him. Why should they object? He knew no reason. He had not announced it last night because there was a great dinner-party, and the house was full of strangers, but not because he felt any alarm as to how his news would be received.

"Val, I tell you you are mad," said Lady Eskside, deeply flushed with anger, of which she did not venture to show all the causes. "Your grandfather will never hear of it for a moment. Sandy Pringle has always been your enemy—always! and has he not shown himself so, openly, now?"

"Oh, of course he must stick to his party," said Val, lightly. "As for being my *enemy*, that is nonsense. Why should we be melodramatic? I am sure he wishes me well in his heart."

"A likely story!" said the old lady, her old cheeks blazing hotter and hotter; and when Val announced his intention of going off at once to make his proposal known to Mr Pringle, and claim his consent, the passionate resentment and indignation which she strove to suppress were almost too much for her. She

bade the boy remember that he owed it to his grandfather at least to tell him first of so important a step, but at last had to come down to arguments of convenience and expediency. "You may be sure Sandy Pringle is not at the Hewan to-day. He has too much mischief in hand to stay there in his hole. He is at work, doing you all the harm he can, the old sneak-drawer," said the indignant old lady—not daring to put half her indignation into words.

"As he is to be my father-in-law, you must be more civil to him, grandma," said Val, half laughing at her vehemence. He gave in at last, very reluctantly, to put off his going for the day. But even when this was attained, Lady Eskside's work was but half done, for Val had to be kept at home if possible, kept occupied and amused, that he might not discover prematurely the cruel attack of which he was the victim. She was afraid he might do something rash, and compromise himself before the election. In the excitement of that day itself, and when the business was too near completion to be capable of being deranged by any hotheaded folly poor Val might be guilty of, the risk would be less, or so at least the old people thought.

Thus things went on until the evening. Lord Eskside had fortunately left some business behind him to be completed, which gave Val occupation, and my lady had a moment of ease in which she could confide all that had happened to Mary. This last complication about Violet made everything so much the worse. Lady Eskside would have thought Sandy Pringle's daughter a poor enough match for her boy at any time, but now! Her only trust was that Mrs Pringle was a sensible woman, and might see the necessity of putting a stop to it; but

with the precedent of his father's reckless marriage before him, and Val's hot and hasty disposition, the old lady's heart sank at the prospect. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," she said at last, letting fall a silent tear or two, as she sat with Mary waiting in the dusk of the evening for her husband's return. "My poor old lord is long of coming; he'll be worn to death with this terrible day."

Lord Eskside was very late. The dressing-bell had rung, and the ladies were lingering, waiting for him in the pale dusk, which had come on earlier than usual. The sun and the season and the hour were very much like that other bleak night, fifteen years ago, when Val came first to Rosscraig. There was no storm, but it had been raining softly all the afternoon, refreshing the country, but darkening the skies, and increasing the depression of all who were disposed to be depressed. Val had gone out in the rain into the woods after his day's work, not knowing why it was that some uneasiness in the house had taken hold upon him, some sense of contradictoriness and contrariety. Were things going wrong somehow, that had been so triumphantly right? or what was it that irritated and oppressed him? The ladies, in their anxiety, which he was not allowed to share, were glad when he went away, releasing them from all necessity for dissimulation. They sat in different parts of the room, not even talking to each other, listening to the rain, to the taps of the wet branches upon the windows, and all the hushed sounds of a rainy night. Lady Eskside had her back to the window, but, for that very reason, started with the greater excitement when a sound more distinct than the taps of the branches—the knocking of some one for admission, and a low plain-

tive voice—came to her ear, mingled with the natural sounds of the night. Crying out, "Mary, for God's sake! who is it?" she rose up from her chair. Just about the time and the moment when one of the boys was brought to her! I think for the time the old lady's mind was confused with the pain in it. She thought it was Val's mother come back at last with the other boy.

A little figure, young and light, was standing outside the window in the rain,—not Val's mother, in her worn and stormy beauty, but poor little Violet in her blue cloak, the hood drawn over her golden hair—her eyes, which had been pathetic at their gayest moment, beseeching now with a power that would have melted the most obdurate. "Oh, my lady, let me in, let me in!" cried Vi. Lady Eskside stood for a minute immovable. Her "heart turned," as she said afterwards, against this trifling little creature that was the cause of so much trouble (though how poor Vi, who suffered most, could be the cause, heaven knows!—people are not logical when they are in pain). Then I think it was the rain that moved her, and not the child's pleading face. She could not have left her enemy's dog, let alone his daughter, out in that drenching rain. She went across the room, slow and stately, and opened the window. But when Violet in her wet cloak came in, Lady Eskside gave her no encouragement. "This is a wet night for you to be out," was all she said.

"Oh, Lady Eskside!" said poor Violet, throwing herself down in a heap at the old lady's feet—"I have come to ask your pardon on my knees. Oh, you cannot think we knew of it, mamma and I. She is ill, or she would have been here too. Oh, my lady, my lady, think a moment! if it is hard for you,

it is worse for us. It will kill mamma ; and my heart is broken, my heart is broken !" cried poor little Vi.

"Miss Pringle, I do not think, on the spur of the moment, that there is much to be said between you and me."

"Oh, my lady!" Violet cried out, as if she had been struck, at the sound of her own name.

"Nothing to be said," continued Lady Eskside, though her voice wavered. "Who would blame you, poor thing—or your mother either? but between your father's family and mine what can there be to say? That is not a fit posture for a young lady. We are not in a theatre, but private life," said the old lady, severely calm. "If you will rise up and put off your wet cloak, I will order the carriage to take you home."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Violet, rising to her feet. Her soft eyes sent forth an answering flash ; her pale little face flushed over. "If you will not have any pity—I meant nothing else, my lady—will you tell—Val," she added, with a hysterical sob rising in her throat, "that he is not to think any more of what he said last night. I'll—forget it. It cannot be now, whatever—might have been. Oh, Mary," cried the girl, turning to Miss Percival, whom she saw for the first time—"tell him! I never, never can look him in the face again."

"If you please, my lady," said Harding, appearing at the door in the darkness, "my lord has just come home ; and he would be glad to see your ladyship in his own room."

Lady Eskside hurried away. She did not pause even to look again at the suppliant whom she had repulsed. Violet stood looking after her, wistful, incredulous. The girl could not think it was anything but cruelty ; perhaps at the bottom of her poor little distracted soul she had hoped that the old lady, who was always so kind to her, would have accepted her heart-broken apology, and refused to accept her renunciation. She could not believe that such a terrible termination of all things was possible, as that Lady Eskside should leave her without a word. She turned to Mary, and tottered towards her, with such a look of surprised anguish as went to Miss Percival's heart.

"My dear, my dear, don't look so heartbroken! She has gone to hear what has happened. She is very, very anxious. Come to my room, and change your wet things, my poor little Vi."

"No, no! Not another moment! Let me go, let me go!" cried the girl, escaping from her hold ; and, with the swiftness of youth and passion, Violet turned and fled, through the open window by which she had entered, out into the darkness, the rain, and the night.

TO CHARLES SUMNER.

IN MEMORIAM.

FOR years, dear friend, but rarely had we met,
Fate in a different path our feet had set,
Space stretched between us, yet you still were near,
And friendship had no shadows of regret.

The ocean drear divided us, but nought
Obscured the interchange of word and thought;
The unbroken line of sympathy still throbbed,
And unto both its constant message brought.

And so I felt you were not far away,—
The mere material distance seemed to lay
Brief barrier to our meeting, and I dreamed
That some day we should meet; ay, any day—

That we again should clasp each other's hand,
Speak as of old, and face to face should stand;
Renew the past, and plot and plan again,
As in years past we plotted and we planned.

That hope is vanished now—a sudden change
Hath borne you from me far beyond the range
Of that familiar life that here we knew
Into a region dim and far and strange.

A vaster sea divides us now—a stretch
Across whose space we vainly strive to reach,
Whose depths man passes never to return,
From whose far shores there comes no human speech.

In one swift moment you have passed and gone
Out on the blind way all must tread alone,
Unaccompanied, unfriended, none knows where,
Gone out into the vague and vast unknown.

Gone where no mortal sense can track your flight—
Gone where Faith casts a weak and wavering light,
Where trembling Hope and Fear bewildered stray,
Lost in the pathless silent shades of night.

Vanished for ever from this world away,
From all the accidents of Night and Day,
The season's chance and change, the voice of man,
And all Life's passion, joy, hope, pain, and play.

Gone in an instant like a breath of wind,
Leaving the dead dumb instrument behind
Through which the spirit, with such wondrous art,
Thrilled its fine harmonies of sense and mind.

Gone?—what is gone, and whither has it fled?
What means this dreadful utterance—he is dead!
What is this strange mysterious tie called Life,
That bindeth soul to sense by such slight thread?

Love's grasp is strong, and yet it could not hold
The somewhat that it loved; and thought is bold,
Yet strove in vain to follow where it fled,
And sank to earth, the secret all untold.

Where and what are you now? what do you know,
See, feel? Is all that was so dark below
Cleared up at last? Does memory still remain,
And do you long for us who loved you so?

In this new life does human feeling last?
Or has oblivion blotted out the Past,
All the glad joys of this warm life of sense,
And all the lights and shadows o'er it cast?

Or are you nothing now?—gone like a tone
That dies to silence—or a light that shone
One gleaming moment, swift to disappear,
By death's cold breath to utter darkness blown?

To all these questions comes a silence drear;—
Stretched o'er Life's utmost verge with longing ear
The still soul listens, but no answer comes
Save the low heart-beats of its hope or fear.

So we return to earth—we laugh and weep,
Love, hope, despair. Time in its silent sweep
Bears us along—till, tired out at last,
Gladly we lay us down in death's deep sleep.

No matter what it brings—at least it wears
A peaceful charm of rest from all our cares.
Why should we wish to toil and struggle more?
Is not sleep sweet if no dark dreams it bears?

Look at this face where death has laid its hand,
How calm it looks!—how sorrowless, how grand!
Life's fever over, all the passions fled,
All the lines smoothed they burned as with a brand.

Not Joy's glad smile in happiest hours it bore,
Not Love's enchanted look that once it wore,
Could lend a grace so noble, so refined,
As now it wears when Joy and Love are o'er.

And yet—that peace will never soothe our pain ;
He whom we loved is lost. Come back again,
Come back, we cry : no, never !—all our love
And all our grief cry out for him in vain.

That pictured memory graced with treasures fair,
That stored experience rich with learning rare,
Those garnered thoughts and those affections fine—
Are they all squandered, lost, dispersed in air ?

Seek as you will—blind creature—never eye
Of mortal man shall pierce this mystery.
This, this alone we know, that nought we know ;
And yet we feel—life surely cannot die.

Change it may suffer—vanish from us here,
In forms beyond our ken to reappear.
Pass up the finite scale of seed, stalk, flower,
To odour—then exhale beyond this sphere.

But death—blank nothing ! at the very thought
Reason recoils—Faith shudders—Hope, distraught,
Reels back aghast ; no wild imagining
Can shape a shapeless empty void of naught.

To somewhat, vague and dim how'er it be,
The soul must cling—mere blank inanity
Defies our utmost stretch of wildest thought,
And here at least Hope, Reason, Faith agree.

Then why with nightmare dreams our spirits scare ?
If we will dream—how sweeter and more fair
Hope's promise of a loftier life beyond,
With larger loving and an ampler air !

Of vaster regions lifted from the sphere
Of doubt and struggle that harass us here,
Where the freed spirit, moving ever on,
Breathes a diviner, purer atmosphere.

So will I dream, since nothing we can know,
Your soul, enfranchised, wanders to and fro
On some Elysian plain beyond our sense,
Communing with great spirits as you go.

That oft a tender memory, turning, strays
To us who tread below these earthly ways,
Not mourning for us as we mourn for you,
But seeing clear above this cloudy maze.

That, purged of Time, your spirit larger grows
In that new being—asking not repose,
But with new aims and more expanded powers,
On, on, for ever with glad purpose goes.

And if 'tis all a dream—so let it be ;
Who shall decide when all is mystery ?
And yet I rather choose this heavenly dream
Than death's dark horror of inanity.

At least your noble thoughts can never die—
They live to stir and lift humanity—
They live to sweeten life and cheer us on :
If they are with us, surely you are nigh.

Yes, in our memory, long as sense remains,
That stalwart frame shall live, that voice whose strain ;
To lofty purpose pitched, struck like a fire
Into our blood, and thrilled through all our veins.

That full sonorous voice, whose high-strung key
Was tuned to Justice and to Liberty—
That sounded like a charge to rouse the world
From the deep slumber of its apathy.

Nor these alone ;—we shall remember too
The kind familiar tones of love we knew,
The genial converse and the storied lore,
The cultured charm that every listener drew.

The gladsome smile, the gleam of quick surprise,
That thrilled the face and lightened through the eyes ;
The uplifting brow, the utterance frank and clear,
And all that sullen death to sight denies.

Alas ! how idle are the words we say !
How poor the tribute on your grave we lay !
Nor praise nor blame shall cheer or trouble more
The parted spirit or the insensate clay.

Vain friendship's voice, and vain the loud lament
A nation breathed as o'er your bier it bent ;
Vain unto you, that as you passed away
A shadow darkened down a continent.

Rest, then, brave soldier, from the well-fought fight !
 Rest, genial scholar, from the dear delight
 Of arts and books ! Rest, steadfast, stainless friend !
 For ever ours—though lost to sense and sight.

Stern Duty's champion, at thy bier we bow !
 Brave, honest, faithful to the end—thy vow
 To God and Freedom kept—unbribed, unbought :
 Rest thee—or rise to loftier labours now.

W. W. STORY.

INTERNATIONAL VANITIES.

NO. VI.—DIPLOMATIC PRIVILEGES.

THE profession of Ambassador has come down terribly in the world. It is true that it cannot yet be classed promiscuously with the ordinary trades by which men earn their bread ; it is still superior to lawyering, doctoring, and schoolmastering ; it continues to stand, socially, above soldiering, sailing, and the cure of souls ; it still possesses a special character, and is still surrounded by a respect-provoking halo ;—but it has altogether lost its once effulgent glory ; it is now only a faded remnant of its former self. There was a time when Ambassadors were regarded as the effective personal representatives of the monarchs in whose name they came ; when the prestige of the one was reflected fully on to the other ; when the splendour of the prince shone out brilliantly in the envoy ; and as, in those days, sovereigns were vastly bigger personages than they are at present, their ambassadors occupied a situation proportionately higher than that which they now own. The two have dropped mournfully together ; master and man have equivalently and simultaneously descended ; revolutions, popular education, public opinion, and the telegraph, have dragged both

down, side by side. One consequence of this change is, that the phrase "Diplomatic Privileges" has lost the greater part of its original meaning. It once signified the enjoyment of prerogatives and rights of a truly royal nature ; it once was a reality of grave import ; it once constituted a strange but most striking testimony of the universal recognition of the then indisputable rights of kings ; but now, alas ! it implies, in daily practice, little more than the faculty of importing cigars free of duty. Its history is odd, however ; its details—to the disrespectful eye of this irreverent nineteenth century—are amusing ; furthermore, it stands out glaringly in the front rank of the vanities of nations. There are therefore several sufficient reasons for talking about it here.

It may be useful to begin the story by observing that it is an error to imagine, as many people do, that Ambassadors are an ancient institution : they are, on the contrary, in their present form, an essentially modern product ; like many others of our surroundings, they have crept into use during recent centuries, concurrently with the general march of new necessities

and new inventions. Ambassadors are a fruit of the world's progress, just as much as standing armies, vaccination, or deep-sea telegraphs; they have grown with the growth of things around them. It may be said of them, approximately, that they and gunpowder were invented at the same period; that they rose into general use contemporaneously with printing; and that they attained their full development at the moment when gravitation was discovered. All the special authors agree in certifying that the functionaries described by the title of Ambassador were entirely unknown until the thirteenth century, at which epoch the Popes began to send them forth. The messengers and the heralds of antiquity and the middle ages were not ambassadors; such agents could have no existence so long as international relations maintained the single and simple form of perpetual war. Consequently, it was not until the earth was no longer young that governments became materially able to employ resident representatives abroad, and then, as has just been said, it was the Papal Court which set the example of utilising them. That court was the first to recognise that it had interests to protect and influences to maintain in other countries. Diplomacy was, as might perhaps have been expected, an offspring of religion. The French kings slowly imitated Rome; Louis XI. had resident envoys in Burgundy and England; but it was not till after Charles VIII.'s expedition to Naples (1495) that princes generally began to keep up special agents in their neighbours' ground. Isolated cases occur at earlier periods, but the principle was not adopted until the beginning of the sixteenth century.

Distinctions between the various classes of diplomatic envoys appear

to have sprung up at once. Ambassadors, properly so called, were soon found to be excessively expensive; their display of ceremonial, and their tremendous self-assertion, involved so large an outlay, that, whenever it was not absolutely necessary to employ them, they were speedily replaced by cheaper and more modest agents. But ~~thus~~ in this way, diplomatic representatives became divided, from their very origin, into categories and ranks, it was not until after the Peace of Westphalia that fixed rules were adopted for their classification. From that date (1648) commences what the authors admirably describe as "the great diplomatic epoch," which lasted for nearly two hundred years, and is considered to have reached its end at the Congress of Vienna. In those days there was no public opinion to control or interfere with the individual wishes of the sovereign; diplomats then represented, almost exclusively, a personal royal policy; and, as the post was slow, as the telegraph was not invented, as envoys were often at a month's distance from their master, they were obliged to interpret their instructions as they could, or to act without instructions. For these various reasons an ambassador had really then an important part to play, and a grave responsibility to support; diplomacy was then an occupation needing forethought, prompt decision, much subtlety of imagination, and abundant bravery; its professors therefore had—in addition to their impersonation of their monarch—some personal grounds for claiming the extravagant prerogatives which were conceded to them. But now that Ministers of Foreign Affairs are, practically, directing by the wires all the details of their negotiations throughout Europe—now that envoys can get an answer

from their Governments in an hour—now that they have lost almost all initiative, and have been relieved of almost all responsibility,—it would be just, even if there were no other motive for it, that they should lose some part of their privileges as well.

They have not lost them altogether; they still retain enough immunities to secure the honour of their position, and to render it both exceptional and pleasant: they continue to be exempt from taxation and jurisdiction in the country to which they are accredited; and they, their house, their household, and their couriers, are inviolable. With this one indication of the actual position of the case, we will leave it for the moment, and will go back to the details of its former character, for its interest lies mainly in the past. The rights now held by the representatives of States are indispensable to their independence and their dignity; they could not be further restricted without depriving their possessors of the liberty to which they are entitled. Even the most levelling socialist would find it difficult to argue that those rights are either excessive or unjust; but the very fact that they are now quite reasonable makes them stupid; when they ceased to be outrageous they ceased to be amusing. We must look at them as they were two centuries ago to see them in all the gorgeousness of their absurdity.

The prerogatives formerly enjoyed by diplomatic envoys were, in many cases, almost larger than those possessed by the sovereigns they represented. For a long time they exercised the direct right of judgment, and consequently of life and death, over the members of their suite; their houses and their carriages were recognised asylums from all local justice, and often served as such for criminals of any nationality. In

certain countries they extended this immunity far outside the doors of the palaces they inhabited, and maintained its action throughout the entire neighbouring district of the city. They all kept guards for the defence of their prerogatives, and for the immediate punishment of every one who infringed them. Some of them pretended that they were in no way bound to pay their debts; and the privileges which still continue to exist of freedom from jurisdiction and taxation were carried to the most exorbitant and abusive development. Every ambassador sought for new occasions of extending either the applications of his prerogatives or those prerogatives themselves, and half his time was spent in fighting over them. Examples of all this are abundant in the diplomatic histories; they are so numerous and so varied that they supply illustrations of every imaginable form of difficulty or quarrel, and that is a good deal to say—for gentlemen possessed in those days a singularly strong faculty of getting into trouble, and a correspondingly feeble talent for getting out of it. As all the stories cannot be repeated here, it is essential to make a choice among them, which is a pity, for most of them are more or less worth reading as testimonies of the vanity and the folly of our predecessors. With this reservation, we will select those which, on the whole, best illustrate the subject.

On the day on which Sully (he was then called Rosny) arrived in London to compliment King James on his accession to the English throne, some gentlemen of his suite got into a tavern brawl, and one of them killed an Englishman. A mob formed quickly, as mobs still do in London, and proposed to kill the Frenchmen in return; they however managed to get out by a back door, and safely reached the house.

of the Marquis de Beaumont-Harlay, resident ambassador of France. Directly Rosny heard of this, he called together several friends who had accompanied him on his journey, examined with them the circumstances of the case, got a complete confession from the murderer, condemned him straight away to death, and sent to inform "the Lord Mayor" (so at least the French chronicle asserts) that he had tried and judged the culprit, and that "the officers of justice might execute him when they pleased." So the Lord Mayor fetched him, and took him off to the gallows. But, while all this was going on, M. de Beaumont-Harlay, who had strongly opposed Rosny's action in the matter, managed to get an audience of King James, obtained from him a free pardon, and set the gentleman at liberty just when he expected to have only five minutes more to live. So far the tale is simply an example of the exercise of the prerogative of life and death by an ambassador; but now comes in a question so intensely subtle that modern intelligences almost fail to compass it. Had James I. the right to interfere? Directly it became known in Paris that he had presumed to do so, a fierce outcry arose; it was indignantly declared to be a gross insult to a sovereign of France that another sovereign should dare, even on his own territory, to grant a pardon to a French subject condemned by a French authority. Everybody decided that the gentleman ought to have been unhesitatingly decapitated or hung on Rosny's verdict, and that the intervention of the English king constituted a most grievous breach of the respect and courtesy due by one nation to another. Angry representations were made to the English Court; M. de Beaumont-Harlay was bitterly accused for so improperly soliciting

foreign mercy; reason and common-sense were carefully excluded from all participation in the matter; but the theory of prerogative was maintained in all its force and purity.

This right of judgment over all the members of an embassy appears to have been always exercised without restriction; but the privilege which came next to it in importance—that of asylum—though universally accorded to the houses of ambassadors for all ordinary criminals, was not conceded in cases of treason or conspiracy against the State; self-preservation was held everywhere to be a higher duty than the respect of diplomatic rights. And yet, though all Governments insisted in their own case that they were justified in pursuing and arresting traitors within the walls of embassies, they invariably denied this power to other States when it was exercised against themselves. They changed their attitude, their arguments, and their principles, according as they were plaintiffs or defendants: in the former case they based their claims on self-defence and the *raison d'État*; in the latter, they took shelter behind prerogative. Here is an example of this convenient double action.

In 1540, Venice began to wish for peace with Turkey, and sent an envoy to Constantinople to negotiate; he was authorised to sign a treaty, ceding, if necessary, to the Porte, two towns then held by Venice in the Morea. When he reached Constantinople it became evident to him that the Porte was perfectly aware of the nature of his instructions, and would not make peace unless he granted a good deal more. He made the best fight he could, but was finally obliged to give a sum of 300,000 ducats in addition to the two towns. On his return to Venice, he was violently abused for his incapacity, and for the various other

faults which, even in our own day, are usually attributed to unsuccessful negotiation. But he proved that the reason of it was, that the Porte knew all about the secret intentions of the Venetian Government, and that, consequently, he could not argue, and was forced to yield. So the spies were set to work, and it was discovered that Nicolas Cavezza, secretary of the Senate, his brother Constantine Cavezza, secretary of the Council of Ten, and Maffeo Leone a noble, were paid by France to reveal the deliberations of the Government, and that they transmitted their information to Francis I. (who in this case had reported it to his new friend Solyman), through Abondio and Valier, his emissaries at Venice. Directly the culprits heard that they were found out, they naturally ran away. Constantine Cavezza and Leone managed to get into Italy; but the other three could not escape, and took refuge in the palace of the French ambassador. Thereupon the Council of Ten proclaimed that there was no privilege of asylum for the crime of treason; required the immediate delivery of the refugees; and, on the refusal of the ambassador to surrender them, sent a company of soldiers with two cannon to fetch them out by force. So they were given up, and were forthwith hung between the two columns of the little Place of St Mark. Francis I. grew very wild at this: he said he would make war on Venice; and for two months refused to grant an audience to Venier, the ambassador of the Sérénissime republic. At last, however, he sent for him, and asked him angrily, "What would you have done, sir, if you had been treated in this way?" Venier, who must have been a cunning fellow, appears to have remembered the influence which a soft answer exercises on wrath, for he answered,

"Sire, if rebel subjects of your Majesty dared to take refuge in my house, I would myself seize them and deliver them to the judges. If I acted otherwise, I should be vigorously punished by my republic." There the matter ended.

A dispute of another kind about asylum occurred at Rome in 1655. The Marquis de Fontenay, Ambassador of France, after giving shelter in his palace to some Neapolitan refugees who had run away from their Spanish conquerors, was sending them to Civita Vecchia to embark. As Spanish influence was strong at Rome, he feared that they might be seized on the road, so he put them, for protection, into his own coaches, with an escort of his servants; but, notwithstanding this precaution, they were attacked directly they got outside the gates by the Pope's Corsican guard, and, after a fight, seventeen of the exiles were carried off to prison. As soon as the French ambassador was informed of this event he announced that, after such an insult to his coach and livery, he should immediately leave Rome; and he claimed an audience of the Pope in order to explain the motives of his departure. When he saw the Holy Father he bitterly complained of the violence to which he had been subjected, and said he could not believe that it had been perpetrated with the knowledge of the Pope, but was convinced it had been brought about at the instigation of some members of the Papal Government who were friendly to the Spanish party at Naples: he concluded by demanding the immediate release of the prisoners, and a proper reparation for the affront which he had received. The Pope replied that "it was by his own order that the arrest had taken place; that since the ambassador had allowed himself to protect criminals in

the States of the Church, it was certainly permissible for him, the sovereign, to seize those criminals wheresoever he could lay hands on them." The ambassador retorted that the persons to whom he had given asylum were not subjects of his Holiness, but Neapolitans, whom he had sheltered against the persecutions of the Spaniards. After long discussion, the Pope consented to place at liberty any of the prisoners whom the ambassador might name: but M. de Fontenay would not content himself with that; he insisted that the soldiers who had attacked his coach should be severely punished. Then came "much contestation, and many threats on both sides;" and at last, M. de Fontenay, who was afraid of the Pope's strong Spanish sympathies, contented himself with the release of all the prisoners, leaving the question of reparation to be settled in Paris between the French Government and the Nuncio. In this case the Pope was evidently wrong, according to the rules then in vigour, and that was why he had to yield and give up his prisoners; but the story shows that, in the face of diplomatic privileges, no sovereign was absolutely master in his capital, and that, in fact, each capital contained as many sovereigns as ambassadors.

The "franchise de quartier" was even more outrageous than the privilege of asylum; but as it existed only in Venice, Madrid, and Rome, and in Frankfort during the coronations of the emperors, its effects were limited to those towns. This right empowered each ambassador to exclude all officers of justice not only from his palace, but also from a certain district round it; and it was maintained so watchfully and vigorously, that diplomats at Madrid several times hung alguazils for presuming to cross their

"quarter," and invariably beat them if they caught them there. One day, in January 1680, the Corregidor of Madrid, followed by some of his men, having passed in daylight through the district of the French embassy, the Marquis de Villars, who was then ambassador, sent a message to him to say he was not to do it any more. The Corregidor apologised, and said he had done it by mistake; but as he committed the same mistake again ten days later, Villars put in a formal complaint to the Government, and claimed satisfaction for the twice-repeated insult. To this it was replied that the King of Spain had declared, nine years before, that he would put an end to the privilege of *quartier*, and would treat the ambassador of each sovereign as his own ambassador was treated at that sovereign's court; consequently, as the Spanish envoy in Paris had no such privilege, he would not continue to accord it to the representative of France at Madrid. To this Villars answered that "his sovereign would willingly accept the principle of reciprocity of treatment for the ambassadors of both nations; but that the ambassador of his Catholic Majesty enjoyed particular favours at the Court of his very Christian Majesty, entering when he liked into the presence of the king and queen without demanding audience, accompanying the king without permission when hunting, sitting down at public festivals and ceremonies, driving about Paris with six horses." Consequently, as he himself possessed no similar rights in Spain, he held out, as a compensation, for his "franchise de quartier." But the Spanish monarch curtly said that "he persisted in his resolution." At this the Court of France grew seriously indignant, and instructed Villars to claim public satisfaction for the personal affront

which was thus offered to him. He did it, and all he got by it was a further declaration from the Spanish Government, with the addition that the same restriction would be at once applied to all other ambassadors. Villars answered savagely that this was adding insult to injury, for "the ambassador of France had a right to obtain grace for other ambassadors, but was not to be a cause of their losing advantages which they already possessed." The matter was at last referred, after much discussion, to the Council of State, at which stage Spain gave way, and Villars preserved his privilege.

In Rome this right was more exaggerated still; for there, entire districts of the city round the ambassadorial palaces were exempt from jurisdiction of any kind, and were consequently adopted as the home of thieves and murderers. The privilege had lasted for more than a hundred years, when Innocent XI. at last protested that it was "contrary to the dignity of the local sovereign, and to the respect of justice," and claimed its immediate suppression. He succeeded in persuading the Emperor and the Kings of Spain and Poland to abandon it; but when he proposed to Louis XIV. to do the same, that agreeable and modest monarch answered, "It is for me to set examples, not to follow them." Thereupon the Pope declared that though he would permit the privilege to continue to subsist in favour of the ambassadors then accredited at Rome, he would receive no new representative from any Power, unless that representative first renounced all claim to the right of district. Things then went on quietly till 1687, when, on the sudden death of his ambassador at the Papal Court, Louis XIV. instantly appointed the Marquis de Lavardin to the vacant post, and sent him off

without any previous communication to the Pope. Lavardin entered Rome as if it were a conquered city. Eight hundred men-in-arms marched before and behind his coach, and grouped themselves strategically round the Farnese Palace, which was the residence of the French embassy, with the avowed intention of maintaining the district privilege by force. To this the Pope replied by refusing to grant Lavardin an audience of reception, by ordering his Ministers to hold no communication whatever with him, and finally, on the 12th of May, by excommunicating him. Lavardin seems to have taken all this very coolly, as became the delegate of the Roi Soleil, and stopped in Rome as if nothing at all had happened. The Pope, however, was watching for an opportunity to go further still; and having learnt on Christmas-day that Lavardin had just been to mass at St Louis des Français, placed that church under interdict next morning, because the clergy had allowed a notoriously excommunicated person to say his prayers there. Against this Lavardin put in a written protest, arguing that "his character of representative of the sacred person of so great a monarch placed him outside the possibility of excommunication;" and that, therefore, as "nobody in a sane mind could consider him to be excommunicated," he declared that, in his opinion, all that had been done against him was null and void. In France the matter was taken up with more vigour still: the Parliament of Paris pronounced a judgment stating "that his Holiness, in the wish to signalise his Pontificate by some startling novelty, had imagined, in contradiction to all justice, to destroy the franchise of ambassadors; that, even if he had the right to do so, he ought not to have employed ecclesiastical censures in aid

of his intention, but should have carried it out by negotiation only ; that the licence which he had permitted himself in employing the Power of the Keys to abolish the franchise, deserved to be repressed by a Concile ; and that the king's rights could never become the subject of a controversy, to be dealt with by any ecclesiastical tribunal or jurisdiction." This judgment (which concluded by entreating the king to exercise his authority in order to preserve to their full extent the distinct franchise and immunities of his ambassador at Rome) was posted up at the door of the Nunciature in Paris. Furthermore, the Nuncio was sent to prison as a hostage for the safety of Lavaradin. But the Pope would not give way : on the contrary, he began to arm his fortresses and to prepare for war. Luckily, however, he died soon afterwards, and in 1693, under his successor, the quarrel was at last settled by mutual concession.

The pride which Louis XIV. exhibited in this case was invariably shown by him on all diplomatic questions—so long, at least, as he was stronger than his adversary. An excellent example of the sort of conduct which he adopted towards states which had offended him, is offered by the speech which he forced the Doge of Genoa to deliver to him in 1685 ; and though the events which produced that speech were not connected with diplomatic privileges, and consequently form no part of the subject under examination here, yet the speech itself is so strange a monument of international vanity, that it will not, perhaps, be altogether out of place to quote it. The Genoese had built four vessels for the Spanish navy, and had thereby much displeased the King of France, who was at war with Spain ; so the latter informed the Government of Genoa that he should

regard the sending of these ships to sea as an act of avowed hostility, and that, if they left the port, his own vessels would at once capture them. Thereat the Genoese got angry, and foolishly began to worry the French ambassador : they abused his servants ; they drove his wife's confessor out of Genoa ; they deprived him of his doctor, his surgeon, and his apothecary (who were natives of the town) ; and, finally, they tried to murder him. The ambassador grew vexed at these proceedings, and, as the historians say, "permitted himself vivacities which were unworthy of his rank, beating certain Genoese with a stick in public, though nobler arms would have better become the Minister of a great king." As soon as the four ships were finished, they were sent ostensibly to sea, whereon a French squadron bombarded Genoa, threw in 14,000 shells, and destroyed half the town. Then peace was made, on hard terms for the Genoese, one of the conditions being that their Doge Lascari, accompanied by four senators, should go to Versailles, in all pomp and ceremony, to beg pardon of the king, "with the most submissive and most respectful expressions." So they came, and this was the speech which the unlucky Doge was forced to utter :—

"Sire, my republic has always held, as a fundamental maxim, that its duty is to show forth the profound respect which it bears to the powerful crown which your majesty has received from your ancestors, and which, by astonishing actions, you have raised to such high degrees of force and glory that renown, which in other cases usually exaggerates, is quite unable—even by diminishing them—to render credible to posterity. These prerogatives, which are so sublime that they oblige all States to admire them with very deep submission, have particu-

larly led my republic to distinguish itself above all others in bearing witness thereto, in such a manner that the whole world must remain convinced. This being so, the most deplorable accident which has ever happened to us is to have veritably offended your majesty; and though my republic flatters itself that this is but a pure consequence of misfortune, it desires, nevertheless, that what has happened to discontent your majesty should be, at any price, effaced not only from your memory, but also from that of all men; for the republic is incapable of consoling itself in so great an affliction until it sees itself re-established in the good graces of your majesty, which it will apply itself, henceforth, not only to preserve, but even to augment. It is with this view that, not contenting itself with the most respectful language, the republic has sought to employ unknown and most particular means, in sending to your majesty its Doge, with four of its senators, hoping that, after such demonstrations, your majesty will be entirely persuaded of the very high esteem in which my republic holds your royal goodwill. As for myself, sire, I consider myself most happy to have the honour to expose to your majesty these respectful sentiments; and I hold it to be a particular glory to appear before a monarch of invincible courage, renowned for his greatness of soul and his magnanimity. I trust that your majesty, in order to show the extent of your generosity more and more clearly to the universe, will deign to regard these most just and respectful declarations as coming from the sincerity of my heart and of the hearts of the senators and citizens of Genoa, who are waiting with impatience for the sign of a return of your majesty's goodwill."

On reading such sentences as

these, we wonder how they could ever have been composed, for the condition of mind in which their author must have placed himself is altogether beyond the reach of modern thought. Such phrases could not be put together in our time, for the reason that they were not a consequence of any special literary talent which we could imitate, but were the product of a mental state which has disappeared with the social and political conditions which provoked it. The power of drafting a speech like this, and the still stranger faculty of listening to it seriously, were both peculiar to the epoch; Lascari possessed the first, which was very curious, and Louis Quatorze possessed the second, which was entirely contemptible. The Doge had other qualities than this one, and of a higher and more useful sort; he showed them in the calm and dignity with which he bore the humiliation of his position, and in the skill with which he restored amicable feelings between France and his own country. He it was, too, who, when asked what struck him most during his stay in Paris, made the answer, "*C'est de m'y voir.*"

If it were not somewhat unkind to the unfortunate and not courageous Government which recently controlled the destinies of the United Kingdom, we should be tempted to suggest certain analogies between the speech of Lascari and the climbing-down of Britain on the Alabama question. But we will be generous and silent.

After this parenthesis we will go back to privilege, and will put a question which, simple as it looks, has been more than once vehemently discussed — Can an ambassador be forced to pay his debts? There can be no sort of doubt as to the reply: both Grotius and common-sense say yes; but whatever be the evidence

of the principle, the fact has been furiously fought over, as the following examples prove :—

M. de Mathweof, who had been for some time Ambassador of Peter the Great in London, was summoned home in 1708 ; he had presented to Queen Anne his letters of recall, and was terminating his preparations for departure, when he was publicly arrested in Charles Street on a warrant issued at the suit of a tradesman to whom he owed £300. He was somewhat roughly handled ; his hat and cane were snatched away ; his sword was seized as he was drawing it to defend himself ; he was pulled violently from his carriage, and dragged prisoner to a low sponging-house, where he was released on bail after a detention of some hours. All this would have been unpleasant even to an ordinary mind ; but what must its effect have been on the sensitive dignity of an ambassador ? Directly the Queen heard what had happened, she sent Mr Boyle, her Foreign Minister, to express to M. de Mathweof her profound regret, and to assure him that everybody concerned in his arrest should be severely punished. The Russian did not, however, content himself with this assurance, and protested vigorously in writing against the treatment he had received. Mr Boyle replied that the Privy Council had been called together solely to examine the affair, that seventeen individuals had been arrested, and that the Attorney-General had been ordered to pursue the prisoners with the utmost rigour and “to neglect nothing which could give to M. de Mathweof the most entire satisfaction.” But all this did not satisfy the indignant Mathweof ; he left immediately for Holland (it is not stated whether he paid his debts or not), did not accept the farewell present which was then always

offered to ambassadors, and refused to use the vessel which the Government placed at his disposal for his passage across the Channel. Parliament met soon afterwards, and distinctly indicated its appreciation of the monstrous nature of the insult which had been offered to the Ambassador, by expressly excepting the persons concerned in his arrest from the benefit of the general amnesty which was then granted, and by passing a Bill for the regulation of the immunities and prerogatives of the Diplomatic Body. This latter measure was, indeed, indispensable, for to that date the Statute Book contained no allusion to the subject, so that, after all, it was found impossible to inflict any punishment on the seventeen persons (with the Sheriff of Middlesex at their head) who were implicated in the attack on Mathweof. They were found guilty by the jury, but no sentence could be pronounced upon them, for their offence was so far unknown to law. This issue of the trial was so annoying to Queen Anne that she sent a special explanation of it to the Czar Peter, deploring that English custom prevented her from acting without law, and forwarding to him an illuminated copy of the new Act of Parliament, as evidence that insults to Ambassadors would thenceforth be followed by due pains and penalties. Furthermore, Lord Whitworth, who was Queen Anne's representative in Russia, offered public excuses in her name to the Czar in the presence of the Corps Diplomatique and the Court. It will be noticed that all these complicated proceedings bore solely on the one point of attack on an ambassador ; the subsidiary question of his debts was lost sight of altogether. We may then apparently infer that it was regarded as of no real importance, and that prerogative, not

honesty, was the preoccupation of the two Governments.

Sixty years afterwards another case arose in which, at last, honesty took precedence of prerogative: the world was beginning to grow pure, and to object to the continuance of robberies calmly perpetrated under the shield of privilege. The Baron de Wrech, minister of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel at the French Court, was known to be intending to leave Paris, at the expiration of his mission, without taking any notice of his creditors. So the latter sent in a protest to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, gave the details of their claims, and of the conduct of De Wrech, and got the Minister to refuse to give Wrech his passport until he paid his bills. Thereon Wrech grew violent, appealed to all his colleagues to support him, and persuaded them to take up his arguments as common to themselves. The French Government answered by a note which really contains a masterly exposition of the whole subject of immunities, urging, with much logic and many proofs, that ambassadors cannot anyhow possess higher privileges than are enjoyed by the monarchs whom they represent; that the goods of sovereigns in foreign countries may be seized for the payment of their debts; that no ambassador can refuse to discharge the debts which he has contracted in the country where he resides, for the double reason that "his own sovereign cannot wish him to violate the first law of natural justice, which is anterior to the privileges of the *Droit des Gens*;" and that no sovereign can admit that those privileges should be used to the detriment of his own subjects. The examples quoted in support of this view of the question are explicit enough; they show that, at Vienna, the Court-Marshal occupied

himself specially with the verification of the payment of the debts of ambassadors before they left; that the property of Czernicheff, Russian envoy to Great Britain, was impounded in 1764, and held until Prince Liechtenstein gave security; that in Russia, a departing Minister had to publish three notices of his going, and that the furniture, the papers, and even the children of M. de Clauset, French ambassador at Petersburg, were seized until the King of France had himself engaged to pay the debts which that gentleman had incurred; that at Berlin, in 1723, the Baron de Posse, Swedish Minister, was put in prison because he refused to pay a saddler; that at Turin, the coach of the ambassador of Spain had been held as security for debt. To all these arguments Wrech could make no serious reply; the refusal of his passports was maintained, and it was not till the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel had undertaken to pay all he owed that he was permitted to leave France.

It might have been supposed that a question of such a kind could not possibly arise in our time, and that in this century reason had finally got the better of prerogative; but in 1839, another dispute occurred as to the right to seize an ambassador's property for debt. In that year Mr Wheaton, United States minister at Berlin, was moving from one house to another, when the landlord of the house which he was leaving pretended that he had not been paid for some stains upon the walls, and stopped the carpets and the curtains as security. Mr Wheaton immediately complained to the Foreign Minister, who replied that the landlord was fully justified in acting as he had done. A discussion arose thereon, and though the dispute itself was, of course, arranged at once, the con-

test about theory and principle lasted till 1844. The memoirs exchanged on this occasion exhibit one most curious peculiarity; ancient privilege was defended by the great Republic of America, while half-feudal aristocratic Prussia took up the championship of actual ideas and common-sense. Mr Wheaton and his Government based their arguments on prerogative, while the Foreign Minister of Prussia proclaimed that modern legislation is superior to old authorities and old precedents, and asserted that, as Mr Wheaton had signed a lease when he hired his house, he had thereby, according to the present civil law of Europe, accepted all the consequences to which an ordinary tenant may become exposed. So the point was fought over for five years, and it ended, as it had begun, with a total disagreement between the views of the two Governments.

Other forms of privilege have provoked struggles amongst our ancestors; rights of exclusive jurisdiction over servants (of whatever nationality), rights of passage through certain streets or doorways, rights of free importation of articles prohibited to the commerce of the country, have led to smart fighting between Governments and Envoys, each side invariably acting on the principle of claiming as much as possible for itself, and of granting as little as possible to the other. But the examples already quoted are sufficient; they show the nature of the privileges which ambassadors once enjoyed, and the means which they employed to guard them; they indicate, with quite enough distinctness, the violence of the struggle for diplomatic place and power: it would be useless to add more stories of the past; we can go on to the present condition of the question.

The collection of definitions of the supposed rights and obligations

of nations towards each other, which constitute what is called "international law," has always included, from its earliest beginnings, explanations of the prerogatives of ambassadors; but it is only since the commencement of the present century that those explanations have assumed a character of seriousness and certainty. And even now they cannot be regarded as being absolutely positive and beyond discussion, for it must be borne in mind that, after all, there is no "law" whatever between nations, and that what bears that delusive name is nothing but a series of probable and generally very reasonable propositions put forward some time ago by certain writers, because they seemed to correspond with precedent and usage, but which, as a whole, have never received from any nation the consecration of an avowed adoption; which are still, with few exceptions, little more than the expression of the personal views of their authors; and which, even if nations did adopt them, could never be made obligatory—as things now stand—except by war. Nations, as between themselves, have no police, no judges, and no prisons; the "law" which each of them applies within its territory is a reality, because each of them has organised the means and possesses the power of enforcing it; but the "law of nations" is an empty phrase, and the attempts to codify its supposed elements which are now beginning to be talked about, will be a waste of time and labour unless some ingenious politician simultaneously invents a process of jurisdiction by which the intended Code can be regularly maintained and put in force after the Governments of the world have voted it. The unauthorised indications which at present bear the name of "*Droit des Gens*," render, however, many real services;

both in theory and in practice they serve as guides, and a habit of referring to them and of accepting them as exact, and as possessing even, in many cases, a certain force of moral obligation, is evidently growing up amongst the nations; but notwithstanding this, the *Droit des Gens* has always been at the mercy of the strongest, and it is difficult to imagine how it can ever cease to be so; for even if it should some day assume the form and acquire the value of a universal treaty, that would not necessarily increase its strength or durability, inasmuch as sad experience shows us that most treaties are only made to be afterwards torn up again. Still, true as all this may be, the books on the Law of Nations may be accepted as tolerably safe authorities for our present purpose, on the ground that as the once grave question of prerogative has now dwindled into almost nothing, as it has ceased to excite emotions or to provoke difficulties, there is no reason for rejecting the moderate definitions of it which modern legists offer to us. It is one of the few points of the *Droit des Gens* on which for the moment all States appear to practically agree. But, as was said at the commencement of this article, now that prerogatives have grown reasonable they have ceased to be amusing; a statement of their actual condition is a necessary complement to their past history, but it will not be at all diverting.

The successive writers on the law of nations have done little more than reproduce, with more or less variation of form and language, the opinions, the examples, and the arguments of their predecessors; but still, as no one of them gives all the details and all the definitions of this question of immunities, we cannot limit our description of them to quotations from one authority

alone. Even Phillimore, who, excepting Calvo, is the most recent of the authors on the subject, is not an absolutely complete expounder of actual views. We will adopt him as our main guide, but to make the story clear we must consult others too. He defines the status of ambassador as "composed of rights *stricti juris*, resting on the basis of natural law, and therefore immutable; and of privileges, originally not immutable, but so rational in their character, and so hallowed by usage, as to be universally presumed, and to become matter of strict right if their abrogation have not been formally promulgated (a case almost inconceivable) before the arrival of the ambassador. The former are usually described under the title of inviolability, the latter under the title of exterritoriality." This sentence is evidently intended to apply to present privileges only, but, even with that limitation of its meaning, it is rather strongly worded; we may, however, take it as a starting-point, and go on from it to the description of "inviolability" which follows it. The right of inviolability extends to all classes of public Ministers who duly represent their sovereign or their State; it attaches to all those who really and properly belong to the household of the ambassador; it applies to whatever is necessary for the discharge of his functions; it entitles him to exemption from all criminal proceedings, and to freedom from arrest in all civil suits; his private effects, his papers and correspondence, are inviolable; these rights attach from the moment he sets his foot in the country to which he is sent (provided previous notice of his mission has been given) or, in any case, from the moment of the production of his credentials: finally, Phillimore lays it down that they extend, in time of peace, to transit through

a third country, but that, in time of war, an ambassador cannot be secure from imprisonment without a previously obtained permission to pass; in no case, however, can his life be taken, unless, indeed, he exercises hostilities. Such are the prerogatives of inviolability which Phillimore describes as "resting on the basis of natural law, and therefore immutable."

For a definition of his second class of privileges—those which he comprises under the head of "extritoriality"—we will refer to that most practical and useful book, Block's '*Dictionnaire de la Politique*,' which explains this barbarous word with a simplicity and a clearness rarely found amongst writers on the subject. It says: "Extritoriality means the right possessed by the representatives of foreign powers to live in the country to which they are accredited under the laws of the country to which they belong. Foreign sovereigns, and all diplomatic envoys who represent sovereigns or States, enjoy therefore an immunity from local jurisdiction under this right of extritoriality. The sovereign who is temporarily on the territory of another power, is nevertheless considered, by a fiction of international law, to be still in his own territory, and continues to possess all the prerogatives inherent to his sovereignty. This privilege does not extend to princes and princesses of reigning houses, but it is granted to ambassadors and other diplomatic agents, because, to a certain point, they represent the person of the sovereign whose powers they hold; they are supposed, for the entire duration of their mission, to have never quitted the State which sent them. This fiction extends to the wives and children of ambassadors, to the persons of their suite, and even to

their personal property." Most of the continental legists adopt this "fiction" as the one real source of inviolability, as well as of all other privileges; they do not separate inviolability and extritoriality, like Phillimore, but make one subject of the two, giving the first place to the latter. This distinction is of no real importance to ordinary eyes; but it supplies an opportunity for discussion, of which the authors joyfully avail themselves.

In examining the detail of the rights which compose inviolability, Phillimore lays it down that an ambassador can neither be punished nor arrested for any crime against life or property (including murder); and that even for conspiracy against the Government or sovereign of the State to which he is accredited, "no judicial process can be put in motion against the representative of a foreign sovereign." All that the State can do is to "secure the person of the ambassador, and remove him from the borders, and . . . insist upon his being tried by the tribunals, or the proper authorities, of his own country." This definition is, however, opposed by many writers, both ancient and modern, who maintain that, in certain special contingencies, a Government is justified in judging an ambassador for murder or conspiracy. The safest opinion to hold about it is to have none at all; for even if such a case were to present itself in any country, it would be dealt with, and decided solely according to the ideas prevailing in that country; the precedent so caused would not, of necessity, engage any other country, and the difficulty would probably remain as open as before. In theory, diplomatic inviolability is unlimited; but whether it would be found to be so everywhere in practice, is a

question which it is prudent not to attempt to solve.

As to the less important privileges grouped by Phillimore under the head of "extritoriality," there is not so much difference of opinion. By those privileges an ambassador is freed from all civil responsibility; his person, and the persons of his family, the secretaries and attachés of his embassy, cannot be pursued, and his servants participate, though in a less degree, in this immunity; his house and carriage are inviolable; his personal property cannot be seized; he is exempt from all taxation, national or municipal, and, in many countries, he enjoys freedom from excise and customs duties. These exemptions are not, however, altogether universal in their application; there are exceptions to them. They do not extend, and never have extended, to real property, or to any property represented by the ambassador as a trustee, or to any goods, property, or money belonging to him as a trader. Furthermore, he loses his prerogative for the moment if he becomes plaintiff in a cause, for he thereby accepts local jurisdiction as regards this cause, and renders himself liable to counter-demands, and to condemnation in costs if his suit fails.

In many countries certain of these privileges are not simply "hallowed by usage," but are rendered executable by special legislation. In England a law was passed in Queen Anne's reign (it has been alluded to in the story about Mathewoof) in order to precisely fix ambassadorial rights, and the punishment of persons who infringe them. An analogous enactment was adopted in the United States in 1790. In France, though there is no special statute on the subject, diplomatic immunities were declared inviolable by the Constituent Assembly in 1789. In Spain, there

are several laws upon the matter. In Russia, it is prescribed that all complaints against members of the Diplomatic Body must be transmitted to the Foreign Office. In Austria and in Prussia, the law says that all members of an Embassy shall enjoy the privileges attributed to them by the principles of International Law. In Bavaria, in Holland, and in Denmark, the Code exempts all persons enjoying ambassadorial rights from the jurisdiction of the tribunals of the country. The right of importing duty free any articles required for the use of the ambassador or embassy is subject to different regulations in different countries. In Russia, it is limited to objects introduced during the first year of residence; in England and in France it is unlimited, subject to the formality of asking permission of the Government on each occasion; several nations commute it by the payment of a sum of money. In no case do immunities extend to any property unconnected with the diplomatic character, such as tolls or postage.

There ends the catalogue of the still existing privileges of an ambassador; all the others have gradually died out, though very few of them have been distinctly abrogated; those that remain are so reasonable, so thoroughly in harmony with the views now entertained of international politeness, that there seems to be no reason why they should not last on indefinitely, unless, indeed, new conditions of political existence should rise up, and change those views. And this probability of duration leads us to a question which, though curious, has been little noticed by the authors—Is it competent to an ambassador to descend into common life, and to voluntarily abandon his prerogatives? Villefort, who was for some time legal adviser to the French

Foreign Office, has made a special study of this point, and his opinion is, that though an ambassador is perfectly entitled to permit himself to be judged by the civil tribunals of the country in which he lives, it is altogether beyond his power to give up his immunities in a criminal case. There are many instances of the acceptance of civil jurisdiction by diplomatists, and of their appearance in civil courts both as plaintiffs and defendants; but the reports do not seem to contain one single example of their voluntary admission of criminal jurisdiction against themselves. Such of the European legists as have touched the question agree that an ambassador cannot yield upon it; but Wheaton, the great representative of the American school, asserts that "he may renounce every privilege to which he is entitled by the public law;" and as Wheaton makes no exception to the application of this view, he consequently leads us to suppose that, in his judgment, an ambassador really can permit himself to be tried for a criminal offence. As all these details are mere matters of opinion, nobody can positively prove that Mr Wheaton is in the wrong; but there does seem to be more reason in the argument of M. Villefort, that "the situation of prisoner in a criminal proceeding is evidently incompatible with the character of representative of a foreign power." Anyhow, no ambassador can, under any circumstances, resign his privileges without permission from his sovereign, even if he wishes himself to do so; for he holds those privileges through his sovereign, and not as a personal possession. That detail is, however, somewhat outside the question; it is domestic, not international, although its application is real and constant, as was proved a few years ago, when a well-known

ambassador had to obtain authority from his imperial master to waive the immunities of his position before he could fight a duel on an island of the Rhine. But, after all, whatever be the true theory in the matter, it is scarcely likely that—as diplomatic nature is only human nature with a bigger name—we shall ever see any willingness on the part of envoys to abandon the strict maintenance of their prerogatives. (On the contrary, they are more likely to do what mankind always does when it gets a chance—seek for opportunities of taking more; and this disposition is especially likely to show itself in the present case, if it can; for, to quote another phrase from Villefort, "in this matter of diplomatic immunities, practice has always tended to exaggerate the law, which tendency is not surprising when it is considered that privileges are precisely the sort of rights which are always trying to grow bigger." The real interest of the question lies not so much in itself—although it certainly is odd—as in the fact that it suddenly opens up a glimpse into the inner depths of the mysteries of prerogative,—a glimpse which we obtain from no other standpoint; a glimpse which strikes us with the deepest awe, for it at last shows to us the true immensity of rights which, perhaps, cannot be given up by their possessors—which, it may be, stick to them whether they will or not. From this light those privileges remind us of that other equally indelible faculty, "the tongue that can never lie," which was offered by the fairy queen to Thomas the Rhymer, but which he, most practically, declined to accept, as being altogether too inconvenient. Whatever be the feeling with which ambassadors regard their privileges, they would probably take the same ground as Thomas

about the tongue, and, if it were proposed to them, would reject it, doubtless, just as he did, and for the self-same reason.

If, after this long look into details, we stand back a little and contemplate diplomatic privileges as a whole, we find ourselves instinctively disposed to entertain respect for them. They certainly are not mainly nonsense, like so many other of the manifestations of the pride of nations: they are based on reason, in some degree at least; they have ceased to present any outrageous features; nobody complains of them, and no reformer has yet suggested that they be swept away. These are a good many merits for one subject to possess: few forms of international relationship can show such an accumulation of motives for existence; few ancient practices have adapted themselves more skilfully to present exigencies. But with all the veneration which we, consequently, cannot fail to feel for so rare and so remarkable an institution, it is impossible to resist the temptation to simultaneously laugh at it some little; not with unrestricted, riotous hilarity — which would be altogether unbecoming towards so decorous, so highly placed a usage—but with that subdued deferential mirth which has just room to place itself between awe and criticism. Nothing stands so high, in our time, as to be absolutely beyond the reach of a gentle smile. We have lived to see audacious people dare to converse sportively of the Geographical Society, Home Rule, and Convocation. Why, then, should diplomatists add to their immunities an exemption from this universal risk? As no answer can be made to such a question, it was, perhaps, a waste of words to put it; but at all events, it was courteous to inquire whether any objection could be offered before we proceed to indi-

cate the less serious aspects of the system of prerogatives.

At first sight it seems that such a system must confer many real advantages on those who profit by it—so many and so real, indeed, that they look more like material satisfactions than political distinctions. If that impression were correct, diplomatic privileges should be classed with money, beauty, dinners, and the other good things of this life, rather than amongst the prerogatives of monarchs and the rights of Governments. Such an impression would, however, be illusory; for these enormous franchises, which appear so huge on paper, are of very little service in reality. They produce a dazzling effect to look at, but so do fireworks; and there is not much more solid substance in the one than in the other. Very few of us are in the habit of requiring exemption from either civil or criminal jurisdiction. The majority of people live and die without ever having seen a judge or the interior of a law court; and it would be most unjust to the diplomatists of our epoch to suppose that they have a special faculty, peculiar to themselves, for getting into difficulties with the Code. Most of them are, on the contrary, of the most obedient and peaceable dispositions, and set the world an excellent example of placid good behaviour. The result is, that though these immunities from justice would be of the utmost value to housebreakers, forgers, and assassins, they are of no kind of utility to ambassadors. They are given to the wrong people; they are about as serviceable, habitually, to the representatives of States, as spectacles to a blind man, a poni-knife to a blackbird, or modesty to a poet. This being so, we are forced to recognise either that these privileges have always been

purely decorative since their origin, or else that, when they were first established, ambassadors did need to be protected against jurisdiction. Judging from the stories which have come down to us, it would seem as if the latter of these theories were the more probable of the two, though it supplies a most lamentable explanation of the starting-point of this category of prerogatives. We cannot be expected to seriously believe, whatever the legists may say about it, that these immunities were originally bestowed out of pure compliment to foreign sovereigns and their representatives. Kings were in those days far too absolute, and held far too resolutely to the maintenance of their authority, to have resigned one atom of their power without good reason; and the good reason was—as we must unhappily presume—that their envoys were in the habit of getting violent, and therefore would have been in constant danger of imprisonment and beheading, if they had not been protected by immunities against the consequences of their vehemence. As this necessity was universal—the gentlemen of the period being addicted, without distinction of nationality, to blows and manslaughter, and sometimes even to a little robbery on good occasions—it followed that all monarchs were equally interested in providing for the safety of their representatives, and therefore granted to the representatives of other potentates the protection which they needed for their own. The law-books do not own this: they prefer to talk of the “inalienable prerogative of the public minister,” of the “sacred character of these delegates of royalty;” but these pompous wordings, if applicable to the present (about which we may be allowed to indulge a glimmering doubt), are certainly not accurately descriptive of the past. The real

story of the beginnings of these privileges is manifestly the one which we have just presumed to sketch. It may be disagreeable to the worshippers of prerogative, but it is truer than their enthusiastic fancies.

If, however, this part of the privileges possessed by diplomatists is now practically of no use to them, and if, furthermore, the inviolability of their footmen, drawing-rooms, broughams, and letter-bags, no longer confers upon them a greatness beyond the reach of other men, it must be owned that, in the faculty of importing foreign goods duty free, they do possess a most delightful and most evident superiority over the non-diplomatic crowd. Conceive the matchless joy of being able to scoff legally at the Custom House! Conceive the triumph of “doing,” every day, that natural and hereditary foe of modern man! It really must be well worth while to be an ambassador, to acquire the power of giving one’s self that ineffable satisfaction. And yet, by one of those inexplicable contradictions which one observes in human nature, the proprietors of this exceptional and most enviable faculty scarcely ever utilise it! One would naturally have supposed that they would keep on at it always, not only for the pleasure of the process, but somewhat also to make the Custom House atone, by torturing it with the spectacle of their perpetual undutied imports, for its cruelties to the outside universe. But, strangely, they do not. They simply ask leave to bring in what they really want, in a quite honest fashion, and evidently in no way feel that it is their bounden duty to act as the avengers of mankind, and to wound and worry the common enemy while they can. This is a most distressing consequence of the progress of public

honesty ; and it is a totally insufficient consolation to be assured that ambassadors do, at all events, import for nothing their own and their friends' cigars, and thereby prove the strict exactness of the assertion which was made at the commencement of this article, that diplomatic privileges now mean, in practice, little more than the power of smoking untaxed tobacco. Whether the right of inviting the sovereign to dinner should be counted as one more real advantage, depends entirely on one's view of the charm of royal society. We need not attempt to solve the proposition ; and it is the less necessary to try to do so, for the good reason that the power in question does not belong to plenipotentiaries in general, but is exclusively reserved to ambassadors properly so called—that is to say (excluding England, where the right seems to be in abeyance), to twenty-seven gentlemen in Continental capitals. Perhaps, indeed, this illustrious faculty ought not to be alluded to here at all - for the authors, most discreetly, do not presume to speak of it ; they pass it over, in respectful silence, as being a private mystery, not a public right.

It is possible that the dignitaries directly interested may find other joys and other merits in the liberties attached to their exalted situation—it is possible that they may consider all those liberties to be practically effective as well as ornamentally honorific ; but, if so, we cannot follow them. We have proclaimed already that their rights are indispensable, and that there is no reason why any one of them should be withdrawn ; but the conviction that they are necessary does not lead us to admit that they are real.

From this point of view they resemble wigs, crinolines, Mrs Harris, and wooden legs, all of which, like diplomatic privileges, combine the conflicting characters of necessity and unreality. This want of substantiality is indeed the chief feature of prerogatives as they now stand. Because they were once an indisputable fact, we imagine that they are so still ; because they loom large in history, we allow ourselves to fancy that their effectiveness is not much diminished in the present ; because lawyers go on writing solemn books about them, we suppose that they are still in regular operation : and yet, when we look closely at them, we observe that, as manners are now constituted, these sonorous privileges, which were once so formidable, have ceased to be anything but an empty though thoroughly justifiable vanity.

The time of privileges is past, not because they are no longer logical or useful in certain cases, but because education is levelling ranks and habits with such rapidity that it is becoming very difficult to utilise a privilege if we have one. In this case we maintain prerogatives in name, not only from old custom, but from reason ; but we are becoming more and more unable to keep them up in practice. Perhaps the day will come when every citizen will be able to import regalias without duty, and to ask monarchs to his parties ; but even if those two faculties should continue to remain, for all time, the exclusive property of ambassadors, the inequality will not be very flagrant, and will scarcely justify the nations of the earth in making revolutions and upsetting constitutions in order to put it down.

THE ANCIENT CLASSICS.

THE pre-eminence which all the modern world has concurred in giving to the classic literature of ancient Greece and Rome, is one of the most curious facts in the mental history of humanity. It is the only foundation of letters upon which every European nation is agreed. All the charms of novelty, all the jealousies of race, all natural human pride in the development of Science and the progress of Art, have yielded to the silent power of works produced in ages completely apart from our own—removed from us by difference of tongues, difference of sentiments, habits, beliefs—everything that is most characteristic in mankind. The world is so accustomed to this wonder that it is probably only those who sit in the seat of the unlearned who are ever really struck by it, or perceive the curious testimony thus rendered to human nature and human genius, as above the action of time, unsusceptible of that development which is the condition of all secondary things. The rules of Art have changed, and habits of life and modes of thought. Morality even has undergone a profound and all-pervading revolution. Sentiments which were sufficiently noble and worthy in the days of Homer are ignoble and unworthy now; things which his heroes do proudly, the meanest of Englishmen would be ashamed to do, so entire is the change. Language even, in the wider signification of the word, has altered, and the allusions and metaphors and impersonations which gave eloquence to Greek verse, sound turgid and meaningless in modern tongues. Yet all these

details are of no effect to lessen the power of that primeval literature which, outlasting all primeval forests, all systems, religions, and governments, reigns still as potent as in the days of Pericles, bearing an almost tyrannical sway over our education and our intelligence. Not to descend to those prejudices of scholarship, which can scarcely bear to allow that the genius of Shakespeare could exist uninspired by classic models, the universal sentiment of Europe considers all men imperfectly educated who have not been “grounded,” as Dominie Sampson grounded his pupils, in the Greek and Latin tongues. The “Humanities” is the expressive old-fashioned term for those languages in which Genius first made itself felt as a power in the world; and nothing that has occurred in all the centuries since—no discoveries, though so many have been made—no developments, though their number is infinite—no new thing, though everything is new,—have shaken the power, or indeed much diminished the influence, of the two parent tongues, and the wonderful inheritance of letters which they have left to us. Whether this is altogether wise, or altogether beneficial, is a question which might perhaps be discussed if any competent judge were sufficiently free from the prejudices of education to be able to discuss it; but we suspect it is only those who have too imperfect a knowledge of the question to secure our confidence in their treatment of it who would have boldness enough to take it up. There are, indeed,

no small number of persons who advocate a change in the one stereotyped mode of education which is universal among us, and would prefer for the non-academical mind, or for those who have but little time to spend in the processes of instruction, a thorough training in modern languages and modern lore to fit them for practical uses; but not one has been so bold as to suggest that the highest education of all was possible with this foundation left out or imperfectly laid. Thus, by universal consent, the old poetry and old philosophy of the Greeks—and after them, to a lesser but still great degree, the philosophy, history, and poetry of the harsher Romans—is firmly established everywhere, wherever civilisation or letters reign, as the groundwork of everything that deserves to be called education. A most curious fact among all the prodigies of things; but one which is absolutely above discussion, and must be accepted, private opinion being on this point overborne and silenced by the common voice of all nations and of all time.

This being the case, it is perhaps rather hard that one half of the race should be absolutely cut off by habit and prejudice from all share in this universal groundwork of education, and a great proportion of the other half kept from it by iron force of circumstances, by poverty, and all the necessities of toil. Many attempts have been made, by means of translation, to obviate this hardship, and doubtless with some beneficial results. A century ago, indeed, we suppose Pope's 'Homer,' for example—which is perhaps more markedly Pope than Homer—was sufficiently popular to be read like any other English poem, and to make Achilles and Ulysses, Hector and Andromache, known with some degree of

familiarity to the busy men and the women of his age. Lord Derby's fine and spirited translation of the 'Iliad,' so much more true to the spirit of the original, and Mr Worsley's graceful and poetic rendering of the 'Odyssey,' have in their turn made Homer, so to speak, popular, and reintroduced him to the present century. But we cannot think that translations generally ever give effective rendering of the meaning of a poet. Writers in prose have better fortune, and are more happy in their fate; yet every reader knows how much meaning, and still more how much grace, evaporates, even in the case of a prose writer, in his transfer from one tongue to another—and that even when the journey is so short as from France to England or from England to France. How much more this must be the case when the voyager comes across oceans and across centuries from the wealthy and subtle tongue of the Greek, so rich in minutest shades of expression, into the downright, straightforward syllables of Saxon English, any reader will easily perceive. And who at any time, out of any language, will render to us the delicate music of verse, the magic of poetical expression, and that divine art, which by the simple turn of a phrase, by some cunning balance of tuneful words, can charm the very hearts out of our bosoms? It is a great chance, even when a poet translates a poet, as rarely happens, that any real echo of the original music reaches our ears. Even such a work as Coleridge's 'Wallenstein,' though the translator is of equal poetical rank with the author, lacks, as we feel, a hundred touches which thrill the ear and the spirit in the original strain; and to descend to more ordinary levels, though Carey's Dante is most faithful and trustworthy, virtuous

would that reader be who could read through the 'Divine Comedy' in the pages of Carey. The English reader ignorant of German, who, wishing to make acquaintance with Germany's greatest poet, takes up any of the ordinary translations of Goethe, must gulp down with wondering faith or incredulity, according to his temperament, many verses called brilliant and beautiful by all critics, which in the English version are dull as ditch-water, and scarcely more clear. The chief pleasure derived from translations, we believe, falls to the lot of those who, knowing the author well in the original, are able to judge how well or how ill he is rendered, to linger over and improve the imperfect lines, to vituperate those which are beyond the reach of improvement, and finally to decide, as we do, that translation of a poet is a thing next to impossible.

The reader will ask, How, then, are we to form any idea of poems written in a language we do not understand, and notably in those languages of which it has just been said that they are the foundation of liberal education? To this question Mr Collins and his coadjutors, in the edition of the 'Ancient Classics,' now just completed, and crowned by the flower-wreath of Lord Neaves's 'Anthology,' enable us, we are glad to say, to give an answer. The idea which has thus been carried out to completion is, so far as we are aware, original; and the works form a very noble and worthy offering to their country on the part of the gentlemen—too long a list to be here quoted—who have aided in carrying it out. The plan of this series is to make the forgetful or uninstructed reader acquainted with the character, situation, and sentiments of each classic author—with the scope of his argument when the subject is philosophical—

with the nature of the story when it is dramatical,—interspersing here and there a quotation, but not more of this than seems necessary to afford a glimpse of the writer in his own voice and method. We cannot give higher praise than to say that this admirable plan has been carried out with, on the whole, a high degree of success, and that the little library of the 'Ancient Classics' is admirably qualified to restore to the intelligent ignorant—that large, and in many respects most attractive, portion of the community—their share in the inheritance which nature, circumstance, or custom has hitherto shut them out from, and so to make them partial compensation for the loss which is their misfortune. We trust no sensitive reader will be offended by the designation which we have ventured to employ. Intelligence, as distinguished from knowledge, gets but little recognition nowadays; yet we make bold to say that there is no audience in the world so desirable and so delightful as intelligent and curious listeners, who know nothing, or next to nothing, of the subject about to be unfolded to them. Their ignorance is an accident of all others the most favourable to their instructor, and secures that freshness of interest and reality of intercommunication which is the very highest delight of teaching, whatever may be its kind. To this portion of the public we commend these charming little volumes with unbounded confidence in its appreciation of them. To those who have not yet availed themselves of their instruction, an account of these valuable little books may not be undesirable; and it is to this, rather than any detailed criticism of a series which extends over the widest literary collections in the world, that we mean to address ourselves now.

Criticism, indeed, seems somewhat out of place as applied to Homer, to Æschylus, or to Plato; those great figures, deified or canonised, or both, by so many ages, are placed too high even for the audacious flights of the modern critic; and even did our boldness go so far, we do not know how to come at the right standing-ground from which to direct our telescope at them, with any hope of getting them in the right light for such a purpose. To tell the truth, the literary atmosphere is too deeply tinged with the shadows of those ancient potentates, to make it easy for us to form any unbiassed opinion of their excellences or of their defects. Even those of us who are not familiar with them at all—who have never, so to speak, seen them before—have yet seen, all our lives long, so many reflections of them, and heard so many echoes of their great voices, that we are in but an indifferent position for regulating their various magnitudes, or for letting loose an indifferent opinion as to their perfections or imperfections. That there is a great deal of superstition in the reverence with which ancient literature is surrounded, we do not for a moment doubt; nor are we in the least prepared in our own person to go to the stake for the superiority of Greek, as are so many learned and studious persons, to whom all that is best in the human intellect is summed up in the age of Pericles: but yet we are, like our neighbours, bound by too many links of reverential associations, and overawed by too many authorities, to be able to look calmly upon the heroic shades as they pass before us, or point them out as Helen pointed out the Argive chieftains to old Priam in the gate. They are surrounded by a halo of solemn importance—by a superstition, a

prejudice, which is all-powerful. But after all, dear reader, this last simile is not so inappropriate as it seemed at the first glance. Your present humble guide to these flowery fields is not Helen, any more than you are Priam and his elders. Probably, indeed, the state of the case is reversed, and it may be to a listener as fair as and more innocent than the fabled princess, the cause of all the woes of Troy, that a venerable cicerone, with locks as white as those of the Trojan king, herein discourses, pointing out, from the battlements where Magna's flag has fluttered proudly through many a siege, the great array of shadowy splendours upon the plain below. If so, sweet reader, give us your pretty hand. This lore is doubly appropriate to your case. Come near, and we will point out to you, with all the complacency which moved those old men of yore towards that other fatal beauty, the long array of this princely procession, the gigantic noble figures, the far-off but lofty victors of the past.

The series begins as Art begins, and as all literature begins, with the great *epos*, the story which is the first aliment of the awakened mind. Before we begin to think, or to know that we have thought, does not every new child-microcosm of the big world begin by demanding the Story, which is the first tribute it exacts from its race, the first necessity of its being? The 'Iliad' is the great antitype of that universal symbol of human curiosity. It is to the human race what the traditionary story of the nursery is to every new human soul. Whether it has any occult and mythical meaning not visible on the surface; whether it is the traditionary history of a real but far-distant event, or merely the invention of the first great poet

—or whether, indeed, it belongs to one poet at all, and is not rather a bundle of anonymous ballads,—are questions to which we do not pretend to be capable of giving any answer, and which Mr Collins happily avoids embarrassing us with. What he does do is to give us a vivid and animated account of Homer's stirring tale, setting before us the conflict and the conflicting parties in a brilliant yet concise narrative, in which is embodied the story of Troy, and the many and varied persons involved, the scene and the events of the 'Iliad'—everything, indeed, in Homer except his words, which many men have already essayed to give us, with differing degrees of success. All these can be set before us without any of the difficulties that attend direct translation, or the danger of bringing down the sublime into the mediocre, which constantly happens even in the best versions of classic story. By this means, too, the least satisfactory parts of the poem, the tediousness and oft repetitions of its combats, and the irritating, troublesome, and ignoble meddling of its divinities, is left in the background, and does not worry the reader's mind, like the proceedings of a village coterie of unpleasant gossips and meddlers. Mr Collins does all he can to save his audience from the impatience which takes possession of us when we read of Minerva's sudden appearance at the crisis of a fight to carry off the almost discomfited hero, and spoil sport, just as the other fine fellow is getting the best of it; or of Apollo's ungentlemanly interference (it is more pardonable in a goddess) at a similar crisis, spreading a mist, for which we are sure stout Hector thanked him little, over the hero in his chariot. Mr Collins calls the attention of his readers to the valu-

able side-light thrown by Homer's most ancient story upon the early records of patriarchal life which we find in the Scriptures. No doubt the Biblical student may derive from this side-light a certain advantage, but the thought which occurs to ourselves, in the comparison, is of a different character. How much more striking, how wonderful when we think of it, is the aspect of Deity as apparent to the great bard, and that which was revealed to the Hebrew prophet! How troublesome, paltry, and wearisome are the gods of Olympus, like nothing so much as the village clique we have already compared them to—a coterie of wrangling and meddlesome gossips, endowed with power as great as their caprices, but never great enough to lend dignity to the ill-regulated crowd! To turn from this motley and almost comic group to the solemn and simple grandeur of the Lord God of Genesis, is as startling and impressive a contrast as can well be conceived. Whence comes this extraordinary difference, this incalculable moral superiority? The historian of Abraham and the historian of Achilles are both great poets—they are both too far off in the mists of antiquity to offer us any indication of their personal character, or the sources of their information. How was it that to one on the great Eastern plains there came a conception of God so infinitely grand and solemn, and to the other among the lovely islands and shining seas of Greece a conception of gods so infinitely paltry and miserable? We do not know what answer can be made to such a question by those who recognise nothing more than a mythological historian in the Hebrew. A more wonderful contrast was never presented to human judgment.

And 'the effect of this curious paltriness and absence of dignity in the Homeric gods is made all the more distinct and evident by the fine humanity of the heroes themselves. What a wonderful witness is this Father of Song to the prodigious separation which exists between human nature and all the secondary things which are supposed to mould and shape it—the circumstances which, according to some theorists, make all the difference between one man and another—the process of development which, according to others, accounts for everything that is distinctive and characteristic in the race! It is two thousand years at least since Achilles sulked among his ships—watching with moody gaze the discomfiture, without his aid, of those comrades who had insulted his pride and self-regard—and since noble Hector took his child in his arms, laying aside his glittering helmet to reassure the frightened babe. All the circumstances, and many of the sentiments of humanity, have changed since then. What nation now would risk its very existence for such a wanton pair as Paris and Helen? What wronged husband would equip an army to reclaim a dishonoured wife? What general drag at his chariot wheels the body of his noble antagonist? Yet while the motives and actions of these distant figures are often astounding to us, the men and the women are as real as those we see with our eyes and touch with our hands. Everything else has changed, but they are still flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood. Achilles has his counterpart in every nursery, not to say in many a greater field of public life; and how otherwise could the soldier of the nineteenth century part from the wistful wife and unconscious child whom

he leaves, uncertain of ever seeing them again, but with the same wringing of the heart, and almost the same words as Hector's? The surrounding scene is almost as real as the human creatures in it; the town with all its defences, enclosing so many anxious hearts—the women stilling the gnawing of their fears and the terrible disquietude of suspense in the monotony of their domestic occupations, or in the prayers they pour out in the temples, nobler in their trouble than the things they worship—the old men at the gate, anxiously surveying the crowded battalions of their enemies—the warriors arming themselves for the sally,—how true they are to every human instinct! And on the opposite side the careful plans, all liable to be deranged by an outburst of personal feeling, by a sudden quarrel or supposed slight, as councils of war have been in all ages—the anxious kings feeling upon their shoulders the responsibility of a nation's welfare, and prescient of all the reproach and lamentation that will assail them if they fail. How perfectly real is this picture of an allied army, each warlike group holding by its own leaders—each haughty chief standing upon his dignity—and an all-anxious "king of men" doing his best to hold the balance even, and keep all in concert. The difference in our habits and feelings only seems to quicken our sense of the intense reality of these great inhabitants of the past, who do many things which it would be impossible for us to do, without ever losing their human likeness to every one of us. We can all sympathise sufficiently with Achilles in that false dignity of his wounded pride, as to feel a little sore when a plain-spoken critic calls it sulks—a brutal word; but not one of us can have the slightest

fellow-feeling with him when he yokes Hector's body to his car, and drags it after him in revolting triumph. This extraordinary difference in point of feeling proves the wide divergence of the ages and the real work of development in man; but no more affects the fundamental humanity than does the invention of railways or telegraphs, and leaves Achilles still a true and recognisable representative of our race. Indeed, Homer in his primitive art is truer to nature, even as we know it, than some of our own greatest poets; for the principles of his craft evidently do not require of him any high-toned ideal. Hector is the only one of his many heroes who approaches the finer type of manhood which Art has since set highest; the others come bodily on the scene, faults and all, as genuine men and as imperfect as if they still saw the light of common day. We know nothing that could be said in higher praise of the poet's divine art. Mr Darwin, we believe, asks for an immense area in which to work his slow and gradual transformations—and perhaps that great philosopher might tell us that two thousand years is a moment not worth reckoning in the long chronicles of the universe; but it is at least satisfactory to find that so long ago men were so very like what men are now. Haply, we have learned something in the interval, but not so very much as we take credit for. We give our dead enemies honourable burial nowadays. It would be hard to say in what other particular of humanity we have made anything like the advance which we ought; and in sentiment we doubt very much whether the last development of military power and character is in any appreciable degree more

merciful than Peleus' sullen but heroic son.

This curious and most impressive lesson gives to the great primitive song of Homer a weight and importance which justify, more even than its intrinsic beauty and splendour, the place it has always held in the estimation of the world. It thus becomes more than a great poem; it is the very epos of humanity, worthy, so far, of a place by the side of ancient Scripture—an old, old, immemorial charter of common nature and universal brotherhood.

Next to the primeval story, the first world-tale of which we are cognisant, comes the great cycle of the Greek drama—parent of the drama in all ages, yet with so many special features of its own. We cannot pretend to agree with the writers who, in this series and elsewhere, are so far moved by scholarly prejudice as to hold up for our applause the arrangements of the ancient classic stage, the songs and dances of its chorus, the impressive appearance and elocution of its masked actors. They were no doubt impressive in the highest degree to their natural audience, but we fear that the masked and buskined performers, elevated to more than mortal height, would produce no effect whatever upon the modern imagination, and that the ugliest of mimes would move us more than the most beautiful Grecian masks ever moulded to shadow forth the heroic countenance of an Agamemnon or an Orestes. Neither can we think the chorus the happiest of inventions (if we dare say as much without being ordered for instant execution). These details may, we hope, be allowed to have been less than perfect without in any way detracting from the magnificent but

sombre creations of genius which occupied the early stage, and held the old Athenians breathless with the charm of tragedy more profound and terrible than has ever been ventured upon since that day. Curiously enough, those Greeks whose long past existence is held up to us as the fullest embodiment ever attained to in this world of natural harmony and brightness—whose love and knowledge of art was most pervading, whose delight in beauty was strongest, and whose entire life was most impregnated with enjoyment—are the possessors of the most gloomy and appalling tragedies that man has ever ventured to shape and give utterance to. There is but little variety in these primitive dramas. The action of fate, blind but unfailing, and always terrible; the dread sweep of unseen influence which leads to crime, and the more apparent and equally appalling whirlwind of ruin which comes after,—are set forth with magnificent but awful effectiveness in the two great stories which are the most characteristic of these wonderful productions. The trilogy in which the fate of Agamemnon and his family is worked out, and that which pursues to its last survivor the fated house of Oedipus, are works of a sombre grandeur, unknown to any other language; and bright as the scene may have been, all Athens assembled in the great theatre, and the Southern sun gleaming in, and the pure blue sky shining overhead, there is no brightness, no play of dramatic light and shade, such as modern audiences love in the tremendous tale. Everything in it is gloom: even the preface of wellbeing which comes before catastrophe, is so overclouded with the consciousness of misfortune to come, that no real brightness is possible; and the hecatomb with which now and

then a great English tragedy ends, as in *Hamlet*, is nothing to the succession of murders and counter-murders in those sombre dramas of the Greeks.

In the group of works dedicated to the race of Agamemnon, for example, we have climax after climax of woe—a woe so mixed with natural outrage, that its effect is increased tenfold. Its immediate beginning (for indeed the first guilt which drew on all the others begins far enough back, with Pelops himself, the founder of the house) is in an involuntary and indeed unwilling crime, the sacrifice of Iphigenia, which her father is forced to consent to against all the resistance of nature, but which furnishes to his unfaithful wife, Clytemnestra, an excuse to her own mind for the vengeance which she takes upon her husband, though that crime is suggested more by her guilty connection with Ægisthus than out of righteous wrath against the slayer of her child. Mr Leighton's picture, in this year's Exhibition, of this tragic woman, watching on the battlements for the approach of the husband to whom she has been faithless, and for whom she is preparing so terrible a homecoming, will occur to many readers. How eagerly the guilty queen snatches at the recollection of this old crime, done twenty years before, hiding under it, even from herself, the sullen shame and fear of her personal sensations! In this first chapter of the tale of fate, there is an element of unreality involved which brings out the darkness and fateful character of the plot with double force. Agamemnon is not really guilty of his daughter's death, but was forced to it, himself perhaps the greatest sufferer of any involved; and Clytemnestra is not really thinking of vengeance for her child, but of the far more im-

diate necessity of sacrificing her long absent husband to her present paramour. The king is the victim, not of his own crime, but of his wife's—not of Iphigenia's murder, but of Clytemnestra's perfidy; yet is there enough in that murder of the daughter to give a sort of specious excuse for the vengeance of the mother. None of the early poets make much account of time, and these twenty years do not seem to have made the Queen of Argos old, or damped her fire, or softened her recollection. She receives her husband with feigned delight, but kills him remorselessly, and exults in the deed—making no attempt to throw the blame upon any one else. Thus he who had spent so many years in vain struggle to recover his brother's wife, is struck down by his own, who has incurred a similar guilt; in tremendous vengeance of the gods, for so much bloodshed, or in miserable human self-defence—who can tell which? for both are involved.

The next event, narrated in the second play of the trilogy, the *Choephori*, is the murder of Clytemnestra herself by her son Orestes, under the double suggestion of the god whose oracle he had consulted, and of Electra his sister. The concluding drama tells of the wild pursuit over land and sea of Orestes, with his mother's blood upon his head, by the Furies or Eumenides, "the kind ones," so called, as fairies in Ireland are called "the good people," to conciliate apparently those messengers of doom. His vengeance is accomplished, but at the cost of such a punishment as has served ever since as a symbol of the hunting of Remorse, the desperate flight of the criminal from imaginary pursuers. Thus the climax of the grim tragedy is attained. The father has slain his daughter, the wife her husband, the son his mother. There

is no mortal avenger left of his race to pursue Orestes, even had his crime not been, as it was, a legal execution commanded by the gods, and justified by the opinion of the people and the entreaties of his sister; but yet, though thus sanctioned, the dark deed he has done cannot be left without punishment. Before the blood of his mother has been wiped from his sword, the Furies, "with noiseless tread, with hands and feet that never tire," are on his track. Day and night they hunt him over land and sea; and when he pauses, all haggard and breathless, in Apollo's temple, to claim protection of the god, the moment's respite which the fugitive thus gains is in consequence of the brief slumber of his fierce and hideous pursuers, who lie huddled in a corner of the stage while he pleads his despairing cause. Apollo sends the unfortunate on to Athens to appeal to Minerva, while his pursuers still sleep; and there they follow him on their awaking, but only to have their victim delivered from them by the sudden creation, to meet the emergency, of the great tribunal of the Areopagus at Athens—a splendid expedient of the poet's patriotism, by which he at once delivers his hero, and holds up the institutions of his city to universal renown. The first cause pled before the new court is thus a sublime one—the first pleader at the bar being no less a personage than Apollo himself, while Pallas Athene sits as president, and has the casting-vote. And so the last survivor of so many murders, the final avenger, is delivered, and the race of Agamemnon spared to flourish anew.

This wonderful tale attracted both the other great dramatic poets of Greece, though Æschylus is its first and sublimest narrator. Euripides, more prone to the softer humanity of the subject, takes up and lightens the

early tragedy of Iphigenia, representing her as sacrificed only in the milder sense as a priestess to Diana, and affording her an opportunity of succouring her brother. Sophocles, "sad Electra's poet," takes the sterner sister for his heroine, and gives us over again the story of Orestes' vengeance, with details impossible in the older and severer trilogy. We are tempted to quote one brief ode of the Chorus in this play, in order to indicate the Greek sentiment in respect to fate and punishment—its certainty that vengeance must come, and fierce satisfaction in it. Electra, with her attendant train of Argive maidens, has just listened breathless to an account of a dream which has troubled Clytemnestra in her guilty slumbers, and which they receive as certainly prophetic of a coming avenger—the avenger whom they have been expecting fiercely but silently from day to day. Here is the outburst of their exultation over this sign of the approaching punishment:—

"Unless prophetic instincts err,
 Unless my wonted wisdom's fled,
 He comes, my great deliverer,
 With justice to the mighty dead.
 He comes! he comes! inquired with
 courage high;
 I hear the dream's propitious augury.
 Your sire remembers in the nether gloom,
 Our king, the axe, the instrument of
 doom,
 Cannot forget the crime from which this
 fate
 Holds us unfortunate."

"The Furies come with noiseless tread,
 With hands and feet that cannot tire,
 To strike the impious marriage-bed
 With sudden and avenging ire.
 They gather: this, at least, these wonders
 seem
 To show us, else no more will mortals'
 dream,
 Or prophets' warning tell a certain tale,
 Unless for us this night's blest dream
 prevail!
 Nought can be counted true unless in this
 is shadowed our true bliss."

"Oh chariot race, by Pelops won,
 What fate, what woes from thee begun,
 Afflict this wretched land!
 When Myrtilus beneath the wave
 Fell headlong to a watery grave,
 By Pelops' treacherous hand.
 Ne'er since have we, ill-fated house, been
 free
 From this our heritage of misery."

The story of *Edipus* is still more tremendous. *Edipus* is the son of king Laius of Thebes, to whom it has been prophesied that his son will kill him. To avert this doom, the child is exposed in the wilderness, where it is picked up by a shepherd, and grows up to fulfil the prophecy. The story of the Sphinx and its riddle, which *Edipus* solves, is more commonly known than the other parts of the tragedy. Before ever he appears at Thebes, however, he has killed his father in a chance encounter, and the reward promised to the solver of the riddle is the crown of Thebes and the hand of the queen Jocasta, upon whom evidently (such is the habit of Greek drama) the thirty years which have passed since the birth of *Edipus* have made no material difference. The unfortunate stranger, slayer of his father, thus becomes the husband of his mother, and all the vials of wrath are charged that must descend upon his unhappy head. But Fate comes slowly. Unconscious of his involuntary crimes, *Edipus* lives happily for years, and his children grow up equally unconscious of their miserable origin. It is only when they are grown men and women that the doom falls. Then sudden trouble all at once overshadows Thebes. Pestilence and famine unite to crush the doomed city. In their dismay the citizens appeal to the king who once saved them from the Sphinx, and who in his turn appeals to the Delphic oracle. The answer of Apollo seems at first simple and satisfactory enough. It

is because the murder of Laius is unavenged that the city is plagued; let them but discover and punish the criminal, and all will be well. This office Œdipus cheerfully and eagerly takes upon himself. He will pursue this man, he declares, as if it had been his own father who had been murdered; and wherever he finds him, if even in his own house, will do instant judgment upon him. This most pathetic unconscious self-denunciation is the great example of what scholars call "the irony of Sophocles." We doubt much, however, whether any uninstructed reader will have leisure enough in the breathless horror of the situation to think of irony. The unhappy king gradually finds out not only that he himself is the man, but all the horrible and unnatural circumstances that aggravate his crime, and make him accursed. Then in a moment all his fictitious wellbeing ends like a dream. Jocasta, his unhappy mother and wife, destroys herself; and Œdipus, with a great cry of mortal agony, blinds himself in his despair, and so goes forth—another but more desolate Lear—blind, disrowned, and accursed, into the desert world.

The second play carries out the irresistible sequence of fate. A little breathing time has been given to the unhappy man. His daughters cling to him, or at least Antigone, a nobler Cordelia, one of the first and purest emblems of that feminine self-devotion which has since found so many examples. Antigone is the staff of his old age, leading the blind old man about from place to place, as he wanders in enforced exile, and giving a certain sweetness to his evil fate. But his doom is not yet accomplished. His sons begin a fierce conflict for the throne of Thebes, and make a cruel attempt to draw him to one side or

the other—the mere possession of his body, alive or dead, being, as once more the oracle says, the condition of victory for the side which secures it. Œdipus, however, escapes this disrespectful and irreverent conflict by a mysterious death. He is the only victim of Greek tragedy who attains something like the dignity of a martyr. He dies, as it seems, voluntarily—going away into the darkness at the command of the gods, not sent to Hades by any murderous blow. Whether there is any subtle intention in this, or vindication of one who has sinned involuntarily, we will not pretend to say; but the death of the classic Lear is at least infinitely more dignified and awe-inspiring than that of any other slain victim of the Fates. There is the sound of a great voice, "Come, Œdipus;" and when the spectators reach the spot, they find only his companion Theseus standing alone shading his dazzled eyes; the great sufferer has disappeared like Moses, leaving neither grave nor relic, into ineffable gloom.

Meanwhile Eteocles and Polynices, the sons, have been struggling for the throne, of which, off and on, so to speak, Creon, the brother of the unhappy Jocasta, seems the real occupant. Eteocles, the younger, has possession of the city; and Polynices puts himself in the wrong by assailing it, bringing six alien chiefs with him, so as to attack each of the seven gates of Thebes. The brothers accomplish the fate of their unhappy family by killing each other; but not even then are the Fates satisfied. The noble Antigone (whom Mr Clifton Collins makes the strange mistake of comparing to Dickens's sentimental "Little Nell") has yet to wind up the sad story with a generous self-sacrifice worthy of her. The body of the

rash and rebellious Polynices is sentenced to that last worst doom of Greek vengeance—to be left unburied; a direr fate than the mere impiety and disrespect of thus exposing human remains, for it was supposed to involve a comfortless wandering in Hades to the victim, and all the unhappiness of a restless ghost. This Antigone, freed by her father's death from one task of love, devotes herself to avert; and as she has been caught in the act of covering her brother's body, is seized, and by the sentence of Creon condemned to a living tomb, to be built up in a cavern among the rocks, as the fit punishment of her rebellion against the law. The story of Antigone is often quoted as the only love-story of which the Greek drama takes note; but the love in it is more implied than evident. The heart of the maiden is too full of the lofty duty which inspires her to leave room for any effusions of sentiment. She bewails, indeed, like the daughter of Jephthah, the promises of life unfulfilled, and pathetically hails the "vaulted home," so securely guarded, in which she is about to be immured, as her bridal chamber; but not a word comes from her lips, as she makes her way towards this last habitation, of the betrothed lover, who is at that moment pleading her cause with his hard father. Her thoughts are intent on other things—on mysteries of life and death, on the shades whom she is about to rejoin, and on the sunshine and hope she is about to leave—but never on Hamon, who is her destined husband. Nor does he plead for love's sake, but only for reason and justice, bidding his father beware of the revival of human sentiment among his subjects, all of whom bewail the maiden thus condemned to a foul death for a noble

deed. It is not, however, to Hamon's pleadings, but to those of the blind prophet Teiresias, vague but terrible messenger of fate, whom all men fear, that Creon eventually yields; and then he yields too late. When Antigone's death-chamber is broken open, she is found dead with her lover by her side, who madly stabs himself at sight of the despairing and relenting tyrant, whose repentance is thus rendered unavailing. And so the tragic story concludes; in the extinction of the whole unhappy family, with the exception of a timid Ismene, common soul, to whom no despairs or tragic missions are possible, and who relapses into the crowd, as even in the Greek drama some must do.

Thus ends the terrible tale—a tragedy full of great situations, strong sensations, and at least two noble characters, but full of gloom so unbroken, that the reader trembles and shrinks as he reads. It would need all the traditional brightness of Greek life, the dazzling sky, the visible presence of august Athens, and the inspiring atmosphere of Greek poetry, to enable any mass of spectators to endure the tremendous strain, which indeed has scarcely any relief from beginning to end. The horror of the first catastrophe is indeed somewhat lightened by the noble martyr-end of Oedipus, and by the lofty sacrifice of Antigone; but the relief is only from terror and woe to that profound and high-souled pity which makes enthusiasm sacred. We are permitted no gleam of pleasure, no smile, no sun-glint. The fantastic Gothic art which leaps from grave to gay, from tears to laughter, with a capricious self-compensation of its own, has no counterpart in the solemn Greek imagination: even the poet's cunning pause in his tale

of storm and calamity, his change into the whispering tuneful measure, "like a hidden brook in the leafy month of June," which gives to our impatient northern souls a moment's breathing time and much-loved change, is rarely employed by the ancient dramatist. Those sunshine-loving Greeks, with all their brightness, do not seem to have felt this necessity, which gives so much variety and delightful vicissitude of light and shade to more modern art.

And as Sophocles supplements the story of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra by a drama especially devoted to "sad Electra," so Æschylus preludes and prefaces his brother poet's great trilogy by the drama of the 'Seven against Thebes,' in which the fate of the brothers is set forth, and that of Antigone foreshadowed. The genius of this brotherhood of song, however various, finds the same fascination in these grand and gloomy legends. They afford, evidently, a perfectly congenial expression of their primary perception of the great questions between the gods and men. Punishment to the wrong-doer occupies everywhere a foremost place in their system, but the origin of wrong is ever mysterious to them. It is a hereditary curse, which affects them with weird influence, drawing unconscious or even unwilling feet into the snares of fate; or it is an awful preordination of the gods themselves, interfering arbitrarily to force an unloved race into crime, in order that they may be subjected to punishment. Rarely, indeed, does straightforward personal guilt and shame suffice, as in Clytemnestra's case, to furnish a simple motive for a criminal act; otherwise than thus must it ever be accounted for. It is the treachery of Pelops which suggests the cruelty of Atreus, which requires the doom

of Agamemnon, which makes Clytemnestra's murder necessary, and which condemns Orestes to the pursuit of the Furies. On the other hand, the miserable fate of Œdipus is entirely arbitrary: here there is not even the excuse of any hereditary guilt, for Laius seems to have been innocent enough, and even pious; and it does not occur to any one to blame him for the abject cruelty with which he abandoned the child who, as the oracle prophesied, should slay him. The whole unhappy family are betrayed into unconscious crime: Laius is killed in a scuffle such as would sit light on any warlike traveller's conscience, who knew nothing of him but that he blocked the way; and in all the after-incidents, Œdipus is absolutely blameless—a victim more than a criminal. This is perhaps not the place to inquire whence comes the curious tendency, which runs through the entire poetry of this great nation, to throw the blame of evil upon some one beyond its immediate perpetrator—either on the gods themselves, who exercise vengeance on the evil when done, or on the hereditary curse of an ancestor's sin. This of course but postpones the question a little, since if Agamemnon's house is cursed for the treachery of Pelops, we are driven to ask how Pelops was moved to treachery, and whether he, too, had a hereditary malediction upon him? Such a discussion, however, is too great for us; but it is very curious to note in these later days a tendency which grows among the philosophical classes to refer the evil tendencies we see around us to ancestral causes, and to make every man, so to speak, the shadow of his grandfather—which is rather hard upon the grandfather, and not, we think, a very good moral foundation for any man. Those who are disposed towards

this modern philosophical sentiment, will find it in full detail in the cycle of story which centres in Agamemnon. Thus the world goes on in a perpetual round, and reasoning comes back to link itself on at the extreme opposite end to reasoning, all the ages notwithstanding—a curious thought.

Euripides is more tender, more thoughtful, more modern, if we may use such a word, than either of his great Elder Brethren. There is perhaps no Greek drama so popularly known as another gloomy and terrible story, which comes to us from his hand, and to which music has lent all its charms in our own day—the story of Medea. Women are not supposed to have had much respect from the Greeks, and indeed are addressed contemptuously enough, wherever, in the stir of strife and arms, even a gentle Andromache—even a sympathising chorus—come in the warrior's way. But where Antigone is a possible character, there can be no general debasement, we should suppose, of that half of the world which, being for the most part voiceless, and always swordless, gets such hard treatment from primitive man, both civilised and uncivilised. Euripides even, we are told, was a misogynist, a hater and reviler of women; notwithstanding which he has left behind the matchless figure of Alcestis, and the great, sad, and terrible Medea, the self-sacrificing and self-avenging woman, each perfect in her kind, and each so infinitely superior to the man with whom she is connected and contrasted, that the reader might suppose the contrary to be the case, and accuse the poet, as female writers of fiction are sometimes accused, of having celebrated the wife at the expense of the husband. Mr Bodham Donne, who is, in the series of *Ancient*

Classics, the interpreter of Euripides, makes a half apology for linking the names of Medea and Alcestis; but we think he is perfectly correct in doing so, and that the contrast is a natural one, which must strike all thoughtful readers of these two great productions. Medea is the woman wronged and lashed to fury, whose wrongs would plead eloquently for her before any tribunal, had she not taken the remedy in her own hands, and, driven desperate by misery and despair, quenched the flame of her just but awful passion in crime and blood. She is nobler, loftier, truer, than those who wrong her, and in the fury and bitterness of her injury, her strong nature takes terrible vengeance. Alcestis, too, is a greater soul than all the small beings about, and the petty, life-loving husband by her side; and she, too, takes her noble vengeance, in her kind, and dies for the weakling with a love which is full of ineffable compassion, tinged, who can doubt it, with a soft, unacknowledged, and indeed unconscious contempt. It is the same great spirit in its two different manifestations—the moral and the unmoral: the one prompt to save, ready to endure, accepting from the height of noble compassion and tenderness, with a generous pride, whatever suffering may be necessary, to spare the less courageous and less strong; the other, who might also have been great enough for such a sacrifice, stung by the stabs and pricks to which she is subject, into wild self-assertion, wild vindication of a power to curse and desolate, when her power to bless and succour has met with no appreciation. The Medea is at once the complement and the antipodes of the Alcestis. She is no vulgar murderess, no common fury, but a creature all aflame with wrong; the tears scorched out of her eyes and the milk from her

bosom by passionate misery and injury, by the spurns of the unworthy, and the cold cruelty of sordid souls. Alcestis has no wrong but that silent, perhaps unconscious, injury of fate, never to be remedied, which has made her love her inferior—not merely wed him, but love him, a deeper depth. It is not his fault, nor her fault, nor is it in her to withdraw her tenderness; but she dies for him—a greater involuntary revenge. Alcestis is greater than Medea in her lofty but soft generosity; heroic, yet ever pure-womanly. She is one of the noblest conceptions ever revealed to the world—too noble almost, too delicate for the primitive mind to fathom, and which commonplace imagination of the sentimental kind has travestied into a mere ecstatic, love-sick woman, delighted with maudlin fondness to sacrifice herself to her demigod. But Euripides knew better. These two women, so full of that delicate complexity of feeling which belongs rather to the modern than to the ancient drama, are the very crown of his art. We are tempted once more, notwithstanding our distrust of translation, to subjoin here a version of Medea's wonderful soliloquy before the murder of her children, which will show the reader how little like the vulgar murderess of the common imagination was this impassioned but miserable mother. She has just given an imperious order to the messenger, who tells her that her children are to be left behind and not to share her banishment, to go in and provide for their immediate wants. Then, in the conflict of her heart produced by this news, she addresses them: "Now have you a home," she cries, "a city in which you can live, bereft of your mother;"

"While I an exile go
 Into another land : no place for me
 To bless you, or to see your happiness,
 To sanctify the marriage and the wife ;
 Or, as is fit, to hold the nuptial torch.
 Wretch that I am, destroyed by my own
 will !
 I should have reared you, dearest, dif-
 ferently,
 Have toiled and laboured in some other
 way
 To nurture you : since when I brought
 you forth
 I bore a grief, a trouble to myself.
 Yet sure, ill-fated one, I once had hopes
 That you would nurse me in my grey old
 age,
 And when I died adorn my decent
 limbs
 For burial—much desired offices.
 But now that tenderest hope has died
 away.
 Deprived of you, sad will be life to me
 And painful ; passed into another home,
 You will ne'er more your mother see. Oh
 woe !
 Why do ye gaze upon me with your eyes,
 Those dearest eyes, my children ? yea,
 and smile,
 That lovely smile which is to be your
 last.
 Ah me, what shall I do ? my courage
 flies
 When these bright faces thus I gaze upon,
 I cannot do it ! long-foamed plans, fare-
 well.
 I will carry forth my children from this
 land.
 Why should I, for no end except to grieve
 Their wicked father by their woes, on me
 Bring double load of harm ? I will not
 do it !
 Hence, schemes of ill !—But yet, what
 fate is mine—
 A laughing-stock to all my enemies,
 Wreaking no vengeance on them ; I must
 do it !
 Must dare the deed, although my coward
 heart
 Struggles with weak and feeble rea-
 sonings.
 Go in, my children. If there's any here
 Who from the sight of this my sacrifice
 Shrinks, let him look to't for himself,
 for I
 Stay not my hand !
 Oh cruel spirit, leave me !
 Do not this crime ! Oh spare them,
 wretched one—
 Spare thine own children ! In another
 land
 How will these dear companions glad
 thee ? No !

No, by the dread avengers of all crime
Who dwell in shades below, I will not
leave

My boys to hostile influence of my foes—
'Tis plain that they must die—if they
must die,

Then I, who bore, will slay. This is
ordained.

I would speak to my sons—come hither,
boys,

And give your mother your right hands
to kiss.

Oh dear, dear hands! oh sweetest mouths!
bright looks!

Great bearing of my children! In the
realms

Below, may happiness be yours! for here
Your father has destroyed all pleasantness.

Oh dear embrace! how soft and warm
the touch,

How sweet, how fresh and fragrant is the
breath

Of my dear children! Go! Go! to the
house!—

I cannot look upon your faces Go!

Ah, now am I o'erwhelmed and lost in
woes.

Now see I well how great the evil is
Which I have planned; but anger in my
breast

Raging, and stronger than all counsels
mild,

Causes this crime, as all the crimes on
earth."

We have not attempted to follow the authors of these most instructive volumes fully in the examination of each poet and his works which they make. But no English reader need plead either difficulty or tediousness as his excuse in future for ignorance of the great Greek writers who were first in the field of poetry. Mr Collins's account and narrative of the *Odyssey* is as full and interesting as that of the *Iliad*; and Mr Copleston, Mr Bodham Donne, and Mr Clifton Collins, to whom respectively we owe the *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, have discharged their task with accuracy and spirit. Nor ought we to omit mention of the *Hesiod* of Mr Davies, because didactic poetry happens to be less attractive to our individual mind than the great

conceptions of the epic and the drama. The homely wisdom and rural lore of that immemorial poet is as curious—if less interesting—as the high tales which have lasted through so many ages; for old earth and her various seasons, her crops and her sheaf-bindings, her dowy seed-times and winter slumbers, are older even than Agamemnon and Achilles—older than Alcestis and Medea; and few things can be more striking or touching than to see, across the long centuries, those quiet shadowy pictures of the flocks and fields, and the clouds gathering around the setting sun, which of old, as now, take

"A sober colouring from the eye
Which hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

Thus the lofty poetry of the Greeks is set before the English reader, worthily and modestly, without any strain after the unattainable, but in such a way as to refresh the waning memory, and to give distinction and intelligibility to that vague knowledge, broken up into bewildering fragments like a shattered mirror, which most of the intelligent unlearned already possess of those fables which are interwoven more or less into all literature. The execution of the scheme, so far, is equal to the idea, and it would be difficult to say more.

We cannot feel that the comic drama of Greece is likely to commend itself in the same way to the modern and unclassical reader. The fun of Aristophanes, we fear, must remain for the special amusement of the scholar—its subjects and allusions being too far off and obscure to take any hold of the nineteenth-century mind. We are beyond the reach of the man who makes fun out of Socrates and Euripides; and it requires, we fear,

a larger amount of knowledge than the ordinary English reader possesses, ever to appreciate the curiously vivid picture of Athens which, even when the jokes pall, may still be got out of these comedies. They are, however, scarcely comedies at all (at least in our sense of the word), but rather satires upon existing conditions or tendencies of society. The 'Clouds,' for instance—perhaps the most famous of them—is directed against the "Thinking Shops" of the Sophists, and their supposed faculty for making the worse appear the better cause. It would seem to us a curious blunder on the part of Aristophanes to make Socrates the impersonation of his philosophical humbug; but it is evident the Athenian audience had no such idea. One of the strongest indications, indeed, that this clever and intellectual audience was still in a rudimentary state of development, is its intense appreciation of personal abuse, and that rude and common fun which finds its point in individual peculiarities. No doubt, the intense local feeling of a city, which is all the world to its inhabitants, gives additional force at all times to personal satire; but nothing less than the tremendous seriousness of a Dante can ever give dignity to this mode of treating social affairs. Personal satire is emphatically a thing of a day, or at most of a generation; and as there is nothing which has a more facile and immediate success, it is but justice that it should have a shorter life than other works of genius. Nothing but scholarly prejudice could ever believe, we think, that the man who creates a Medea is of no higher rank than the man who caricatures a Euripides. We feel that even to say so much is to venture upon a kind of *lese-majesté*; but we

speak with the boldness of one who sits in the seat of the unlearned, and represents the modern English, not the classical, judgment. The one of Aristophanes' plays which, in our own opinion, will give the reader most insight into Athenian society, is the one characterised by Mr Collins as "perhaps the least amusing to a modern reader"—the comedy of the 'Wasps.' The hero of this is apparently a commonplace ordinary Athenian of middle age, whose passion for the law-courts is so great that his family cannot keep him out of them. He is a jurymen, one of those volunteer judges who sat all day long in Athens, as many as six thousand of them, when all the courts were open, receiving a payment of threepence a-day, and taken vaguely from the body of the people, the only preference apparently being with those who rose early enough to find a place upon the benches, ever crowded. Philocleon, the hero of the 'Wasps,' "neglects his person, hardly sleeps at night for thinking of his duties in the court, and is off before daylight in the morning, to secure a good seat. . . . He keeps in his house 'a whole beach' of little round pebbles, that he may always have one ready for giving his vote; and goes about holding his three fingers pinched together, as if he had got one between them ready to slip into the ballot-box." The object of the play is to show the grotesque means employed to cure this paterfamilias of his weakness. It will be much more interesting to the English reader, however, to reflect that this is the kind of man who condemned Socrates to death, and that with this chance assembly of thick-headed (if it is allowable to suppose that thick-heads existed in Athens), commonplace nobodies, lay the cast of life or death for every noble Athenian—

an idea which will convey a thrill of alarmed sensation to the ignorant who perhaps never fully realised it before.

The name of Socrates brings us at once to that noblest and purest of all ancient literature which is represented by Plato. The reader who knows nothing of Plato in his native tongue is apt to think of him as a philosopher very much indeed in advance of his time, and with wonderful gleams in him of higher knowledge, but still, succinctly and beyond all else, a philosopher—one of those sophists whose very wisdom has come down to us as representing intellectual hair-splitting and wordiness, if not craft and falsity. But the author of the 'Dialogues' is more than a philosopher. He has left to us perhaps the very noblest picture of a man that has ever been drawn by uninspired pencil. There are many bold critics, indeed, who have compared the Socrates of Plato to the Christ of the four Gospels, with a curious absence of poetical insight and that higher faculty of perception which can discriminate between two things without being contemptuous of either. Socrates, old, tolerant, humorous, unimpassioned, is as completely different from the divine youth of the Redeemer as could be imagined; nor could Art itself have conceived a more entire contrast than that which exists between this highest philosophic man and the more glorious perfect presence of the Son of God. But putting aside this profane comparison, there has never occurred to any man that we know of, through all these centuries, the conception of such a figure as this of the barefooted Greek, poorest and wisest of men, with such a humorous, benign light of humanity about him, such

noble, tolerant breadth of understanding, and serene grandeur of spirit. To those to whom Socrates is new, the effect must be such as it is difficult to estimate; and the wonder is, that so little enthusiasm concerning him has lasted even among the sacerdotal class of scholars, who are as jealous as any priesthood of the objects of their recondite worship. The Platonic philosophy has been the origin of many schools, of infinite discussion, of books and literary productions without number; but Socrates is greater than the philosophy which springs from him, more noble than words ever were. Plato is the mirror of his master, holding him up with loyal devotion, and that infinite delicacy of reflection which makes the reader sometimes doubt whether a presentment so noble does not owe something of its charm to the medium through which we view it. This is a question which can never now be decided. It is very apparent, indeed, that the Socrates whom Xenophon saw was not the glorified Socrates who is visible to us through the luminous eyes of Plato; but the soldier-historian was but little likely to grasp the moral lineaments of a man whose character was so unlike his own. We have, we hope, taken sufficient pains to distinguish between the translation of prose and that of poetry, so much as our opinion may be worth in the matter; and there is no doubt that a fuller and truer appreciation of Plato may be obtained from Professor Jowett's work than we could hope to have, through a similar medium, of *Æschylus* or *Euripides*. But still we doubt whether the general reader will have courage to tackle the 'Dialogues,' even as rendered by the accomplished master of Balliol; and the knowledge

which he can acquire from the little volume of this series, so well executed by Mr Clifton Collins, of this greatest classic figure, will give him such a new friend in the world of letters as no man willingly would live without. The picture is bright as daylight, minute yet broad. We need not insist, as everybody insists, upon the personal aspect of the philosopher. No doubt there was even in his ugliness a charm of benignity which took all sting out of that genial humour, so searching and full of fine perception, yet so sympathetic to the modest and true, which turned every interlocutor outside in, demolished pretence, and extinguished vanity, but never repelled the gentle soul. We follow the sage through his historian's beautiful pages—to that shaded seat under the broad leaves of the sycamore on the banks of the Ilissus, and hear the murmur of the running water, and the sharp song of the cicadas in the trees, as he discourses, with the laugh never far distant from his eyes, yet the deepest tender feeling in his soul, on love, on pathos, on eloquence, on the recollection of some heavenly loveliness seen in a primeval glory, which gives a visionary charm in the true lover's eyes to earthly beauty, but makes the common soul think him mad, as, softly mocking, laughing to veil the deeper inspiration in his heart, the philosopher himself has just done; or to the feast, where, amid all the dissipation of young Athens, he sits smiling, talking, looking on at their extravagances, without, so far as we can see, any immediate reprobation of them, though every word he says is on the side of temperance and virtue; or to the courtyard of the classic school—to the playing-fields, let us say—where the boys are all about, wrestling, trying their

young strength, and where the philosopher, attaching himself to a pair of youthful friends, discourses with them of friendship, what it is, with all his usual genial banter and tender wisdom. "Here is a jest," he says; "you two boys, and I an old boy, who would fain be one of you, imagine ourselves to be friends, and we have not as yet been able to discover what a friend is!" How the reader sympathises with the boys when their tutors appear, "like an evil apparition," to send them back to books and bed from this delightful talk! Thus he goes about the populous streets, wherever men are, talking to great and small, fond of the splendid dandy Alcibiades, not less fond of the blacksmith, who affords him so many illustrations of life, reproving nobody, yet cunningly driving every man who defends his poor system of abject life into a corner, leaving a suggestive question like a seed in his mind. It is two thousand years since this picture was made, and there is nothing like it in all the literature with which the world has been flooded since.

It is needless to go over the still more wonderful death in which the story culminates, and which, so far as we know, has scarcely a parallel any more than the life has. The reader will find it worth his while to be uninstructed, so as to go over this scene with freshness as something new. Injudicious sceptics have compared this, also, to the central event of Christianity, with equal bad taste and want of perception. Once more, the two events are as different as heaven and earth. The death of Socrates is the ideal death of a good man, such as any one for himself would wish to die; and indeed a greater number of us emulate something of its calm than have any right to do so; for death is of all others the

moment in which Nature refuses to be sensational, and to all appearance takes the inevitable most easily. Socrates is old, his natural life nearly over, and his mind fully accepts the idea of the end; even, we are told, with his perpetual gentle banter, he offers a ridiculously small price as an alternative to the indignation of the *épiciers* multitude who, if we are to be guided by Aristophanes, sit as judge of his cause, as of others. Thus, with a soft half-jest at his condemners, he accepts at seventy the conclusion which, doubtless, the philosopher felt could scarcely have come in a milder form. Nor does his genial power of finding a certain tender amusement in the gravest things of life and death—true humour, most exquisite of all human faculties—fail him through the last chapter of his existence. When he is asked how he would like to be buried, he answers with his old smile. "Howsoever you like, so long as you do not think it is *me* that you are burying," he says; and he calls upon the weeping spectators round him, with that gleam of soft laughter in his eyes, to be sureties for him to Crito, that the dead thing that is to be buried will not be Socrates. How serene, how beautiful is the story! Soft sunset fading over the sweet purple shadows of the hills, the even-song breathing into the air, the gentle dews falling, everything speaking of rest and a better home.

But if the reader knows of anything more absolutely different from that great scene on Calvary, which the foolish doubter has compared it to, we do not know in what language to speak to him. Each picture is infinitely true to its conditions; but were there no deeper question involved, it would still be evident that no comparison could

hold between things so fundamentally unlike.

Socrates is the great glory of Plato. His divine philosophy—"musical as is Apollo's lute"—has lasted, indeed, when empires and dynasties have crumbled, long ages after all the economy of his own nation has broken up and come to nothing. But not only does Plato give the credit of all to his master, but it is certain that the master himself, the centre of all, gives the highest interest to the disciple's work, and raises Plato above philosophy to the level of the poet and creator, since not even Homer himself has made so noble a contribution to the records of human history. The reader will find a clear and interesting account of the other works of the philosopher in Mr Collins's interesting volume, and specially of his 'Republic,' with its curious mixture of enlightened thought and latent savagery, the ideal framework of existence which could only be possible when philosophers should be kings. It is wonderful to us to think that the benign Socrates should, among all the other ordinances of his lofty wisdom, have ordained that in his ideal state, while the children of the best races should be carefully reared, those of the lower kinds of humanity should be "exposed," in order thus to improve the race by weeding out its worst specimens! But there is no more significant indication of the difference between man and his ideas. These ideas must be more or less progressive—they advance in spite even of the minds that unconsciously originate or reject them; but man does not progress in anything like a similar degree. The common mass may be slowly elevated by the sway of rising thought, and all those modifications of sentiment which

Christianity has been the chief instrument in creating; but man the type of mankind—such a man as Socrates—can never be surpassed. Such a being appears rarely to make a wonder in the ages; and working long and slowly, God creates, here and there through the world, his peer and equal—but not his superior. We do not know whether, if Sir Isaac Newton had been fortunate enough to have a Plato for his biographer, he might have found some place near Socrates in the eye of the world; but as he had not that extreme good fortune, nor any other philosopher that has lived since, Socrates stands unrivalled—a man who never yet has had a peer to go up and stand beside him, so that all the world may see. *En revanche*, if Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia' had counselled infanticide, England would have driven that thinker from her heart without doubt or hesitation. Men's thoughts, therefore, (may not we conclude?) grow and mount higher as time goes on, piling thought on thought; but men themselves have no such advantage of a gradually elevating platform, but must begin, each upon his own character and genius, as in Socrates's days; and no one yet has caught up Socrates on the serene eminence which he reached two thousand years ago.

Our space scarcely permits us to linger upon the historians of Greece,—the garrulous Herodotus, with his many tales, and wonderful wealth of world-observation, though critical history had not come into being in his days, and the charm of the story was still the strongest charm on earth; and the stout captain and soldier of fortune, Xenophon, whose picturesque narrative is at once autobiography and history. Such productions as theirs afford us less to

comment upon in a brief review like this than those works of imagination or of character which we have already noted; though, indeed, the old traveller, with his far-gathered lore, and the skilful and brave leader, who conducts before our very eyes one of the most wonderful marches on record—the retreat of the Ten Thousand,—are each in their way as individual as any historical characters ever will be. They furnish us at once with the tradition of past history, and the facts of the immediate present in which the younger writer was so busy an actor. The present of Xenophon is to us far buried in the mists of the past; but yet his skilful addresses to his soldiers, his wise expedients for their safe-conduct, and many picturesque incidents in their progress, are as vivid and real as any contemporary story; and the reader is not likely to find his interest flag either in Sir Alexander Grant's admirable account of the soldier-historian and his brilliant career, or in Mr Swayne's pleasant *résumé* of the chronicles of the father of history. Neither have we room for more than a passing notice of the graceful classic wreath, well-chosen and well-befitting garland, with which Lord Neaves's well-known taste and scholarship has crowned the series. This dainty and charming little volume belongs, by right of the native language of its flower-gatherings, to that Greek half of the classics which we have here briefly discussed; but the graceful finish of the whole may appropriately be noted at a later period, when we have glanced, as we propose to do on another occasion, over that second chapter of literary history, the noble literature of the Latins, which is a step nearer ourselves, and by consequence a step further from the high originality of primitive

times, than that which we have just discussed.

Let us note, in conclusion, the singular fact, not unparalleled indeed, but always remarkable, that the great Greeks whose works we have ventured to pass in brief survey—the dramatists, philosophers, and historians—from *Æschylus* down to *Xenophon*, are almost contemporaries, every one of them having lived during at least part of the lifetime of the others. Such a blaze of genius is wonderful whenever it appears, and perhaps more wonderful the first time it appears than when the prodigy comes round again. We know, or think we know, something about the movements of those celestial lights far out of our reach, which we peer at through the lenses of Science, and pursue through all the recesses of the spheres, with pitiless precision of arithmetic. We know when comets

come and go, and when the great earth-shadow will darken the sun; but none of all our calculations has helped us to determine when such a glow of kindred stars as brightened all over Athens the violet skies of Greece, four hundred years before the rising of our Christian era, may be expected to appear again. It came unwatched, unexpected, in the days of Augustus. Later it has come in the same silent, sudden way, ever taking the world by surprise—to Italy, to France, to England, and, last of all, to Germany. But how this great light comes and goes, though it concerns us much more nearly than any comet, no scientific calculation has ever helped us to foretell: so wise are we in some things, so ignorant in others; as *Socrates* himself was, and *Plato*; and as it is to be supposed men will continue to be till the end of the world.

